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A
NEW TREASURE
OF
KNOWLEDGE AND ENTERTAINMENT;
BEING
A TRANSLATION OF THAT CELEBRATED PERIO-
DICAL WORK, NOW PUBLISHING IN FRANCE,
UNDER THE TITLE OF
BIBLIOTHEQUE UNIVERSELLE
DES
ROMANS.

The just Notion of a Romance is, that it is a Discourse
invented with Art to please and improve the Mind,
and to form and mend the Manners.

CHAMBERS.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC LXXX.

TRUE AND PERFECT LOVE,

FROM THE GREEK ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN BY

ATHENAGORAS, AN ATHENIAN PHILOSOPHER,

Giving an Account of the honourable Loves of

THEOGENES and CHARIDES, and of PHERECIDES
and MELANGENIA.

ATHENAGORAS was a Christian. He wrote a book in defence of the religion of Christ, and inscribed it to the Emperor *Marcus Aurelius*, and his son *Commodus*. We have also an Essay on the Resurrection of the Dead, by the same Author; both of which are to be found in the *Bibliotheca Maxima Patrum*, and at the end of the complete edition of *Justinus's* works. They have been translated into *Latin* by *Gesner*.

THE *Greek* original of the Romance which we are about to epitomize, has been lost. By this reason it is that the celebrated *Huet* makes no difficulty of ascribing it to *Fumée*, Lord of *Genillé*, who styles himself *Translator* only, or to some man of letters, under the patronage of Cardinal d'*Armaignac*, who misled *Fumée* by imposing upon him a pretended *Greek* original, which the latter translated.

WITHOUT being daunted by so great an authority as that of the learned Bishop, we shall beg leave to examine his assertion. As it builds on prejudices, prejudices also militate against his opinion. On the one hand, the edifices are affectingly described after the principles laid down by *Vitruvius*, of which Cardinal d'*Armaignac* was a great admirer, so as to have

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them translated by *Philander*, one of his confidential servants : but on the other, the Romance now before us abounds with many digressions, and trifling details, which, it is well known, were familiar to the *Greek* writers. Besides, according to *Abbé Langlet*, there is a curious article in this Book on Chymistry, or Hermitical Philosophy. Though we could not very distinctly perceive how well-founded this observation may be, it certainly proves a great deal in favour of *Athenagoras*, who must have been better versed than *Martin Fumée*, in the mysteries of those abstruse sciences.

BE it as it may, the history contained in this Romance, is truly interesting, and its double intrigue agreeable, though complicate : it is divided into ten books.

B O O K I.

OUR author begins with a description of the triumphal entry of *Paulus Emilius*, to whom the senate had decreed that honour for his victory over *Perseus* King of *Macedon*. We shall transcribe it here, in order to give our readers an idea of those triumphal marches, and of the manner in which those magnificent pageants were conducted amongst the Romans.

“ The sun beginning now to appear above the horizon, had clothed the east with radiance, and paled the light of the nightly luminaries. Hardly had its all-cheering beams began to gild the top of the Capitol, when the people thronged from every part of the city to enjoy the spectacle prepared for them. Some were seen at
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the windows, on their threshold, and even on the tops of the houses; whilst others lined the streets through which the triumphal pageant was to march. The lictors, with their fasces, cleared the way, and kept off the crowd. The temples were decked with leaves and flowers, so artfully interwoven, that the eye could not well distinguish between the nature of the flowers and that of the boughs. Every house was hung with the most costly furniture that the owners could afford. But what was all this pompous variety, when compared to the slightly appearance of the most beautiful damsels, who leaned over the balconies to have a sight of the triumphant warrior? Their bewitching features and graceful mien engrossed all the attention of the beholders, regardless of the exquisite pictures hanging on gold and purple tapestries. The shrill clarions and trumpets now rent the air with sounds, less calculated to inspire mirth, or to announce a public rejoicing, than to strike the hearers with dismay. One would have thought that *Annibal* was once more thundering at the city gates. Many of the spectators were struck with a panic, and dreaded some mutiny among the soldiers, dissatisfied with the manner of sharing the spoils. But when the minstrels appeared in sight, their gait, equally modest and demure, dispelled the uneasiness which they had inspired at a greater distance, and nothing now was attended to but the solemnity of the shewey triumph.

“SIX SCORE of oxen, walking two and two, followed the trumpets; such was their wonderful size, that each measured a foot between the horns. Their double dewlaps reached below their shin, although they stalked on with heads erect. They, with curling tails, lashed their

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sides, not in an angry mood, but in joyful token, as they are wont to do when led to the fat meadow-grounds. Yet far different was the fate that awaited them. They were set a-part as offerings to the propitious gods. To this end, their horns had been gilt, and their heads and backs were adorned with long festoons of flowers. They were led along by beautiful young men, clad in the finest lawn, girded below the breast, with bare heads and arms. Boys of fifteen walked by their sides, dressed like the former, their hair hanging loose on their shoulders. These carried the vases of gold and silver, containing the lustral water.

“NEXT followed three hundred chosen soldiers, lightly armed, with their helmets on. Their arms, necks and knees were bare. They walked on a double file, every four men bearing on their shoulders silver vases fixed on proper carriages. These vases, chased for the most part, and seventy-five in number, were full of the gold coin taken from the enemy. Each of them weighed six hundred, and contained in value three hundred marks. Four hundred crowns of gold and silver gilt, being the gift of the cities of *Macedon*, were next carried in the same manner. These were followed by a large cup of solid gold, weighing six hundred marks, elegantly wrought and set round with precious stones. A great number of soldiers, armed like the former, carried several antique vases, taken out of the royal treasures of the kings of *Macedon*. This first part of the triumphal march closed with the golden cabinet of *Perseus*.

“AT some distance was seen the car of the conquered monarch, drawn by four horses, it contained his armour, and his diadem, or royal wreath. Then followed

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followed the children of *Perseus*: too young to be capable of reflection, they seemed insensible to the misfortune of their disgraced house. This excited pity from each of the numerous spectators, especially the young damsels and the *Roman* matrons, who could not refrain from tears at the sight of these innocent victims of their ill-advised father's misconduct. They were three in number, two boys and one girl. Immediately after them came their governors and other officers of their household. Their dejected looks shewed them more concerned for the deplorable situation of their royal pupils, than hurt at their own misfortune.

“WRAPT up in a black mantle, at last came *Perseus* himself. His head was bare, and his hands and legs were loaded with heavy irons. Of the officers who accompanied this wretched prince, some had their eyes rivetted to the ground, some had them fixed on degraded majesty. Pity was discernable in the looks of some of his followers, whilst others expressed the high contempt they had for a monarch, who preferred to live and be dragged along like a beast of burthen, to a more glorious death by his own hand, or that of the enemy.

“AMONGST the royal train appeared a noble youth, who attracted every eye; his bold countenance shewed that his soul preserved its genial dignity, and was free even in thralldom.

“As he passed along *Octavius*' house, he was observed by a young *Grecian* maid, whom *Octavius* had sent to *Rome* after the taking of *Melibœa*. She could not help exclaiming, with a mixture of grief and extatic pleasure: YE GODS! 'TIS HE! . . . 'TIS THEOGENES!*

* See the plate.

“ THIS

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“ THIS fair captive was CHARIDES, and in that very youth, one of the slaves that attended the car of the *Roman* general, she saw her long-lost lover. Struck motionless at the unexpected sight, CHARIDES, with eager eyes, pursued the beloved object; who was no sooner out of sight, than CHARIDES, a prey to all the agonies of disappointed love, broke into a flood of tears; her sighs and pitiful moans spoke the heart-piercing grief she felt at seeing all she valued in the world dragged away from her, a slave to *Rome* and its triumphant general.”

THE conflict was too great for so delicate a frame; she sunk beneath the load of woe, and was taken speechless into the house of *Octavius*, where she had hardly recovered from a long fainting fit, when *Capiton* entered her apartment. This was a freed man of *Octavius*; he enjoyed all the confidence of his master, who had entrusted him with the care of his beautiful captive. As he ascribed her present condition to the very spectacle her eye had beheld of her humbled country, he tried all that eloquence could do to sooth her grief, and comforted her with observing, “That however great her misfortunes had been, she could not but be thankful to the propitious gods, for having permitted her to fall into the hands of the noble *Octavius*, who, far from keeping her in bondage and disgraceful servitude, had treated her with all the respect which her virtue inspired him with. Dry up your tears, added he, and shew, by a more cheerful countenance, your gratitude for the kindness of so noble, so generous a master. To-morrow, *Octavius* is in his turn to receive the well-earned honour

of

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of a public triumph, let not your sorrow and tears cast a gloom over so bright and glorious a day."

THE lovely mourner was deaf to the voice of comfort, yet, assuming a more serene countenance, she promised *Capiton* to be composed, and think of grief no more. She did not offer however to undeceive him on the real cause of her sorrow, which he ascribed to the painful recollection of *Melibæa*, her native city, having been subdued by *Octavius*.

CAPITON, perceiving that it was in vain for him to attempt to assuage a grief which seemed too deeply rooted in her distracted heart, to give way at once to the unavailing power of words, retired, and sent to *Charides* a female slave, who for many years had lived in the family, and obtained, as she deserved it, the confidence of her master *Octavius*.

MELANGENIA, for that was her name, is the second heroine of the romance. Her adventures, and those of *Charides*, which they recount to each other, interspersed with some reflexions of the author, are the subject of this work. They are both in love and equally honourable in their pursuits. It seems as if the writer had carried on this double intrigue with a view only of shewing that young people of different sexes, who are often the sad victims of a first passion, which they have not power enough to controul, may be as strictly virtuous, as tenderly inclined, and live in all the familiarity of friendship, even before marriage, without once betraying their duty.

MELANGENIA accosted *Charides* with all the modest diffidence of a slave, and kneeling by her bed-side, looked up to her for some time in silence, which she
broke

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broke at last, and tried to sooth her by a comparison of their respective fates. "However great may be your misfortune, said she, they are light when compared with mine. You are in a state of freedom—behold in me a slave!"—She acknowledged however, that her generous master had often offered to set her at liberty, a favour she had constantly waved, not, that she gave a mean and criminal preference to captivity over the sweets of freedom; but that sensibly affected with the benevolence of so humane a master, and considering the distance she was at from her own country, laid waste by the Romans, she had preferred to remain in the family of *Ottavius*, who had intrusted her with the whole management of it.

ALTHOUGH *Melangenias* youthful bloom was cast, yet the few wrinkles which grief more than age had furrowed on her smooth cheek, could not prevent her appearing still lovely, and only told that she must have been more so. Her mien and modest deportment inspired *Charides* with a growing friendship for her. The wretched are communicative, because they stand in need of consolation and support. Although *Charides* had no reason thus far to think *Melangenias* above her present humble situation, she desired her company to supper, which the servants were just bringing up.—Thus our author clears himself from the odious imputation of starving the heroes of his tale.

THE two unfortunate fair ones had not been long together, before they mutually disclosed the secrets of their hearts. This discovery endeared them soon to each other. *Charides* fell into the arms of *Melangenias*, and bedewed her face with tears, desiring she would
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look upon her as a friend, and begging to know who she was, where she drew her first breath, and to what unlucky accident she owed her present captivity. *Melangen*a engaged to satisfy her curiosity at some fitter time, observing, that it was now needful for *Charides* to take some rest, as they must be up early to see the triumphal march of *Octavius* on the morrow. *Melangen*a ordered a bed to be put up for her in the same room, that she might not leave her new friend and mistress by herself; for she had express orders from her master to wait on *Charides*, and take the greatest care of her.

THE triumph of *Octavius* was not less pompous than that which *Roma* had admired the preceding day; but as it was of a different sort, *Octavius* being a chief commander in the navy, we think a description of it worthy the perusal of our readers.

“ As soon as the radiant god of day had left the arms of *Tethys*, the people, eager to see the new pageant that was preparing, flocked to the banks of the *Tiber*. The first ships that were descried coming up the river were those of the *Romans* who had engaged the enemies fleet. The shining arms of the soldiers, who stood mustered on the decks, reflecting the rays of the rising sun, cast a glittering light that dazzled the most piercing eye. All the winds were hushed except *Zephyrus*, whose pleasant and prosperous gale swelling the sails of the conqueror's ships, helped them to stem the impetuous torrent of the *Tiber*. Bands of music, placed on the different ships, played alternately, and joined in a concert of warlike instruments, striking terror, and yet inspiring delight. In tow of the *Roman* galleys were the *Macedonian* ships.

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The eye might have mistaken them at a distance for walking colossus or huge pyramids: so large they were in comparison with those of the *Romans*. They were hung with the richest tapestry of king *Perseus*, and adorned on each side with trophies, consisting of targets and pikes. *Octavius*, on board the Admiral's galley, and dressed in armour, appeared seated in a chair of silver gilt, placed at the stern on a carpet of tyrian purple. Fourteen rowers on each side, by raising and falling their oars together, made the galley keep pace with the ships that had stretched out all their canvas. The most costly carpets laid along the decks, and hanging from the sides, covered the rowers, *Octavius* alone was seen, and mistaken for the God of the Sea. As the enemy's ships approached the shore, they were dragged on land by means of engines devised for that purpose, and being laid on rollers, were conveyed to the *Campus Martius*, there to remain as a monument of *Perseus's* defeat."

THE pompous show took up the most part of the day. *Octavius* being landed, marched to the Capitol, and from thence to a house where an entertainment was provided for him, suitable to the solemnity of the triumph.

It was customary amongst the *Romans*, during the feast that followed the triumphal march, for a slave to stand behind the conqueror's chair: his office was to taunt the general with the most cutting ralleries, and, whilst others were complimenting, to do every thing in his power, by the most licentious speeches, to provoke his resentment. The end of this custom was very commendable, in that it taught the triumpher to use moderation, curb his own passion after he had overcome the

the enemies of his country; whilst it tended to guard him against the dangerous effects of ungoverned pride.

So great an honour, conferred upon *Octavius*, though as flattering as it was well deserved, did not make him forget himself; he also remembered his fair captive *Charides*, who trembled at the thoughts of his return, lest the *Roman* General should attempt to enforce against her virtue, that power which the chance of war had given him over her person. But the very next day convinced her that she had no such misfortune to dread from her generous master, or rather most benevolent protector. *Octavius*, having previously sent *Melangenica* to apprise her of his intended visit, entered her room, and after having apologized for his not waiting on her the preceding day, openly declared to her that, far from harbouring any thoughts injurious to her honour, he looked upon her as his own child, and would ever treat her accordingly. These noble instances of god-like continence were very frequent among the *Roman* Generals.

CHARIDES's real adventures were not yet known to *Octavius*. Struck with her noble mien and extraordinary beauty, he had rescued her from the hands of soldiers, who were carrying her off during the plundering of *Melibœa*, her native city, and sent her to his house in *Rome*, ordering that she should be served and respected as a free woman, and by no means looked upon as a common captive. *Melangenica* tried often in vain to get from her the desired intelligence concerning her person and family. All she could discover and impart to her master was, that she suspected *Charides* to be in love with some of the captives who followed in the train of *Paulus Emilius*.

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AFTER a long conference, in which *Charides* expressed in the warmest manner her gratitude and admiration for the disinterestedness of her kind benefactor, *Octavius* went to the Senate House, where they were to determine on the fate of the *Macedonian* prisoners. *Polycrates*, father to *Theogenes*, was come to *Rome* in order to procure the freedom of his son. He pleaded his cause so powerfully, that the young man, who it appeared had, by a train of unforeseen accidents, been forced into the service of *Perseus*, was set at liberty.

B O O K II.

WHILST *Octavius* was gone to the Senate, *Charides*, whose mind was now more easy in consequence of her last conversation with him, entreated *Melangenias* to oblige her, according to her former promise, with the recital of her adventures, which she began in the following words:

"NINE and twenty years have elapsed since I first bent my humbled head under the yoke of calamity: for misfortune has struck my memory with a forcible remembrance of every instant that has passed since *Carthage*, (where I was born) subdued by the *Romans*, was forced to accept of a peace, on terms little short of slavish submission. *Annibal*, at that time pretor of *Carthage*, bore to the *Romans* too deadly a hatred for him not to endeavour to free his countrymen from the galling yoke of their proud conquerors. His attempt to spirit up the people against the *Romans*, drew upon him the

shy of the great, who dreaded lest he should become too powerful, and acquire too great an authority over his fellow citizens. *Annibal*, to avoid the impending storm, was obliged to make his escape from *Carthage*. He was usefully assisted in his attempt, by his bosom friend, *Ampsar*, my father, who followed him the next day. *Annibal* retired to *Ephesus*, under the protection of King *Antiochus*.

BEFORE he left the city, *Ampsar* entrusted his daughter *Melangenias*, to *Gempbon*, brother to his deceased wife. He accepted, but with no intention of fulfilling his trust. *Ampsar* was hardly gone, when *Gempbon*, fearing least he should be suspected of holding a correspondence with his brother, if it could ever be proved that he had the charge of *Melangenias*, delivered her into the hands of a gardener, to whose care he recommended his niece in the strongest terms. She was not then above ten years of age; but the excellent education she had received, had so far ripened her understanding, that she was capable of foreseeing in some measure, the hardships she was likely to undergo. She had been taught the languages of *Athens* and of *Rome*. Nor was she ignorant of her royal descent, by her father's side, from the kings of *Numidia*. She now saw herself forlorn, and forsaken by her parent and all her relations, without any probable hope of ever seeing any more of them; whilst fallen from her distinguished station in life, she was reduced to the society of a gardener and his wife. She spent two years in this retreat, without receiving any tidings of *Ampsar* or *Gempbon*, by whom she thought herself entirely forgotten. During this interval of time, *Melangenias* became acquainted, by mere accident, with *Pbericides*,

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recides, son to one of the wealthiest merchants of *Salmacis*, and sent to *Carthage* by his father, to acquire a competent knowledge in commercial affairs. The walk most frequented by this young stranger, was the very spot where *Melangenias* busied herself, as if she had been in reality what she was forced to represent, the gardener's daughter. The constant habit of seeing each other soon grew into a tender, but delicate passion. The daughter of *Ampsar* was prevailed upon to elope with *Pherecidas*, on his most solemnly promising to live with her as a brother, 'till the rites of *Hymen* had sanctified his love; the marriage was to take place on their arrival at *Salmacis*. This, said *Melangenias*, he swore to me by *Juno*, and the oath was sealed with a brotherly kiss. From that instant I thought myself transformed into *Pherecidas*, and that we two were but one."

It is not unnecessary to add that previous to their plighting their faith, they had informed each other of their birth, condition, and fortune.

"*MELANGENIA*, the gardener being absent from home, left with the daughter a letter for him, wherein she acquainted the gardener, that, a man having brought her information, that *Ampsar*, who had taken refuge in the *Maurusian* woods, expressed a desire of seeing his daughter; that in consequence she would follow the messenger, who was to conduct her to her father's retreat, where she might remain sometime, and therefore desired the gardener not to be uneasy at her absence. She then got out at one of the garden-gates that opened on the sea-side, and there embarked in a boat that conveyed her to a ship in the road bound to *Salmacis*. There she met with *Pherecidas*, and a gale springing up, they soon lost sight of *Carthage*."

AFTER

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AFTER four days of a most favourable passage, they landed in the island of *Creta*, otherwise called *Dyctinna*, in honour of a temple dedicated to *Dyctinna*, another name for *Diana*. Our travellers remained here a few days, which *Melangenia* employed in prayers and offerings to the goddess, to whom she had been devoted in her infancy by her mother. *Melangenia* gives here a long account of every circumstance concerning the temple of *Diana*, the games celebrated in honour of the goddess, and in fine, of every particular as she had it from one of the virgins serving in the temple. She had just ended her description, when she was interrupted by *Octavius* entering the apartment of *Charides*. He was returned from the Senate, to inform his adopted daughter with what had been decreed concerning the prisoners, which was to set them all at liberty, except *Perseus* himself and his principal officers. The joy of *Charides* was the greater at receiving this intelligence, that the exception made by the Senate could not affect any of her kindred. Here she discovers herself to *Octavius*.

"My name is *Charides*, *Antocles*, my father, whilst he was governor of *Melibœa*, deserved and obtained the highest commendation for his wife and upright conduct. Had he lived, his prudence might have saved that unfortunate city from ruin and slavery; but he has been dead ten years, and my mother five. They left me a most princely fortune, and king *Perseus* had appointed a relation of my deceased father to be my guardian, a little time before the city of *Melibœa* was sacked by your soldiers. I know not, sir, what I may have lost; but this I know, and shall ever remember with gratitude, that to you I owe that which I prize above even freedom itself, I mean the preservation of my honour."

CHARIDES

CHARIDES concealed but one circumstance from *Octavius*, namely, which of the prisoners had most attracted her attention. She carried this point of delicacy too far, as she would not even pronounce the name of *Theogenes* before *Octavius*; lest the pretor should discover the real object of her love. By this ill-timed reserve, she lost the opportunity which next day offered of seeing *Theogenes*, who came to return thanks to *Octavius*, and with his father *Polycrates*, embarked the very same day in their way to *Athens*.

B O O K III.

NOT knowing that *Theogenes* had been under the same roof with her, *Charides* was still uneasy on his account. Born in *Athens*, perhaps was he debarred from the benefit of an amnesty granted by the Senate to the *Macedonians* only. The hopes however she entertained of revisiting *Melibæa*, allayed her anxiety. She flattered herself that all her possessions had not fallen a prey to the cupidity of the *Roman* soldiers, and that enough might be saved from the wreck of her fortune, to purchase the freedom of *Theogenes*, if he was to remain in captivity. This consideration filled her with a joy to which she had long been a perfect stranger. She imparted her plan to *Melangenias*, and the intention she was in of restoring also her fair friend to liberty, sharing with her her fortune, making her witness and partaker of the happiness she promised herself, and thus in the bosom of love and friendship to spend the remainder of her days. Meanwhile, *Charides* begged her friend

to resume a narrative which had begun to inspire her with the greatest curiosity. *Melangenia* complied with her request.

WE left her in the island of *Creta*, where *Phereides* learned several curious anecdotes, especially concerning the origin of the fable of *Minotaur* and *Europa*. A priest of the island told our youth, that he had read in some old manuscripts, that the fabulous monster was the son of *Minos*, king of *Creta*, and *Pasiphae*, who was brought to bed after her adultery with one *Taurus*, a handsome youth, whom she loved passionately. The resemblance the child bore to *Taurus*, made the people give him a name in some manner analogous both to the husband and the lover, calling him *Minotaurus*. The prince, when arrived at the years of maturity, was sent into *Phanicia*, whence he carried off by force a young girl named *Europa*; and that it was on these simple facts that, in process of time, the poets, who delight in fictions, had grounded the fables of *Minotaurus* and the rape of *Europa*.

MELANGENIA committed herself once more to the watery element, and soon experienced its wonted fickleness. The ship was driven by contrary winds and a heavy storm on the coast of *Africa*. Description of the storm—The causes of the thunder explained.—“Some ascribe the noise to the rolling of *Jupiter’s* car, when the god travels on the clouds, whilst the shaking of his bolt occasions that quick and transitory flash which we call lightning. Others, with more reason no doubt maintain, that the awful phenomenon is occasioned by the collision of two clouds replete with inflammable matter; they, being drove by contrary winds, meet with force, and by the shock mutually electrify each other.”—The

storm having subsided, the pilot, with dismay in his looks, descries the coast of *Cyrenum*, famous for the piracy and the cruelties committed by its inhabitants, whose history is given by *Melanenia*. They were in the vicinity of *Carthage*, and waged a long and bloody war against their neighbours, concerning their respective boundaries. At last, to put an end to the contest, it was agreed that two *Cyrenians*, and the same number of *Carthaginians*, should set off from their respective capitals on a fixed day, and at an appointed hour. The place where they should meet, was, by mutual consent, to be fixed at the limits of the two provinces. The *Carthaginians*, more diligent than their antagonists, met the latter a good way up the country of the *Cyrenians*. These however, pretending that the former had set off from *Carthage* before the appointed time, offered to renew the race on the same terms; but with a compulsive clause not likely to be accepted by their neighbours: namely, that the limits were to be fixed wherever the champions of either of the two nations should arrive first, on their submitting to be there slain and buried. To the utter astonishment of the artful *Cyrenians*, these hard terms were accepted by the *Carthaginians*. Two brothers, who are called *Philenians* in the romance, undertook the race, and penetrated still further into the enemy's territories, than had been done before by their countrymen. In vain the *Cyrenians* endeavoured to tempt them with the most seducing offers; they spurned them all, and insisted that, according to agreement, they might be slain and buried on the very spot, which was complied with. The grateful inhabitants of *Carthage* erected two altars, as monuments to
 immortal life

immortalise this noble instance of patriotism in the two brothers, whose zeal for their country is certainly superior to the boasted deeds of the *Roman Horatii*.

THE ship that carried *Melangenias* and *Pherecidas*, did not fall into the hands of the *Cyrenian* pirates, it put into *Berenice*, another sea-port of *Africa*, and formerly built by the *Greeks*. As the ship stood in want of provision, it occasioned a delay which proved but too fatal to the two lovers. The inhabitants of *Berenice* carried on a most extensive trade. They dealt especially in lions. These animals were here so tame, that they were led about the streets, by means only of a common leash, without their offering the least harm to the careless passenger. Desirous to enjoy the fresh air, and survey the beauties of the surrounding country, *Pherecidas* and *Melangenias* ventured out of the city-walls; they paid but too dear for their uncautious curiosity, it occasioned the most fatal separation. They were set upon near a wood by a party of robbers, who, after having dangerously wounded *Pherecidas*, proceeded to set him on horseback; whilst one of them took the fair *Melangenias* behind him. The whole company were making towards the woods back again, when perceiving two well-dressed horsemen at a distance, they rode up to them, in hopes of adding this new booty to their former ones; but here they were disappointed. The two travellers, reinforced by a strong party, soon obliged the robbers to betake themselves to flight. *Melangenias* fell from her horse, but her ill-fated lover was hurried away, and never was heard of since that disastrous event. The horsemen who had rescued *Melangenias*, were part of the train of an ambassador, sent by the king of *Nasemenes* to the temple of *Jupiter*

Ammon in *Egypt*. Their intention was to have presented her to their chief; but he having vowed not to set eyes on a woman 'till he had dispatched the business which he was sent upon, refused to see her, ordering however that she should be taken care of. *Melangenia*, in order to be treated with more respect by *Sophonax*, (this was the ambassador's name,) and his people, gave out that she was a virgin consecrated from her infancy to the goddess *Diana*. By these means, she not only secured the regard, but attracted the veneration, and even a kind of worship from the ambassador and his train, whom she followed into *Egypt*. *Sophonax*, not thinking it expedient to send her back to *Berenice*, as he was glad to retain *Diana's* priestess, not doubting but her prayers and purity would serve to draw upon him the favour of *Jupiter*.

WE now are to behold *Melangenia* in the midst of the dreary deserts that are in the way to the temple of *Jupiter*, surnamed *Ammon*, because the only road to his fane is through an immense tract of sandy ground. *Ammon* being a *Greek* word, which signifies sand or sandy. Twelve days were taken up in crossing the deserts, where our pilgrims were not only scorched by the intense heat of the sun, but exposed to the imminent danger of being buried under the mountains of sand which the southerly wind is wont to raise in these parts: whilst the boldest of them were appaled at the sight of the human skeletons, and the parched up carcases of various animals which lay strewed on every side.

AT last they arrived in the province of the *Ammonians*, and thought to have reached the *Elysian Fields*. They were astonished to find in the midst of the most frightful wilderness,

wilderness, a spot which nature seemed to have cherished with the utmost complacency, and concluded it was the very abode of the deity. The inhabitants are described as benevolent and hospitable. They were under the sway of a king, to whom every traveller thought it a duty to pay his respects at returning from the temple, where he first deposited his offerings. *Sophonax* and all his train were admitted. The priests and priestesses of *Jupiter* were seen advancing from the inward part of the temple: the latter singing hymns in honour of their god, the former holding in their hands golden censers full of burning perfumes, which embalmed the ambient air with their fragrant odour. They all prostrated themselves before the altar of *Jupiter*, that stood in the middle of the temple. The curtains, which hid the sacred image, were drawn back, and the hallowed sanctuary appeared in sight. Next came the high-priest, who by reason of his hoary age, was carried in an ivory chair by four of his assistants. He bid the ambassador draw near, and having learnt the subject on which he wanted to consult the god, told him, in a prophetic strain, that the king his master need not be alarmed at the dream that caused his anxiety, and that he had nothing to fear for his crown and empire, as long as he should cherish that which alone contained the epitome of all moral virtues. (By this he meant wisdom, no doubt, which, in fact, is the best fence for royalty; if so, a truer oracle never was delivered.)

SOPHONAX, having received this answer, left *Melania* to the care of a priestess, whilst he went to pay his respects to the king of the *Ammonians*. The fair *Carthaginian* was treated in the most friendly manner, and, on
account

account of her being a virgin devoted to *Diana*, admitted into the inner part of the temple. There she fell sick, and *Sophonax*, who was to have carried her back to *Berenice*, was forced to set off and leave her behind. The reader will easily conceive what was *Melangenia's* grief and despair, at hearing that her deliverer was gone, and she left to solitude and sorrow. She gave up all hopes of ever seeing again her lost *Phereides*, and, summoned up all her fortitude, determined to forget her friends, her country, and even her lover if possible. This is certainly the best a poor forsaken nun can do. She gave herself up intirely to the study of the language of the women, with whom she thought herself cloistered for life. Thus enabled to profit and improve by their conversation, she acquired a more extensive and useful knowledge than she could have gathered from the writings of the most learned philosophers; at least we have her word for it. Here our author once more interrupts the narrative of *Melangenia*, to send the fair captive to look after her mistress's dinner.

B O O K IV.

AT her return, *Melangenia* found *Charides* drowned in tears, occasioned by the moving recital of her friend's misfortunes—"Your sensibility, said the former, and the feeling of your compassionate heart, as well as the friendship you profess for me, are, no doubt, the cause of the concern you are pleased to express for a wretched maid—Alas! replied *Charides*, does that flinty heart
beat

beat in any human bosom, that would not bleed as mine does for you. Besides our fate is so similar, that when I grieve for you, methinks I deplore my own misfortunes."

CHARIDES, in her turn, recounts her adventures. Left an orphan when thirteen years of age, the administration of her immense fortune, was entrusted to one *Eustenes*, a relation of hers. Nearly about that time, *Theogenes*, son of *Polycrates*, a wealthy citizen of *Athens*, in consequence of a quarrel with some of his young countrymen, had been obliged to quit *Athens*, and had fled to *Melibæa*, the native city of *Charides*. As he was present one day at a festival, given in honour of the goddess *Minerva*, in which the young virgins of *Melibæa* executed several dances, he saw *Charides*, and was struck with her beauty. She in return, took great notice of *Theogenes*, and his manly graces wrought the same effect on the fair *Melibæan*. They wholly engrossed each other's attention. Blind to all other objects, they were all eyes for themselves; their looks met a thousand times, and said more than language can utter; in a word, these mute interpreters raised a flame which neither time nor misfortune could ever quench. Nothing was now wanting but an interview, for a more satisfactory explanation of their respective sentiments. The young *Athenian* followed *Charides*, in order to be informed of her abode, and then returned to his uncle *Trafibulus*, who, having been settled some years in *Melibæa*, was acquainted with its principal inhabitants. Upon his describing the house where *Charides* had entered, *Theogenes* was told by his uncle, "That it belonged to one *Eustenes*, guardian to a young lady of immense fortune,

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fortune, who lived with him. This, added *Trafibulus*, would be an excellent match for you, but such is the hatred the *Melibœans* bear to your countrymen, that I cannot give you the least hope of success."

THEOGENES confessed to his uncle, that this was the charmer, who, at the very first sight, had for ever enslaved his heart, and, notwithstanding the powerful objection urged by *Trafibulus*, entreated the latter to give him an opportunity of coming to the speech of *Charides*. *Trafibulus*, who, luckily for his kinsman, had great concerns in trade with *Eustenes*, engaged to introduce him to the latter on the very next day.

MEANWHILE the love-sick maid grew sad and melancholy. She had not strove as usual to out-do her companions in dancing, and the other exercises, in which she was wont to surpass them all. She saw, and thought of nothing but *Theogenes*, all besides the lovely youth was become perfectly indifferent to *Charides*. In order to drive away that melancholy which assailed her beautiful ward, *Nicosia*, wife to *Eustenes*, prevailed upon her to go to the temple of *Juno*, to entreat the assistance of the goddess in speedily procuring her a good husband. Talk of marriage to the languishing virgin, and you will soon restore her mind to ease and cheerfulness. *Charides*, with *Nicosia's* two daughters, went to the temple. The former's prayer was too fervent not to be favourably heard. At her return home, *Charides* received from *Theogenes* a letter, containing a declaration of his sentiments, couched in that tender and respectful language which love and delicacy alone could dictate; intimating at the same time, that he was to visit her the next day. The joy she felt at this welcome news, is better

better felt than described. She wished, she hoped, and trembled at the very thoughts of disappointment. The following morning appeared to her the finest she ever saw; the sun seemed to shine with brighter lustre than usual. At last her longing expectation was fully gratified. *Trafsbulus* came with *Theogenes*, and pretending to have some particular business to communicate, retired with *Eustenes*, and left the youths to themselves. The reader need not be told that *Theogenes* improved the favourable opportunity to confirm what he had already expressed in his letter. The two lovers agreed to meet at the house of a female friend, who, knowing that the views of *Theogenes* were honourable, was easily won over to their side. They continued to see one another every day for near a year, when *Theogenes*, by his good qualities, having endeared himself to *Eustenes*, the latter shook off all popular prejudice, and consented that *Charides* should give her hand to the young *Atbenian*. The wished-for day was at hand, but *Theogenes*, for some family affair, was obliged to depart from *Melibæa*. Previous to his setting off, he, with *Charides*, met in the temple of *Juno*, and before the altar of the goddess they interchanged vows of eternal constancy. From this instant, *Charides* had never heard any tidings of *Theogenes*, 'till she saw him amongst the captives who graced the triumph of *Paulus Emilius*. At last, at an entertainment, at which she was present with *Octavius* and other Roman senators, the discourse turning on the late defeat of King *Perseus*, she was informed that her beloved *Theogenes* had been set at liberty.

B O O K V and VI.

MELANGENIA closes the recital of her adventures, which *Charides* listened to with so much more concern, that she now thought herself on the verge of peace and happiness. Her friend concludes the account of the particulars she had learned concerning the temple of *Jupiter Ammon*. It had been built by *Bacchus*, who returning triumphant from the *Indies*, was obliged with his whole army to cross those burning sands, from whence he extricated himself by following the track of a ram, which brought him out of the inhospitable deserts, to the beautiful spot described in the former part of *Melangenias* account. *Bacchus*, as a monument of his gratitude for so singular a favour, which he wholly attributed to *Jupiter*, caused the god to be represented with the head of a ram. The priests of that deity offer no bloody sacrifices, never eat animal food, but live in continual abstinence, and in the contemplation of celestial objects. They initiate no man into the mysteries of their religion; but certain it is, that they acknowledge and worship but one supreme Being; maintaining that polytheism owes its origin to the several ideas the ignorant vulgar have framed to themselves of the various attributes of the Deity. In this, no doubt, consist the secrets of hermetic philosophy. The priests of *Ammon* are mysterious in every part of their ceremonies, and even in their very dress. No other statue is to be seen in the temple, but that of *Jupiter*, to shew that there is but one God; it represents a man with the head of a ram, to signify that that incorporeal being appears to us under
whatever

whatever form he likes best, shewing no preference for any one in particular, as being master and creator of all.

IN regard to the priestesses, they lead nearly the same life. They are not permitted to read any book. What they know of the history of their country, the building of the temple, and its antiquity, as well as the mysteries of their religion, they have learnt by oral tradition, by conversing among themselves, or from the instructions given them by the priests. They never put up prayers for any one in particular, not even the king, but recommend the whole creation in general to the care of *Jupiter Ammon*, who, being the supreme lord of all, affords equal protection to every creature, and to be rendered propitious to mankind, wants not to be roused by prayers and importunity.

NOTWITHSTANDING the resolution which *Melangenias* had taken of ending her days in the company of those holy virgins, the image of *Pharesides* haunted her every where, and re-kindled a fire which was laid but not quenched. The cloister now became insupportable, but by what means could she hope to effect her deliverance? Shall the delicate maid attempt alone the dangers awaiting her in the sandy plains? As fortune, to love propitious, would have it, the want of provisions obliged the priests of *Ammon* to think of sending some of their order to *Memphis* for a fresh supply. *Melangenias*, improving so favourable an opportunity, pretended a vow she had made of visiting the temple of *Diana at Bubastus*, a small town near *Memphis*; adding, that the goddess, offended at her not performing it, had appeared to her in a dream, and threatened her with celestial

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vengeance. By this stratagem she obtained leave to accompany the priests of *Ammon* to *Memphis*, where having left them, fully resolved never to return; she set off for *Bubastus*, where being arrived, her first care was to look out for a ship bound to *Cyprus*, the country of *Phereides*, for she dared not venture back to *Carthage*. She embarked, but the ship she was in, fell into the hands of pirates, who, having slain all the men on board, spared the women, in order to sell them to some merchants from *Sardinia*. Brought to *Rome* with several slaves and hostages, sent thither by *Sempronius* the consul, it was her lot to be purchased by *Capiton* for the account of his master *Octavius*. "I have been nine years in *Rome*, and was but twelve years of age when misfortune laid her iron hand upon me." "And may you soon, exclaimed *Charides*, see an end put to your wretchedness; believe me, dearest friend, I shall never think myself completely happy 'till I have made you so." CHARIDES, a few days after, with the consent of *Octavius*, set off for *Melibœa*; and, at her parting, renewed to *Melangenia* the promise of purchasing her freedom, if fortune would once smile propitious upon her.

B O O K VII and VIII,

ON her arrival at *Melibœa*, *Charides* found no one of her friends and acquaintance alive except her own nurse, who had escaped the general slaughter. She discovered to her the place where she had concealed all the gold, silver and most precious things which she had been able

to save from the general plunder. The first use *Charides* made of this treasure, was to reward the servants of *Octavius*, who had accompanied her, and whom she now discharged, loading them with presents for the generous Roman pretor, and the fair *Carthaginian*, with letters full of the warmest expressions of friendship and gratitude. This proved a happy day for the fair *Melibæan*. The same hand that had dug out for her the hidden treasure, presented her with that which she prized above the most lavish favours of fortune——a letter from *Theogenes*. He informed her that he was gone to *Athens*. She dispatched an express after him, and a ship being ready to sail for *Melibæa*, *Theogenes* embarked with the trusty messenger. They were set upon and taken by a *Byzantian* pirate, of all the crew, none were spared but *Theogenes* and his companion. The latter found means to escape and swam to shore. He brought the heavy tidings to *Charides*, who, together with her nurse, two slaves, and a young Greek named *Adrastus*, resolved to go in search of her lover. They sailed with a prosperous gale for *Byzantium*. *Adrastus* soon learned the place where *Theogenes* was confined, paid his ransom, and brought him back to *Charides*. The transports of the two lovers are better fancied than expressed. Lest another separation should again endanger his happiness, *Theogenes* pressed his lovely mistress to grant him at last the reward of his constancy. But *Charides* had vowed not to give him her hand till their return at *Melibæa*.—Alas! they little thought of the new misfortunes that awaited them! they were hardly out of sight of *Byzantium*, when a most dreadful hurricane drove them as far as the coast of *Scythia*, where the ship ran aground. They escaped
from

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from the fury of the raging waves, to fall into the cruel hands of the barbarous inhabitants of that inhospitable country. They were beset by a party of soldiers, taken and carried up to *Olbia*, where dwelt *Domasdes* the king of the *Scythians*.

THIS prince was at war with the *Nomades*, who had invaded his territories, and on the eve of giving them battle. According to the barbarous custom of the country, human victims were to be offered up to the god of war, who they conceived could not be rendered propitious without such bloody sacrifices. It was furthermore required, that they should be prisoners of war, the men perfectly sound and healthy; and if of the female sex, unspotted virgins. Strangers, in some cases, supplied for the sanguinary purpose, the want of prisoners. *Charides* and young *Adrastus* were the only two of the company that could answer the description; *Theogenes* having formerly been wounded. They were about to be sacrificed, when *Domasdes*, moved with pity at their misfortunes, and touched by their constant and earnest prayer to be suffered to share all the same fate, told the young *Atbanian*, that he might purchase the lives of his friends, by getting into his power a sufficient number of prisoners. *Theogenes*, at the head of fifty horsemen well armed, animated by love and his native bravery, penetrates into the enemy's camp, and brings back several of them who were instantly sacrificed, and his beloved *Charides* with *Adrastus* set at liberty.

THE king, pleased at the success of this first expedition, entrusted the entire command of his army to *Theogenes*, and ordered that *Charides*, *Adrastus*, and their follower, should be treated with every mark of respect.

BOOK

B O O K IX and X.

WHILST *Theogenes* was leading his victorious bands against the enemies of king *Demasdes*, *Charides* found herself obliged to withdraw from court, and by a timely flight, escape from the brutality of the officer who had the care of her, and whose passion she had refused to gratify. She set off in the middle of the night, having previously wrapt up in the clothes which she left behind, a letter, informing *Theogenes* of the motives that justified her conduct. *Charides*, with her travelling companions, after a great deal of fatigue, and many hair-breadth escapes, arrived at *Mesembria*, a city of *Thracia*.

MEANWHILE, the *Athenian* hero having totally defeated the *Nomades*, returned triumphant to court. He soon learnt the fate of *Charides*, and the cause of her flight. Upon his complaining to the king of the vile usage offered to his mistress, and in her person to himself, the monarch ordered the officer to be instantly impaled. *Theogenes* having further besought leave to retire, it was granted, and he left the court loaded with honour and rewards. He found his mistress at *Mesembria*, and, together with her *Adraflus* and their other fellow-travellers, returned safe to *Melibæa*, where *Charides* consented at last to make him happy.

CHARIDES thought her felicity incomplete, as long as *Melangenìa* remained in bondage. She wrote to *Octavius*, and begged the freedom of the fair *Cartaginian*. The request being readily granted by the generous pretor, *Melangenìa* set off for *Melibæa*, to enjoy the sweets of friendship and liberty.

THEOGENES,

THEOGENES, returning from a voyage to *Athenis*, where he had been to visit his father; who had expressed a desire of seeing his daughter-in-law, easily wrought upon his wife to comply with the wishes of his aged sire. *Charides*, who, to indulge, needed but to know the wishes of her beloved *Theogenes*, set sail from *Melibœa*, taking *Melangenias* with her, they arrived and stayed some days at *Corinthus*. One day, as *Theogenes* was taking his morning walk, he was accosted by an elderly man, whom *Theogenes* soon recollected to have seen at *Ephesus*, and with whom he had contracted a particular friendship. As an old acquaintance, *Theogenes* introduced him to his wife. The stranger first addressed *Charides*; but when he turned to *Melangenias*, his speech failed him, he hesitated, and soon recollecting her features, flung his arms about her, and exclaimed in a faltering voice, "Propitious fortune, I thank thee!" — *Theogenes*, and his lovely bride were all amazement; but *Melangenias* soon dispelled their surprise. "O *Charides*, O my friend, said she, what a fortunate encounter! this is *Phereides* of whom you have so often heard me talk with raptures." After the first embraces were over, *Phereides* gave a short narrative of what had befallen him since the fatal adventure of the woods. The robbers flying from their pursuers, he had been left behind. "After having fought for you in vain, added he, 'till night closed upon me, my strength failing me, I dropped with weariness to the ground, where a profound sleep recruited my spirits the more, as in a dream methought I saw your beloved image, but it was the angel appointed to watch over you that appeared to me, bidding me to be comforted, and that I should meet you again

one

one day. I have wandered ever since from place to place, supported by that flattering hope which is at last so completely fulfilled."

MELANGENIA's happiness was a new addition to that of her fair friend, who had not now another wish to form. They all set out for *Athens*, where *Phereides* received the hand of *Melangenía*. The aged *Policrates* saw his daughter, and died content in the arms of his beloved children and their two friends, who never parted, 'till all subduing death dispatched her herald with the fatal but irresistible summons.

A L M A H I D A :

OR, THE QUEEN IN BONDAGE.

By Mr. or rather Mademoiselle DE SCUDERY.

This very interesting Romance was published in *Paris*, in the year 1660, in eight vols. in quarto, and never was reprinted since. The Abbé *Langlet* justly observes, that it is modelled on the manners of the *Moors in Spain*, the most polite and accomplished of all men.

It was at first looked upon to be entirely the production of Mr. DE SCUDERY alone; but it soon appeared that his sister had the best share in it.

THE name of *Scudery* is so universally known, that we should think it needless to say much about the subject, were we not provided with some anecdotes which may entertain our readers, and convey some useful information.

GEORGE DE SCUDERY, of a noble family of *Provence*, was born at *Havre-de-Grace*, not in 1603, as erroneously asserted by the *Abbé d'Olivet* and others, but in the year 1601, and died at *Paris* the 14th of *May*, 1667, aged sixty-six.—He had married a lady from *Normandy*, by whom he had an only son, the *Abbé de Scudery*. The catalogue of his works is very numerous, and may be seen in *Moreri's Dictionary*. His merit fell certainly very short of what his vanity made him conceit, and yet he had more than *Boileau* is willing to acknowledge, by the abuse poured upon him by the *French* satyrift. His wife, who survived him, was greatly hurt at the keen strokes of *Depréaux's* malice, and entertained some hopes of having found an avenger, who would retort upon the satyrift. *Count Buffi-Rabutin* had provided himself with a small book, such as is generally used for prayers by the laity, instead of the images which are to be found in those kind of books amongst the Roman catholics; he therein preserved the miniature portraits of some of the courtiers whose ladies were suspected of various gallantries. Under each he had written a short speech in the form of a prayer, and suitable to the subject. *Boileau*, alluding to this book, had said in his eighth satire:

Moi

Moi j'irois épouser une femme coquette !
 J'irois, par ma constance, aux affronts enduric,
 Me mettre au rang des saints qu'a célébrés *Bussi* ? *

MADAME DE SCUDERY did every thing in her power to excite the Count's resentment against the poet, by representing to the former the unwarrantable liberty taken with his name by the latter ; adding, that the king had explained himself on the subject, in a manner that could not but have proved very grating to the count had he heard it. *Bussi* was deaf to all that Madame de Scudery could urge against the poet, and only answered, that *Boilau* was a man of genius and merit, for whom he had a very particular regard.

SCUDERY, naturally conceited, had inherited from his father a great deal of that vivacity for which the natives of *Provence* are justly celebrated. His repartees, and his manner of expressing himself, had something both pleasing and characteristic. We remember to have heard, amongst others, the following fally of our authour : An actor, of the name of *Mondory*, very tall and corpulent, having badly played his part in one of *Scudery's* tragedies, the poet loaded him with severe reproaches, which *Mondory* answering rather impertinently, the former threatened him ; the consequence was a challenge from the latter. *Scudery*, turning to some persons present :—" The

* What ! think I'd madly wed a gamesome wife ;
 And, fearless of the ills which cuckolds wait,
 Make one among the saints by *Bussi* fam'd ?

fellow is proud, said he, in that he is too huge to get his complete caneing all in one day."

THE following trait of *Scudery's* honest disinterestedness, will, we fear, be more admired than emulated by the present race of writers. *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*, having granted him leave to inscribe to her his *Alaric*, or *Rome Conquered*, meant to present him with a golden chain of the price of ten thousand livres, if he would suppress the praises he had bestowed in that work on Count *de la Gardie*, who had incurred *Christina's* displeasure. *Scudery* had the magnanimity to declare, that the richest presents in the queen's gift, could never induce him to be guilty of so mean a complaisance. "Were the golden chain (these are his very words) to outweigh that of which mention is made in the history of the *Incas*, I never would pull down the altar erected by my own hands." *Christina* gave him nothing. The parallel is not to the credit of the wandering queen.

SCUDERY was of the *French Academy*, and enjoyed the patronage of Cardinal *Richelieu*, which he owed perhaps less to merit, than to a boundless, and we may say, slavish complaisance. No man ever wrote more for the stage, or with greater success; yet his plays would at present make a very indifferent figure. Nothing can prove his want of talents for the drama, more than his criticism on the *Cid* of *Corneille*, in which he blames those very beauties which secured the success of that play, with a *bonne foi*, that shews his want of taste and refinement. He wrote several Romances in company with his sister, but the most general

general opinion is, that he had the least share in the composition.

MAGDALENA DE SCUDERY, born also at *Havre-de-Grace* in the year 1607, was brought up at *Paris*, and gave the earliest proofs of that refined and delicate genius which recommended her to the notice of the greatest personages of her time. She was admitted at the Hotel de *Rambouillet*, so deservedly celebrated as the nursery of genius and learning. Romances were then in fashion, and Mademoiselle de *Scudery* soon distinguished herself in that career, so as to be made a member of all the academies where women are admitted, and be honoured with the correspondence of the most distinguished characters of the age. The bishop of *Münster*, Prince of *Paderborn*, made her a present of his works and picture. Queen *Christina*, Cardinal *Mazarin*, and *Louis XIV.* at the recommendation of his chancellor *Buacherat*, and of Madame de *Maintenon*, allowed her pensions, to enable her to live in that comfortable manner which fortune had denied her.

BOILEAU in his satires, was equally severe against the brother and sister, but with great injustice. Mademoiselle de *Scudery* had obtained the premium proposed by the *French Academy*, for the best Essay on Glory, and had published several volumes, under the title of Dialogues on different Subjects. This work, which places in the best light the writer's genius, knowledge and sound philosophy, is the best protest that can be entered against the satyrists. If romances did not please a man, not very remarkable for refined feelings, if the tedious conversations sometimes introduced in those productions,

productions, and a metaphysic often too elevated for the subject, did not meet with his approbation, her other qualities, her wit, her sex, the reputation she had acquired, and her many respectable connections seemed to intitle her to more justice and regard.

THE titles of Mademoiselle Scudery's romances, are as follows: the *History of Celamire, or a Trip to Versailles; Ibrahim, or the Illustrious Bacha; Almahida; Celinta; Mathilda d' Aguilar*; and *Artamenes, or Cyrus the Great*: she has also wrote several fables and other pieces of poetry.

THE romance of *Cyrus*, furnishes us with a curious anecdote concerning Prince *Mazare*, who acts a considerable part in that novel.

MR. DE SCUDERY and his sister being on a journey, stopped at an inn, where, after supper, their discourse turned on the manner of conducting the plot and catastrophe of the romance of *Cyrus*. "What is to be done with Prince *Mazare*," said Mademoiselle de Scudery. "I think it will be better to make away with him by poison, than by means of a dagger"—"not so fast, sister, replied Scudery, he may be yet of some service, and we shall soon dispatch the Prince, when we have no further occasion for him."

TWO merchants, who were in the next room, over-hearing this conversation, and thinking that the name of *Mazare* was only a borrowed one under which they were plotting the murder of some real prince, gave an information against the brother and sister. They were apprehended, brought back to *Paris*, lodged in the prisons of the *conciergerie*, and examined in form. They easily cleared themselves, and obtained the right

of life and death over all the heros and heroines of their romances,

MADÉMOISELLE DE SCUDERY was so ill-favoured by nature, that she long opposed the most peremptory refusal, to her friends requesting her to sit for her picture. At last she gave way to their importunities. *Nanteuil* was the artist; but she no sooner cast her eyes on the too resembling portrait, than shocked at the irregularity of her features, she could hardly be prevailed upon to permit a few copies to be engraved, and purchased the plate, that no more might be distributed.

THOUGH she talked much of love in her romances, she does not seem to have felt herself what she so tenderly expresses on that noble passion, and *Peliffon*, whose deformity exceeded even her own, is the only man for whom she ever entertained any regard.

MADÉMOISELLE DE SCUDERY died in *Paris*, on the 2d of *June*, 1701, in the 94th year of her age, and was buried at *St. Nicolas-des-Champs*, her parish.

NOTHING was heard through the spacious streets of the great city of *Grenada*, but the alarming cry of TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

THE powerful and contending factions of *Abencerragi*, and the *Zegri* were up in arms, and divided the whole city. The former, with their friends, had formed themselves into a strong body, towards the gate of *Vimalmagán*; those who had espoused the part of the latter, were assembled in the spacious street of *Zacatin*, whilst the other

other parts of the city were occupied by the members of the different factions. The *Alarites*, *Zulemi* and *Almansores*, resolved to keep the most impartial neutrality, stood entrenched behind large pieces of timber, laid crossways near the gate of *Elvira*. *Muley-hazen*, the old king, who saw the danger that threatened the kingdom, which he had resigned into the hands of his son, weighed down more with sorrow than infirmities, was confined to his bed, in the castle of *Alhaysin*. The ambitious prince *Audalla*, his other son, viewed with heartfelt pleasure, from the top of the same fortress, the threatening storm, in hopes of benefiting by the downfall of his brother, which he foresaw must be the consequence of those civil broils.

The two factions soon engaged in a most obstinate and bloody battle, near the square of *Kivavamble*, and this fatal day must have proved the last of the *Moorish* sway in *Grenada*, had not King *Boaudilin*, lately raised to the throne by the voluntary abdication of his father, boldly stepped between the two parties, followed by his own guards, and the three neutral families. His presence was productive of the most salutary consequence; the factious subjects, awed by the magnanimity of their king, flung down their arms, and shook hands. The raging flame was hardly laid, when it threatened a new conflagration. This was occasioned by the exploits of a slave belonging to Queen *Almahida*, and given to her by her father *Moraysel*. His name was *Leontio*, supposed to be by birth a *Portuguese*. Seeing his master engaged in the quarrel of the *Abencerragi*, he had sallied forth from the royal palace, and, armed with a single cimeter, had

had made great havock amongst the *Zegri*, wounded their chief, *Mohavido*, and saved the life of *Moraysel*.

MOHAVIDO insisted on the king making a proper example of the rash intruding slave; whilst, on the other hand, *Abindarrays*, chief of the *Abencerragi*, *Moraysel*, and the Queen declared in his favour. Nor did *Leontio*, whose comeliness and manly appearance wrought much in his favour, remain silent. He pleaded his cause so powerfully, shewing that he had only acquitted himself of a slave's first duty, by preserving the life of his master, that the king not only acquitted him, but gave to his conduct the praises it deserved, and set him at liberty. This was a cruel mortification for *Mohavido*, who had further disgraced himself, by meanly bribing an *Alfaqui* or priest, to accuse *Leontio* of having acted contrary to the law of *Mabomet*.

DON RODERIC DE NARVA, a *Spanish* General, then a prisoner of war in *Grenada*, from a turret of the castle wherein he was confined, saw all that passed on this memorable day. *Fernando de Solis*, a *Spaniard* by birth, and a slave of *Almahida*, was the only companion of *de Narva's* solitude. Knowing this old servant to be acquainted with every circumstance that had happened for many years back in the court of *Grenada*, the *Spanish* General entreated the slave to inform him of the particulars, and *Fernando* began his narrative as follows:

"IN the beginning of the reign of *Muley-bazen*, father to the present King, *Moraysel-Almoradi* shone the brightest ornament of the court of *Grenada*. None could vie with him in rank, and but few in point of merit. He was handsome, well-made, and sensible. Notwithstanding the almost universal inclination of the

Moors to love, he was a perfect stranger to that passion. This peculiarity in his character, had begot him the name of the *handsome statue*. Whilst every one reproached him with so unnatural an apathy, he himself strove long in vain to remove it. His behaviour to the ladies was civil, yet cool and distant. His intimate friend *Almadan* begged of him one day to take a part in a tournament intended for the diversion of the beautiful *Semabis*, on whom *Almadan* had settled all his affections. *Morayzel* wished to decline the invitation, under pretence of his being an utter stranger to matters of gallantry: but at last, giving way to the importunities of his friend, he threatened him, jocosely, to make him repent of his frolic by courting *Semabis* on own his account. *Almadan*, secure in the well-known character of insensibility, for which his friend had so long been famous, made very light of his menace, and in the same strain of raillery, challenged him to do his worst. This joke, however, took a more serious turn than either party perhaps imagined. The *handsome statue*, now was animated by the vivifying glances of *Semabis*, who was herself smitten with *Morayzel*'s fine person and extraordinary accomplishments. *Almadan* lost the day in the field, both of *Mars* and *Venus*. This double disgrace drove him to despair. He flew from the city, and went to hide his shame in the dreary mountains of *Alpuchares*, where he turned *Dervis*; whilst his happy rival obtained the hand of the proud and beautiful *Semabis*. A daughter was the only fruit of this union. She received the name of *Almahida*, and is now the Sultana-Queen of *Grenada*. Her father had the curiosity to consult her nativity. He employed for that purpose *Cid-hamet*, an Arab,

Arab, well-versed in the occult science of astrology. The soothsayer's answer was: "*Almahida* shall be very modest and very amorous; at the same time maid and woman, virgin and wedded; slave and queen: the wife of a slave and a king; lucky and unfortunate; innocent, yet thought guilty; exposed to the danger of being burnt alive; *Mahometan* and *Christian*: nevertheless she'll be happier at her death, than she shall have been in her life-time: amongst the ruins of a throne, and in the very overthrow of a kingdom, she will find in her love and her innocence a sufficient comfort to solace her for the loss of a crown, of which fortune will have deprived her."

"MORAYSEL, alarmed at this intricate and ominous prediction, flattered himself, that the surest way of saving both his daughter and the kingdom from their ill-fated destiny, was to send *Semahis* away from *Grenada*. He fixed on *Algiers*, where he had some relations, for the place of her temporary exile. With no other train than her nurse and four slaves, myself included, she was hurried on board the ship. After having passed the famous *Streights of Gibraltar*, we sailed along the coast of *Mauritania*, steering for *Algiers*. But before I enter into the particulars of our voyage, give me leave to shift the scene to *Andalousia*. It is necessary you should be informed that a few years before the birth of *Almahida*, *Don Pedro de Leon*, Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, had a son by his consort *Inez of Arragon*. The child was christened *Pontio*, and surnamed *Pegnafiel*. No less fond and superstitious than *Morayzel*, *Don Pedro* consulted with a learned mathematician of *Toledo*, on the future destiny of his new born son. *Fadriques*, so was he

called, answered, "That *Pontio* of *Leon* should be blessed with a genius equal to his great courage; but that, unless he was properly watched 'till his twentieth year, slavery must be his lot." *Don Pedro*, who placed great confidence in prognostics, resolved to withdraw his son from court, and from the vicinity of the sea, as the only means to prevent the misfortune that threatened him. He was sent from *Seville*, and confined in one of his father's seats in *Andalousia*, which, on account of its beautiful waters, is called *Fontaines*, there to remain 'till the fatal period should be over, and to be educated in a manner suitable to his high birth. Now, my lord, I shall resume the account of our navigation.

"We had already passed *Ceuta*, and were almost in sight of *Algiers*, when we had the misfortune to meet with a *Baramada* pirate, to whose superior force we were obliged to strike. After having dealt slaughter around them, and butchered in cold blood those who were found in arms, they doomed the remainder of the crew to wretchedness and thralldom. As they professed the christian religion, I flattered myself, that, being a *Spaniard*, they would shew me more mercy than they had done to the *Mahometans*; but they soon undeceived me of the good opinion I entertained of their piety, by loading me with irons; so that by falling into the hands of Christians, I only got new masters. I had taken the precaution to bind my fellow slaves by an oath, which was religiously observed, not to reveal on any terms the quality and birth of *Almahida*, who was to pass for the daughter of an *Algerian* merchant. The pirates, entertaining no further hopes of a valuable ransom, sunk our ship; after having taken on board their

own what they thought most valuable. Then a favourable gale springing up, they steered for the island of *Orgny*, their usual retreat. It is situated near the coast of *Normandy*, opposite to the high cliffs of *Jobour*, a place remarkable for its mines and subterraneous curiosities. Here the banditties, the sole inhabitants of the island, had built themselves huts and warehouses to deposit their booty. They were one hundred and twenty in number, besides the slaves and a few women, whose employment was to cultivate the unfruitful soil of this dreary abode. All communication with the rest of the world was entirely cut off, as the navigator dreaded the very sight of this dangerous island: so that many years elapsed before I could inform *Morayzel* of his daughter's destiny.

“MEANWHILE, *Almabida* daily became more conspicuous by her extraordinary wit and beauty, and improved much by the education she received from me; but whether it was, that Providence had marked some more auspicious hour for her conversion, or that her slaves prevented the good I hoped for from my instructions, I could not persuade her to recant the errors of the *Mahometan* religion, and embrace that of Christ. Out of the rich cloaths that had been laid in her cradle, her slaves had made her a *Moorish* dress, which, together with her good mien, made her look as the queen of the island. Nevertheless, I judged it expedient not to inform her of her high birth and expectations; as I thought her yet too young to be entrusted with so important a secret. Yet nature seemed to whisper it to *Almabida*, by inspiring her with inclinations so truly noble, and sentiments so refined, that she shone with
no

no less lustre in her miserable hut, than she now casts around, seated on the throne of *Grenada*. She had nearly compleated her eighth year, when the pirates, returning from a cruise which had not proved very successful, took notice of *Almahida's* growing charms, and laid a plan, which the demon of cruelty, and their insatiable thirst after gold, could alone trace out for them, or their native barbarity persuade them to execute.

“ THEY resolved to harbour the *Turkish* dress and colours, to give to my young mistress the habit of a Christian; and, in their way to *Constantinople*, where they meant to sell *Almahida*, to murder and throw overboard her nurse, the three slaves, and myself. We were a great way out at sea before I had the least intimation of their horrid plot, which was disclosed to me by one of their own slaves, with whom I lived in great intimacy. The discovery only served to shew me the yawning precipice, without pointing out the means of avoiding the impending fate. That ever-watchful Providence, that can by an apparent evil lead us to the most fortunate event, raised all on a sudden a most dreadful hurricane: All the skill of our pilot were exerted in vain to weather out the storm. The ship was dashed against the rocks, and the whole crew, except myself and *Almahida* perished. The surge that had cast us on shore, was nearly as fatal to me, as the malice of the cruel pirates might have been. I remained motionless for a considerable time, at last, casting my reviving eyes around me, what was my astonishment and despair, not to discover any trace of my beautiful ward; however, recollecting that at the
very

very instant that I had sunk to the ground, I held her by the hand, and finding no part of her cloaths, nor any thing that had belonged to her, I concluded that she had been taken care of by some of the hospitable inhabitants of a country, which I soon discovered to be the province of *Andalousia*, my native place.

“THOUGH I could not but be thankful to heaven for so fortunate a circumstance; yet I found that an end was put to my slavery, but not to my misfortunes: for, setting forwards with a heart divided between joy and anxiety, I soon learned that, during my long servitude, my father had died; and that all his possessions had been seized upon by some merciless creditors, without any of my relations interfering to rescue part of my fortune from their rapacious hands. I luckily remembered that *Don Pedro* of *Leon*, duke of *Medina Sidonia*, had ever shewn a favourable partiality for my deceased father, and I resolved to wait on the duke at his seat of *Fontaines*. I had no sooner sent up my name, than I was introduced into an apartment, where *Don Pedro* was with his lady, *Niez* of *Arragon*, and *Pontio* of *Leon*, their only son. But, my lord, judge of my surprize, the very first object that struck me, was *Almahida* herself, who received and returned the most endearing caresses of the noble pair. She knew me again, and flew to my arms. As for the duke, he retained me in his service as governor to his son, on condition that I would consent to live entirely at *Fontaines*, where he intended that *Pontio* should remain ’till the fatal epocha marked by the soothsayer should be over.

“I soon discovered in my young pupil the most promising dispositions, and every day increased that attachment

ment which duty and gratitude inspired me for *Don Pontio*. He grew very fond of his young slave, and was not less dear to *Almabida*; but a certain haughtiness of temper in the latter, curbed the fierceness of a passion which the impetuous youth could not so easily conceal. Meanwhile, I lost no opportunity to shew her the absurdities of the *Alcoran*, but my zeal and eloquence were exerted in vain.

“THE young count was more successful. When the heart is prepossessed, the mind is easily subdued, and she was at last persuaded to embrace the Christian religion. This heightened greatly the reputation of *Pontio*, who was already looked upon as a most accomplished youth; whilst *Aminta* (for this was one of the three names given to *Almabida* by her sponsors,) daily attracted the admiration even of her own sex. We were visited about this time by the marquis of *Monte-Major*, son to the duke of the *Ifarrntada*, who having had an opportunity of seeing *Aminta*, fell desperately in love with my beautiful ward. Love had made a poet of count *Pegnafiel*, and the marquis, resolved to rival him in every respect, found means to convey some very passionate lines into *Aminta*’s little basket: for, in compliance to my pupil’s fancy, she had put on the dress of a shepherdess. *Aminta*, consulting more her growing fondness for *Pontio*, than the dictates of prudence, shewed this letter to her lover, who, feeling all the tortures of jealousy, called his rival to account, and, in a duel which soon followed, wounded the marquis dangerously.

“I DISPATCHED a messenger to the duke and dutchess to inform them of what had passed, intimating, that as *Almabida*

Mahida was the cause of the dangerous rupture between the young noblemen, it was expedient not to suffer her to remain any longer at *Fontaines*: adding, that she was of noble parentage, and every way deserving of their protection.

“ON the other hand, as the dukes of *Medina-Sidonia*, and of the *Infantada* were intimate, they no sooner heard of this affair, than they ordered their sons to forget what had passed, and to live together as friends, as they had done hitherto. But as the marquis was confined to his bed, my pupil received a peremptory command to go and visit him, which the latter, awed by his father’s imperious temper, did, but with the greatest reluctance. I have not words to describe the awkwardness and embarrassment of the two young rivals. They said little, and treated each other with so much coldness, that they would have quarrelled a second time, so deeply rooted is hatred when implanted by jealousy, had I not taken the greatest care to prevent it.

“AT our return, *Pontis* of *Leon*, found a new cause of despair. A coach of the dutehes of *Medina-Sidonia* was just arrived, with orders to the governess to set out with *Aminta* for *Seville*. The count had hardly time enough to renew the assurances of his love to the fair *Grenadine*, who, in her turn, promised never to forget him.”

HERE *Fernando de Solis* interrupted his narration, which he engaged to resume at another time, to satisfy the curiosity of the *Spanish* general, who expressed the greatest satisfaction at what he had heard of *Almahida*’s interesting adventures.

MOHAVIDO who had vowed revenge against the slave *Leontio*, and whose evil intentions had been defeated by the pardon granted to his enemy, by the king himself; having consulted with his friends, resolved to make a new effort. The seditious priest was once more ordered by his patron to renew his charge against this devoted victim of party-fury. In a specious harangue, the *Alfaqui* endeavoured to prove, that *Leontio* was not *Moraysel's* slave, but the queen's; and therefore no ways entitled to a pardon, which was grounded only on the supposition that he had fought for his master, concluding, that he was within the express meaning of a law, which doomed to immediate death a Christian slave, who dared to lift up his hand against a *Mahometan*.

MORAYSEL was about to speak in *Leontio's* defence, when the queen, who knew *Leontio* to be the real count *Pegnafiel*, emboldened by her very fear of the danger that threatened so precious a life, turned to the *Alfaqui*, and with eyes sparkling with anger—"Thou art deceived, wicked impostor, said she, this Christian is no slave; I gave him his freedom the day before his encounter with the *Zegri*. If he has fought on that memorable day, he fought as a free-man"—"and as such, added *Pontio* of *Leon*, and being of a rank superior to that of *Mahardin*, I am ready, with the king's permission, to prove by the law of arms, that I have acted a just part."

MAHARDIN accepted of the challenge, telling *Pontio* that, though in his present condition he did not seem to be what he boasted, he was ready to meet him in the field. "I have seen thee fight bravely, said the chief of the *Zegri*, and that is sufficient for me." The king consented to the duel, on condition, that, whichever party

party should be crowned with victory, the other should retire, and never more trouble the peace of the city. The terms were agreed to by the two factions. And now the two combatants attacked each other with equal skill and fury, in the presence of the king and the whole court. Victory declared for the just cause, and *Mahardin* fell, dangerously wounded, by count *Pegnasiel*. The king retired to his palace, after having ordered that the *Alfaqui* should be empaled before the principal mosque, in order to deter others from daring to foment the spirit of sedition amongst the people. This was executed, and the *Zegri* retired, bearing off their wounded chief.

THIS event, however glorious for *Pontio*, was very unfortunate in the end to his love: for the queen, having declared him publickly a free man, gave him a peremptory command to leave the *Albambre*, or palace. Forced to obey, he consulted with *Don Fernando*, and by his advice retired to the house of *Morayfel*, where he was received by the owner with all the regard due to his merit, and the glory of his late achievements.

THE king of *Grenada*, apprehensive of the bad consequences that might arise from the seditious disposition of the *Abencerragi* and of the *Zegri*, was wholly intent on the means of preventing its alarming progress. He assembled his council; the wisest were of opinion that the best way to suspend, and perhaps put an end to these domestic feuds, was to give some public entertainment, wherein love and gallantry should take the place of hatred and animosity. *Boaudilin* hearkened to this advice, and was soon convinced of its utility. Proper orders were given, and the *Grenadines*, forgetting their

diffensions, employed a whole month in the necessary preparations for a magnificent tournament, the queen being to reward the conqueror. As the *Moors* of *Grenada* originally came from *Africa*, they agreed that the entertainments should be distinguished by the appellation of *the African heroes revived*: that it should consist of twelve bands or quadrilles, headed by twelve of the principal men among them, who should be called by the name of some of the celebrated *Africans*, such as *Amilcar*, *Jugurtha*, *Juba*, *Sipbax*, &c. It was further agreed, that these should be all masked, and that every knight should carry the representation of a town in *Africa*, some curiosity from that country, and be followed by a magnificent car, on which should be placed the statue of some of the *African* heroines, with a face representing that of one of the living beauties of the court of *Grenada*, whom the knight, who had the statue in his train, should have chosen for the mistress of his heart.

ON the appointed day, the king and the sultana-queen, with all her train, placed themselves on balconies in the square of *Vivaramble*.

THE brave *Zelebin* overcame his eleven opponents, and the judges were about to proclaim his victory, when the king expressed a wish, that some of the knights had declared himself the queen's champion. Being given to understand that the respect due to majesty had alone prevented it,—"Let me tell you, said *Boaudilin*, that this pretended respect, is a real insult to me and my beautiful consort, and I sincerely wish, that some heroic knight would now make his appearance and fight in so just a cause."—The king had hardly done speaking, when a martial symphony was heard at a distance, and it was
I found,

found, upon enquiry, that another knight was approaching. The king and judges having consulted a few minutes together, it was agreed, with the unanimous consent of the other knights, to hear what the herald, sent by the stranger, had to say. He was introduced, and stopping short before the tent of *Zelebin*, he, without alighting, or paying him the least compliment, put into his hands a challenge which the brave *Moor* read aloud to the knights who surrounded him. It was worded as follows :

A CHALLENGE TO ALL THE KNIGHTS OF THE
TOURNAMENT.

"YE UNJUST KNIGHTS ! Who have unadvisedly forgot to represent in your magnificent pageants, the most illustrious queen, who ever graced the annals of *Africa*, a prince of great renown, one of the most famous cities, and what deserves most blame, a beauty that is to all her sex what the dazzling sun is to the feeble light of the twinkling stars ; I come to punish ye all of so unpardonable a neglect. But, as it would be unseemly to submit to the laws of the tournament, a person who is above the law, or to put a queen upon a level with her subjects, hear the terms I propose :

"If victory should declare for me, all your heroines shall be laid at the foot of the statue which you will see carried before me, if, on the contrary, I should be overcome, let me be dragged as a captive behind your car ; but let not the sacred image that graces mine, be taken down. Such are the conditions offered to you by

THE KING OF THE MASSILIANS."

ZELERIN

ZELEBIN and the eleven champions, having signified their approbation, a most superb car entered the camp, bearing the statue of *Sophonisba*, but with a head perfectly representing queen *Almahida*. Behind the car, preceded, surrounded and followed by other knights and slaves, richly clad, appeared the stranger, personating *Maffinissa* king of the *Maffilians*, mounted on a most beautiful steed, and bearing in his right hand a lance; on his left arm was his target, representing mount *Ætna* casting up flames, with this motto around it:

The concealed fire more fiercely burns.

By which he meant to insinuate, that the flames, which the transcendent beauties of *Sophonisba*, or rather *Almahida*, kindled in every breast, concealed under the respect due to so great a queen, burnt with more fierceness. Meanwhile the tournament was renewed, and fortune siding with the new champion, he conquered all his opponents, and all the other statues were laid prostrate before that of the queen of *Grenada*.

THE trumpets now proclaimed the triumph obtained by the stranger, who was led to the queen's seat, where, on his knees, he claimed the prize intended for the conqueror. "Whoever you are, said *Almahida*, tendering him a most costly ring, RECEIVE THE REWARD YOU SO JUSTLY MERIT." "I with joy accept it, madam, replied the valorous knight, not as a favour which I have deserved, but as an honour which it shall ever be my ambition to merit by all the services in my power."

• See the plate,

THE

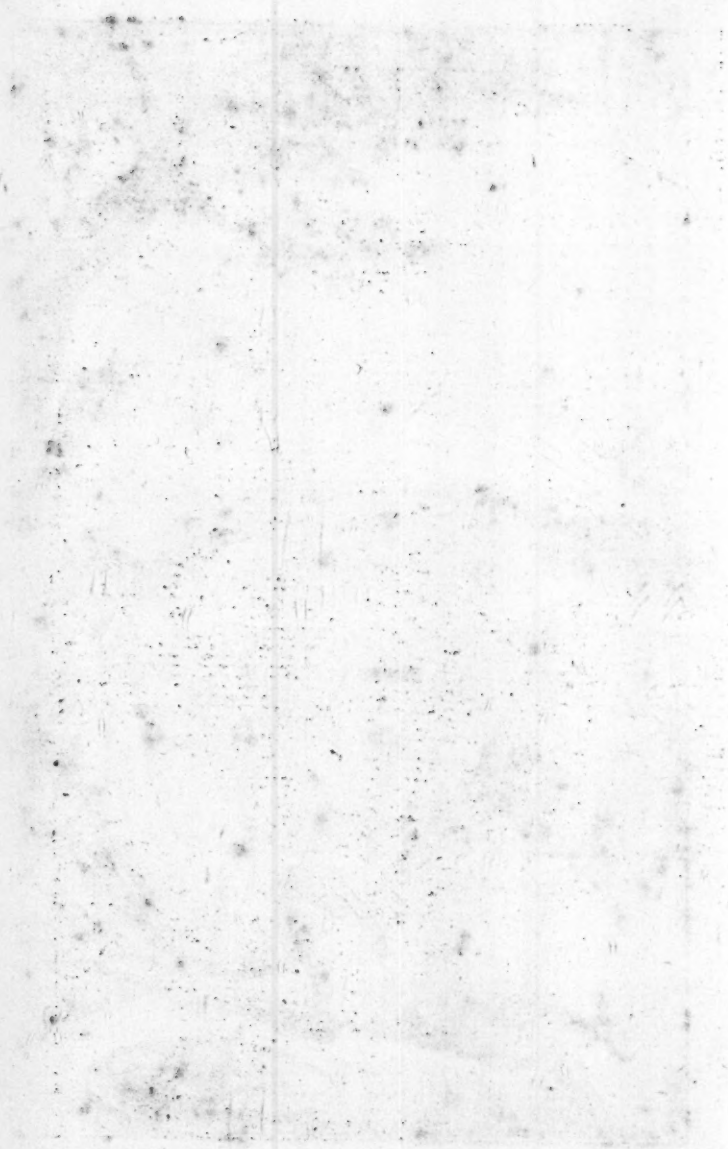


Dighton del.

Wells sc.

*Receive the reward you
so justly Merit.*

Published as the act directs April 22^d 1780.



THE king entreated the stranger to lift up his beaver, that the queen's brave champion might be known to the surrounding courtiers: but he declined doing it with all imaginable respect, and under the favour of the night retired with his followers.

THE magnificence of this entertainment engrossed all the conversation of *Don Roderic* of Navarre, and *Don Fernando de Solis*, who was requested by the former to continue the history of *Almahida* and *Pontio* of Leon. *Don Fernando* complied with the desire of the Spanish general, and thus resumed the thread of his narration.

“EVER since the departure of *Aminia*, *Fontaines* appeared like a desert to the enamoured *Pontio* of Leon. But it is impossible to describe his grief and despair, when he heard that his rival, the marquis of *Monte-Major* was gone to *Seville*, where, having been introduced to the duke of *Medina-Sidonia*, he had every day the opportunity of seeing and conversing with the fair *Grenadine*. *Pontio* was not ignorant of the constant efforts of the marquis to subdue her heart, by the most passionate expressions conveyed in the seducing language of poetry. He complained by letter to *Aminia*, who returned him the following answer:

AMINTA to Count PEGNAFIEL.

You may see by the inclosed, that the muses at court have no greater regard for truth than the rural ones, and are equally sensible, that fable and fiction have ever been the greatest ornaments of poetry. Endeavour therefore to entertain yourself with that which, I assure you, had not the power to please me; that so noble
a per-

a personage may not have toiled to no purpose. I further wish that his production may be better received by you, than it has been by

AMINTA.

“ THIS letter was a healing balm to the growing jealousy of the count, who could see, by the plaintive strain of the marquis’s stanzas, that he had not found the way to *Aminta*’s heart, and that the fair *Grenadine*, of the two suitors, loved *Pontio* best; since she thus gave him up his rival’s letters. Emboldened by *Aminta*’s condescension, *Pontio* made it his next request to have her picture, to which, after much resistance, and hearing that her refusal had dangerously impaired the health of the love-sick count, she at last consented, and sent him that which alone could restore him to life.

“ THE duke of the *Infantada* dying about this time, the marquis succeeded to the title, and a most princely fortune, which he humbly laid at the feet of *Aminta*. The beauteous daughter of *Morayzel* received so brilliant an offer with modesty and gratitude; but absolutely declined accepting it. This generous refusal filled *Pontio*’s mind with joy; but his anxiety soon returned upon him, when he considered that his rival had daily opportunities of renewing his addresses; whilst he remained at a great distance from the object of his love. An event which took place about this time, though disagreeable in appearance, proved fortunate for the young lovers. The duke of *Medina-Sidonia*, having taken some disgust at the behaviour of the prime-minister, whom he constantly opposed, quitted the court, and with his lady and *Aminta*, retired to his favourite seat.

“ GUIDED

"GUIDED by his love, perhaps more than by any motive of generosity, the young duke of the *Infantada* was the only friend who dared openly to take the part of *Rontio's* father. He was in hopes thus to have the liberty of visiting him at *Fontaines*, and had made the necessary preparations to set out with the duke; when he received the king's express command not to leave *Seville*, 'till further orders. This was owing to the misrepresentations of the marquis d'*Ayamont*, the prime minister, who, dreading too close an union between these two powerful opponents, had represented it to the king as endangering the state. Not daring to disobey his sovereign's orders, the young duke wholly employed his thoughts in finding out the means of reeking his vengeance on the author of what he thought the heaviest misfortune that ever could befall him. He met the marquis, and, after a very warm expostulation, insisted on his giving him immediate satisfaction; but all the minister's creatures, who surrounded their patron, prevented the further consequence of this encounter. The greatest crime a courtier can be guilty of, is to offend the prince's favorite. The duke was confined to his house, with the strictest injunction not to presume to appear in public. This new misfortune exhausted his fortitude, and an unfavourable answer, which he then received from the fair *Grenadine*, would perhaps have drove him to absolute despair, had he not been relieved by the accident which I am about to relate.

"DON OSORIO, who had been my fellow-captive amongst the *Moors*, and was in *Grenada* when I received *Morayse's* command, having recovered his liberty, was lately returned to *Andalusia*, his country. He had visited

me at *Fontaines*, and seen *Almahida*. He being no stranger, as I said before, to the former part of her history, I made no secret to him of what had happened since we had left *Grenada*. As fortune would have it, *Don Osorio* had since entered the service of the duke of the *Infantada*, and soon discovered his love for *Almahida*. He thought, that his revealing the secret of her birth, and what he knew of her adventures, would bring some comfort to his master's afflicted mind. In this hope he was not deceived. On his information, the duke built a plan, which he flattered himself would thwart the happiness of his rival, if not complete his own. He had no sooner laid his scheme, than he put it into execution, by writing the following letter to the illustrious *Morayfel*, chief of the royal house of the *Almoradis*.

"VIRTUE commands friendship every where, and this letter will convince you that your reputation has secured you a friend at the *Spanish* court, notwithstanding the animosity which divide the two nations. Learn from a generous enemy the fate of your long lost daughter *Almahida*. The whole court of *Ferdinando* and *Isabella* see her daily at the duke of *Medina-Sidonia's*, in a condition unworthy of you both. I give you this information that you may know how to act."

THIS message produced the desired effect. An ambassador was dispatched, and the *Spanish* monarch sent a proper guard to *Fontaines*, to escort *Almahida* to court, and deliver her into the hands of the *Moorish* ambassador, who had it in command, not to depart from *Seville* till he had found the young princess. My duty obliging me to return with her to *Grenada*, I left the young count a prey to grief and despair. Of all his servants
the

the most faithful, and the one, who, after me, had the greatest share in his confidence, was *Sanchez*, the painter, who had drawn the picture of *Almabida*. The count had taken him into his service and favour ever since, and found him in this crisis more serviceable than I would have dared to be. Seeing his young master pining at the absence of his beloved *Aminta*, he proposed to him to take the habit of a slave; whilst himself would act the part of a merchant, and conduct him to *Grenada*, in order to offer him for sale to *Morayzel*, who, on account of *Don Pontio's* good appearance, would not hesitate to purchase him. This proposal, by reviving his hope, restored him to life. When every thing was provided he set out, leaving two letters for his parents; informing them, that by the influence of his uncontrollable destiny, he was irresistibly impelled to leave them; whatever reason, and filial duty could persuade him to the contrary. Thus was the prophecy accomplished, of which the duke had so long endeavoured to prevent the direful consequence. The father could not be persuaded to forgive his undutiful son; but the more indulgent mother having found out his retreat, supplied him abundantly with whatever sums of money he might require, even to profuseness. I was informed of the whole transaction before *Morayzel* had bought *Don Pontio*, as it had been foreseen, and although I prepared *Almabida* to this interview, words cannot convey a just idea of the confusion and surprise she was thrown into by the appearance of her lover. It was greatly encreased, by her father telling her that he had purchased the handsome slave to make her a present, and bidding her to accept of him. *Almabida* would have refused; but the com-

mand was too powerfully enforced for her to resist it. The first use which she made of her authority, was an effort of virtue, charging the count to return to *Spain*: at last however, giving way to my remonstrances, the count's entreaties, and more so perhaps to the dictates of her own heart, she consented to his remaining some time in *Grenada*.

THE duke of the *Infantada*, no sooner heard of the count's departure, than giving a just interpretation to his conduct, he settled his affairs privately, and giving proper directions to his steward, set out from *Seville* with a very small retinue. Hostilities having been renewed between the *Spaniards*, and the *Moors* commanded by *Morayfel*; the count directed his course to the *Spanish* army, where he served as a volunteer, and, in a skirmish, had the good fortune, after a glorious defence, to meet with a fate which his love alone could make him envy: for, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, and surrendered his sword to *Almahida's* father, *Morayfel* judging of his captive more from his good mien and extraordinary valour, than from his appearance, sent him to *Grenada*, as a present to his daughter, and a companion to her other slave. Thus the beautiful *Grenadine* saw once more at her feet her two noble lovers. Jealousy would no doubt have soon kindled a fire, which the blood alone of one of those two fierce rivals could have quenched; had not *Almahida's* power been great enough to contain them within proper bounds, and thus assist my care and vigilance, which without her might have been exerted in vain.

You may well be at a loss, my lord, to understand how *Almahida*, beloved by two of the greatest noblemen
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of *Spain*, and preserving her honour unspotted, notwithstanding the powerful and daily temptations which love and opportunity constantly threw in her way, could be brought to consent to a marriage with the reigning king of *Grenada*, whose name has hardly been mentioned in the account hitherto given of her adventures. But this is one of those mysteries in politicks, which the busy courtier will make it his study to unfold, whilst they are impenetrable for the rest of the nation.

BOAUDILIN, who now reigns in *Grenada*, was hardly seated on his father's throne, by an usurpation which might have been productive of the worst consequences, had not the old king prevented them by a voluntary abdication, than he saw himself overwhelmed as it were, by the intestine broils which he had fomented to serve his own ends. Prince *Audalla*, *Boaudilin's* brother, who had retired with his father, and never could be brought to submit to the usurper, was the principal promoter of those factions, which often brought the new king to the brink of ruin. He it was, who had sowed the division between the powerful families of the *Zegri*, and *Aben-cerragi*, and secretly supported the former. *Boaudilin*, sensible of the danger he was in of losing his power by the very means which he had recourse to, in order to obtain it, consulted with his favourite *Zarcan*, who advised his master to a speedy marriage, that the hopes of an heir, whose right could be disputed by neither party, might silence the factious chiefs, and for ever crush the growing ambition of his brother *Audalla*. The king rejected this advice, as being impracticable; having settled his affection on a woman of an inferior rank, whom he had engaged to marry. The constitution

tion of the country forbad so disproportionate an union, and *Boaudilin* was not enough in power to violate his country's laws. But *Zarcan* soon removed every objection, by assuring his master, that it would be no difficult matter to find a maid of royal blood, who, being herself in love with another, would consent to pass for his queen, on the express condition, that the king, by this stratagem, having quieted his rebellious subjects, would then declare the pretended queen at liberty to wed her lover whoever he might be: as in such case, *Boaudilin*, unawed by faction, could infringe with impunity that law which now opposed his union with the woman he loved. *Boaudilin* expressed his doubts on the possibility of putting the proposed plan into execution. But *Zarcan* boldly assured his royal master, that the scheme was not only practicable, but that he had found the very person wanted to answer his political purpose, and named *Almabida*. The king was all amazement, and seemed to suspect the veracity of his favourite. Believe me, my liege, said *Zarcan*, believe your faithful slave. *Morayfel* is my friend: I have had many opportunities of seeing his daughter *Almabida*: Her settled melancholy, her taste for retirement, so uncommon at her age, a love letter which I have found, and other circumstances have convinced me that she is in love. The object I have not yet been able to find out; but I think I know enough to assure your majesty that she will not refuse her hand, if she is permitted to keep her heart, with the flattering prospect of future happiness. When the ambition of her parents will have induced them readily to grant your suit, without consulting their daughter's inclination; I shall wait upon her, and
explain

explain the whole matter; and that my words may have greater weight, I shall beg your royal sister *Morayma* to accompany me, who will engage to certify upon oath, when the time shall come, that *Almahida* never consummated her nuptials with you. The high reputation of truth and virtue, for which *Morayma* is so universally celebrated, will give to her promise that sanction which cannot but persuade *Morayzel's* daughter, and silence all her scruples.

“THE king having given his approbation to this proposal, *Zarcán* made the demand in form to *Morayzel* and *Semabis*, who gladly consented. The very same evening *Boaudilin's* favourite waited on *Almahida*, and, to her very great comfort, acquainted her with the monarch's intention. The joy she felt at the welcome intelligence was but short lived; for a few months after *Almahida's* coronation, the beautiful *Miriam*, the king's intended consort, fell sick and died. Since that time, *Boaudilin* has fixed all his affections upon his queen, who now claims, with little hopes of success, the promise made her by the king, and confirmed by his sister *Morayma*: whilst she trembles for the life of her lover, whom neither the jealous monarch, nor the cunning *Zarcán* have yet been able to find out.”

THE *Spanish* general, no less entertained than amazed at the account given him by *Don Fernando* of the secret history of the court of *Grenada*, thanked him, and expressed the greatest satisfaction at what he had heard.

MEANWHILE the sultana-queen, having publicly declared *Don Pontio* a freed man, had obliged him, as we have said before, to leave the palace, and return to *Marayzel*; whilst the duke of the *Infantada*, who remained

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in bondage, continued to wait on *Almabida*. This was a grievous mortification for Count *Pegnafel*, who could not bear the thoughts of his rival's happiness. His body sunk under the oppression of his mind, and his life was in danger. *Sanchez*, the painter, and *Don Fernando* consulted together on the most probable means of saving their young master from the sad effects of melancholy and despair. Knowing how tenderly he was beloved by *Morayfel* and *Semabis*, not only for having saved the life of the former, but also for having preserved their beautiful daughter from the imminent danger of falling a prey to a lion that had been accidentally let loose. The two faithful servants, under pretence of paying their respects to *Almabida*'s parents, took occasion to mention that they had every reason to suspect the *Zegri* of some base design against the count's life: adding, that he was not safe under *Morayfel*'s roof, as a plan was then laid to assassinate him. This application had the desired effect. *Morayfel* and *Semabis* waited on the sultana, and insisted upon her giving a retreat to *Pontio*, as the palace was the only place where he could be in perfect security. The queen, no less alarmed than her parents at the dangers that threatened so valuable a life, asked the king's permission, who granted it, little thinking that he was serving a preferred rival.

THE *Zegri* were thunderstruck at this new instance of royal favour, conferred upon a man whom they had so many reasons to hate. *Audella*, the very soul of that faction, persuaded the Musti to expostulate with *Boau-dilin*, and, in the name of *Alla*, and his holy prophet, to require the immediate expulsion of the Christian slave from the royal palace; as unworthy, by the laws of God

and

and men, to inhabit within those sacred walls. The king, though well acquainted with the seditious disposition of the Musti, thought it prudent to dissemble. He told him that he approved much of his religious zeal, and exhorted him to exert it always on similar occasions; adding withal, that he would take care to remove every occasion of scandal to the true believers: but that, from some reasons of state, best known to himself, it was necessary that the Christian should remain some time longer in the palace. By this wise and subtle answer, the arrogant and seditious priest was silenced. Thus the king, by the strangest fatality, acted against his own interest, by serving his rival; for want of knowing who was the man who had shut against him all access to the heart of *Almahida*.

ZARCAN, ever zealous to serve his royal master, left no means untried to find out who this powerful rival might be. He endeavoured to bribe some of *Almahida's* waiting women, *Don Fernando*, the Duke, and even *Leontio* himself; but all in vain. This made him imagine at last, that the favourite lover could be no other than the strange knight, who had received the ring from the queen's own hand, and refused, even at the king's request, to lift up his beaver: but *Leontio* had taken such precautions not to be known, that *Zarcán* enquired to no purpose, and could find no trace which might lead him to the discovery of the important secret. He imparted, however, his suspicions to the king, and advised him, as the infallible method of coming to the truth, to open a new tournament, and offer new rewards, the latter to be bestowed on the victor by the queen herself.

BOADILIN ordered a bull-baiting for the next day, and invited all his knights and principal courtiers to come and display their dexterity and courage. Yet this failed of the desired effect. *Leontio* did not appear: the Duke alone entered the lists, and, not only the spectators, who observed that this knight was far different in shape and appearance from the former, but even the umpires opposed the pressing entreaties of the king, who desired the stranger to uncover his face, as they declared such a request to be an open violation of the laws and customs of tournaments. This new incident served only to increase the doubts and perplexities of the king and his favorite *Zarcán*, whose inquisitiveness had been so repeatedly exerted in vain.

N.B. The Romance of *Almabida*, which, as it may have been observed, is very interesting by its subject, never was completely finished. But, as the whole plan is laid out and foretold in the prediction concerning *Almabida*; the reader will easily guess, that, after a train of distresses and unparalleled misfortunes, the fair daughter of *Morayfel* was at last happy in her union with *Pontio* of *Leon*, and solaced herself in his arms for the loss of a throne.

THE ADVENTURES OF
PRINCE ABDULSELAM
AND THE
PRINCESS CHELNISSA.

A Turkish Novel.

BEFORE we give the extract of this Novel which, from its marvellous incidents, better deserves the appellation of a Tale, as it is conducted nearly on the same principles as the Arabian Nights Entertainments, we beg leave to premise a few words on the *Turkish* language, and what we know of the Romances and Novels published by the writers of that country.

THE *Turks*, who originally came from *Tartary*, spoke a barbarous language, of which there is no grammar now extant; but which is still made use of in some parts of *Tartary*, though perhaps it never had any written characters. By extending their conquests over the finest countries of *Asia*, the *Turks*, like the *Hunni*, and other barbarians in *Europe*, appropriated to themselves, in some measure, the language of the people they had subdued, such as the *Arabic* and *Persian*; for it is well known, that they built their empire on the ruins of that of the *Saracens* and *Persians*, and embraced their religion; a powerful reason for the conquerors to adopt the language in which the Alcoran is written. But, as it happens on similar occasions, they have corrupted those two languages, and the *Turkish*, as it is now spoken, is formed from the *Arabic* and *Persian*, just as the *Italian* and *Spanish* from the *Latin*. The letters and manner
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of writing are nearly the same in the *Arabic*, *Persian* and *Turkish* languages. The *Turkish* idiom itself is very indifferent, the rules of grammar are little attended to, and several words, which have no sort of connection with the *Arabic* and *Persian*, have been retained from the ancient language, or borrowed from others. There are a great many taken from the *Hungarian*, *Albanese*, &c. which the soldiery, who carried on the wars in those countries, have introduced; but hardly any from the *Greek*, this language having little or no affinity with those of the East.

THE *Turks* can boast of very few original writings, their language being neither ancient nor learned. They have a great many translations from the *Arabic* and *Persian*, and what they can claim as their own, consists mostly of some histories and a few modern tales. The following are the titles of Romances of real *Turkish* original.

THE first we shall notice, is an historical romance, founded on facts, entitled, *The Amours of Chirin and Cosroes*: the latter reigned over *Persia*, and was cotemporary with *Mahomet*. What is most remarkable is, that it is written in verse, in the *Turco-tartarian* language, by one *Barakeh*, born in a country called *Copobac*, inhabited by the wandering *Tartars*, from whom the *Turks* derive their first origin; it has been translated into the modern *Turkish* language.

SEID BATTAL is a romance of ancient chevalry, written in *Arabic*, and is followed by the adventures of two of *Seid's* descendants, whose names are *Kerassan* and *Malick*. They gained several victories over the *Romans*; that is to say, the *Greeks*; for the *Mahome-*

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sans give the name of *Rome* to *Constantinople*, and by them the *Greeks* are called *Romans*; because their sovereigns pretended to be the immediate successors of the *Roman* emperors.

THE romance of *Leileh* and *Medgnoun* is in great repute all over the East; and, if we are to judge of its merit by the numerous copies now extant of that work, written partly in verse, and partly in prose, we must conclude that it is in a very great degree interesting.

THERE is also a romance of chivalry in the *Turkish* language, the hero of which is called *Kederkeihan*, one the *Amours of Guedah and Chah*; another, which treats of the love-adventures of *Gul* and *Balbul*, that is, the *Rose* and the *Nightingale*; and a third, entitled the *Amours of Vamak and Azza*. We know also of a *Turkish* MS. which may serve to introduce some very entertaining stories. A certain monarch, named *Huddjade*, tortured with remorse at the recollection of the crimes by him committed, seeks for a man able to quiet his mind and entertain him. One *Selim*, is at last brought before him, who relates several stories, some of which deserve particular commendation.

THERE is another *Turkish* romance, giving an account of the very extraordinary adventures of *Mahomed-Bubery*, and *Hudgi*, a kind of prophet, or *Mahometan* saint, who lived in the reign of *Mahomet II.*

THE history of the two princes *Soliman* and *Muslim*, if we are not deceived in our opinion, will prove in its turn entertaining to our readers.

THE last romance we shall mention is that of the *Sultana of Persia*, and the 40 *Viziers*, translated into *French*, and published

published in the year 1717, by Mr. *Petis-de-le-Croix*. The subject is the same with that of the *Mal-Maratre**, and prince *Eraſtus*, an ancient romance originally written in *Latin* and *French*. It contains eighty different ſtories, which are told on the following occaſions. A certain prince, the ſon and heir of a potent monarch, (by the *Turkiſh* writer, the latter is called *Sultan*, in the *Latin* and *French* authors it is the emperor *Diocleſian*,) is accuſed by his ſtep-mother of a conſpiracy againſt the life of his father. The monarch hesitates which to obey, the dictates of juſtice, or the voice of nature. He conſults with forty ſenators, each of whom tells him a ſtory calculated to incline his mind to mercy and forgiveness. The empreſs or ſultana who is of a different opinion, ſupports it by the ſame number of ſtories, to perſuade the king that it becomes him to act with the greateſt ſeverity. As fortune would have it, whiſt the ſultana and the ſenators are telling their tales, to which the good king hearkens with great attention and complaiſance; it is found out by a lucky incident that the prince is innocent, and the barbarous ſultana receives the juſt reward of her wicked and malicious intentions.

LET this ſuffice at preſent concerning the *Turkiſh* romances, we ſhall in all likelihood have occaſion to ſpeak of ſome of them more at large, meanwhile, we beg leave to recommend the following to our readers, as one of the moſt extraordinary :

* The cruel Step-mother.

THERE

THERE lived, in the *Indostan*, a powerful king whose happiness would have been compleat, could he have been blessed with a son and heir, a favour which he had long wished and prayed for to the great disposer of events. At last he was heard, and he thought himself the happiest of all the monarchs of the East. Nature had been lavish of her bounty to the young prince, and her gifts were improved by the most compleat education. He became remarkable for his humanity, sound sense and good nature; but above all, for his boundless charity, which induced him to beg his royal father's permission, to build a most superb caravanfary, or house of entertainment for the indiscriminate reception of all strangers. The king granted his request, and as soon as the edifice was completely finished, the travellers were most tenderly treated and entertained with the utmost magnificence, at the expence of ABDULSELAM, (so was the prince called.) One day, three *Dervises* put up at the caravanfary, and seeing the prince who used to call there frequently, they extolled his charity and hospitable treatment to the strangers who visited his country. The conversation turned insensibly on the utility of travelling, and visiting foreign parts. They spoke of it in such a strain of praise, that the prince begged they would consent to admit him into their company, which they readily consented to, advising him to take a dress similar to their own, and thus avoid the fastidious pomp which his rank would require.

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THE king, much concerned at his son's sudden resolution, did all in his power to dissuade him from exposing himself to the dangers of a long and tedious journey; but, seeing that all the arguments which parental fondness could urge, were not capable of altering his purpose, and unwilling to exert his authority; *Abdulsalam's* father at last consented. But upon the prince pledging himself strictly to obey the three following injunctions: "That he should never enter any city before he had broke his fast; nor any time after the evening prayer; and lastly, that, if in consequence of his observing the latter command, he should find himself obliged to sleep without the wall: he should spend the night in a burying ground." *Abdulsalam* made a solemn promise to obey his father's orders in every particular. The next day, he set out in the dress of a *Dervise*, and well stored with costly jewels, lest he should want any thing on the road.

THE *Dervises* agreed first to visit the empire of *China*, which they assured the young prince deserved to be the first object of his attention. After a long and tedious voyage by sea and land, they reached at last that immense kingdom. One day about noon, they found themselves at a very little distance from the capital, which the *Dervises* prepared to enter, when *Abdulsalam*, recollecting that he had eat nothing that day, refused to follow them; as he was not to enter any city before he had broke his fast. In vain did the *Dervises* expostulate with him, saying, that he would there find all the accommodations he could wish for. The prince constantly opposed to their entreaties his royal father's command. After rallying him a good deal on the scrupulous at-
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tention

tention he paid to so odd a charge, they set forwards, promising to bring him soon those provisions which were to be for him, the key of the city gates.

A FEW hours after they returned, according to their promise, and the prince, having made a hearty meal, was preparing to accompany them; when he heard the signal for the evening-prayer. His scruples returned, and he beset his companions to wait till the next day. They once more remonstrated to him, but in vain, that so much nicety was truly ridiculous, nothing could persuade him from that obedience which he thought a sacred duty incumbent upon him. Seeing that he was not to be convinced of his absurdity, the *Dervises* left him rather abruptly and entered the city.

NIGHT coming on, *Abduselam*, in order to fulfil his father's third and last command, retired to an adjoining burying-ground, and there took up his lodging in an empty tomb. A thousand disagreeable reflexions crouding on his mind, prevented him from taking rest. About the middle of the night, he heard a noise, and, on tiptoe, approached towards the place from whence it came. He had not gone far from his gloomy retreat, before he perceived two men, who, from the city-walls, let down with cords a kind of a box or trunk which was taken up by a man, who had got on the prince's side of the wall, and laid down by him at a little distance from the place where *Abduselam* had concealed himself. The three strangers having now got together, dug up a hole, wherein they deposited the trunk, and then making use of their rope-ladder, which they drew after them, reached the top of the wall, and soon were out of the prince's sight.

ABDULSELAM having kept out of the way 'till the coast was entirely cleared, struck a light by means of a flint and steel which he carried about him, and, making straight for the place where the trunk had been deposited, he began to remove the earth, and perceiving some blood about the trunk, broke it open. Let our readers judge what must have been his surprise and terror, when he saw that the contents was the body of a most beautiful damsel, wounded in several parts with a dagger. After having closely examined the body, he perceived by the sensible, though weak palpitation of the heart, that the fair injured was not yet dead. He took the body out, and setting it on the ground, tore his turban to bind up the wounds and stop a further effusion of blood. The coolness of the morn, and more so the timely care taken of her, awoke the maid to wonder and gratitude; she seemed surprised at finding herself in the arms of a young Dervis.—“Who art thou, fairest maid, said *Abduslam*, and who are the cruel wretches who have thus inhumanly treated you?” “I must put off, replied she, an account of my misfortune to a better opportunity. Let me only entreat the further continuance of your friendly care, and depend on my warmest gratitude.”

THE Prince checked his curiosity, and entering the town, after he had consumed what was left of his provisions, he hired an apartment, and returning in a few hours, had the young person carried on a litter to the place he had fixed upon. A skilful surgeon was called in, to whom the pretended Dervis said, that his sister and himself having been set upon by robbers, she had been thus ill used by those ruffians. To the

great joy of *Abdulfelam*, the surgeon, after having probed the wounds, declared that not one of them was mortal, and the fair stranger soon recovered her health and vigour.

ABDULSELAM now challenged her promise, and begged she would inform him of the cause of her disastrous fate. "The time is not yet come, replied she, to let you into the secret of my misfortunes, you shall hear them one day. If you will do me a piece of service, added she, take these diamonds, dispose of them, and at your return I shall tell you what use you are to make of the money." *Abdulfelam* complied with this request, and at his return, was thus instructed by the fair one: "Go to the *Bazar*, (public market) in a shop on your left-hand, you will find a silk-mercator, ask him for the two finest gold brocades he may have in his shop, take it at his own price and bring it here." *Abdulfelam*, ever submissive, went and paid two hundred *sequins* for a piece of brocade. The young lady thanked him at his return, intimating a desire that he would do the same on the morrow, which the prince performed; wondering much at her profuseness. The mercator, who wished to try the pecuniary abilities of his young chapman, and find him out, asked for this piece of silk double the money he had exacted for the former, and was not a little surprised to see the price laid down without the least objection.

A FEW days elapsed, when the young prince renewed his former entreaties with the lady, to recount her adventures. She promised to gratify his curiosity, provided he would go and buy two pieces more, in the same manner that he had purchased the former; *Abdulfelam* obeyed, and the silk-mercator, out of gratitude, invited

him to a most sumptuous dinner. It was late before he reached his apartment; when the lady, hearing what had passed, "It is just as I could have wished, said she, do you go once more to him to-morrow; tell him that you have got at home a rich and noble lady from *Japan*, who is very fond of rich cloaths: if this should raise his curiosity, invite him to dinner." The prince did all she desired, and the mercer accepted of the invitation. He was left by *Abdusfelam* in the anti-chamber, whilst he went in to acquaint the lady with the arrival of the stranger: "It is well, said the fair one, do you wait in the next room and bid him come to me: but do not harbour any thought injurious to my honour."

THE latter part of her speech served only to convince *Abdusfelam*, that the silk-mercer was her lover. Whilst he was ruminating on the indelicate part which he acted in this love-intrigue, the mercer was introduced into the lady's apartment, and the key turned upon them by herself. This last circumstance confirmed all his suspicions. He listened, and hearing the man scream, broke the door open. It is not in the power of words to convey a just idea of the horror that chilled the blood of *Abdusfelam*, when the first object that struck him, was the young lady holding up in her hand the bloody head of the man, whom she had just murdered. In the first impulse of his indignation, *Abdusfelam* would have sheathed his dagger in her inhuman breast.—"Hold, cried she, and now hear me; if, after the recital of my adventures, thou thinkest me guilty, my life is at thy disposal.

"I AM the only daughter of the Emperor of *China*, my father, whose parental fondness for me can only be equalled by the tender love I bear him, gave me a magnificent

ificent palace without the walls of the city. There I spent the best part of the year, with no other attendants than my eunuchs and a few slaves. One day, an old woman, who dealt in rich silks and precious jewels, was introduced to me. I purchased some of her trinkets, and made a sign for her to be dismissed; when she begged to speak to me in private, having, she said, something to impart which greatly concerned me. Her request being granted, she told me, that a very wealthy merchant, her only son, was passionately in love with me, and that she thought me too good-natured to occasion his death by refusing to admit him to my presence. You may well judge that I treated the old beldam's insolence with becoming indignation, I had her turned out of my apartment and palace, with positive orders to my servants never to admit her again.

“ FULL of wrath and disappointment, she applied to a necromancer of her acquaintance, and prevailed upon him, by means of some valuable presents, to afford her some assistance. The magician gave her some mysterious words written on a scrap of parchment, bidding her to conceal it in a stove under the ashes. She went home and buried the parchment in some ashes that were left in a stove which was not then in use. But lo! the powerful influence of incantations! on that very instant the most ungovernable love seized on all my faculties; an unknown flame thrilled through my veins; in a word, though a perfect stranger to his person, I fell desperately in love with the old woman's son. I sent for her secretly, and revealed to her the state of my heart. She proposed a meeting, which I eagerly agreed to, and she promised to introduce her son that very night

night into my apartment. Whilst my nurse, whom I entrusted with the mighty secret, enaged to watch at the private door, and let in my unknown lover.

“UNFORTUNATELY for him, and as I thought it then for myself, the empress my mother paid me a visit, and staid supper. This was a severe disappointment for me. However, I flattered myself, that, after I had got rid of my mother’s company, which for the first time was troublesome to me, I should fly into the arms of my young merchant. Whilst we were at supper, my nurse whispered to me, that he was already in my apartment. The joy I felt was considerably checked by the impossibility I was in of dismissing my mother, who staid with me the best part of the night. On the other hand, my lover growing impatient, and thinking that I meant to disappoint him, went away secretly. At last my mother retired, and, on the wings of love, I flew to my apartments: but alas! the man I sought for was not there!

“THE next day the old woman came, and, after having apologized for her son, begged I would appoint another interview; which I granted. My lover, perfumed and dressed most magnificently, waited in my apartment, ’till the empress, who was come upon another visit, had retired. My nurse acquainted him that it would be late in the night before I could go to him, and lest he should give me the slip once more, she locked him in, in the dark.

“IN the room where my lover was, there stood a large bottle full of a mixture of amber and essence of roses. The young spark thinking it what it appeared to be, a bottle of scented water, rubbed his face, hands, and
clothes,

clothes, with what he thought the precious contents. As soon as the empress had bid me a good night, I went to my apartment, with that impatience which lovers feel at the approaching bliss. But what was my surprize and disappointment, when, entering the room, instead of that man, whom fancy had described to me as the paragon of his sex, I beheld a frightful figure besmeared all over with a black liquid? For the bottle he had emptied on his clothes and face, contained ink of the deepest hue. As he stood before the glass, he seemed frightened at his uncouth appearance, and without looking behind him, burst out of the room, and hurried out of the palace as fast as his legs could carry him. But he was not yet out of the reach of malicious fortune: for, strolling home in the dark, he fell headlong into the mire, and, in that disgusting pickle, got home, where his first care was to wash himself. His mother was out of the house. He called a slave, and bad him light a fire in the stove, and put some water on. The servant obeyed, and not knowing the consequence, made use of that very stove which concealed the powerful charm. I instantly got rid of that preposterous love which magic alone could have inspired me with. The mother, returning soon after, was going to compliment him on his love prowess; but she altered her tone, when she heard the sad account of his misfortune. "And where did you light a fire? said she, hastily,"—"in that stove."—"Ill-fated blockhead! this is the very place where I had hid the magic spell. Now, by your imprudence, the charm is broke, and all your happiness is at an end"—she said, and the young fellow bewailed

66 ABDULSELAM AND CHELNISSA.

bewailed his mistake; cursing his slave and himself with all the energy of a disappointed lover. *NEVERTHELESS*, the old woman came to me the next morning; but was refused admittance. Meanwhile, the son, loath to give over his amorous pursuit, found means, by the help of a rope-ladder, to climb up the wall of my garden; but, missing one of the steps, he fell on some bee-hives, and was stung in the most excruciating manner. To mend the matter, my eunuchs, who had heard a noise, fell upon the bold intruder; beat him till they were tired, and then flung him out of doors. He crawled home as well as he could, and was received by his mother, who could not help pitying his situation; though she upbraided him for having acted without her advice. On the following day, she waited on the forcerer, and acquainted him with her son's misfortune; praying his further assistance in his favour. The magician replied, that the enchanted parchment having been destroyed by fire, he could not make another to rekindle the love of the princess, but gave her a *Talisman*, assuring her that her son should have an opportunity of enjoying the daughter of his sovereign, in spite of her will. The effect soon followed the promise of the infernal imp. One evening, as I was resting on a sofa, not quite undressed, and having about me great part of my jewels, I was transported into the apartment of the perfidious merchant. I awoke to surprize and despair, finding myself in an unknown place, and alone with a wretch who now was the object of my utter detestation.—Well, said the designing villain, with eyes sparkling with a mixture of anger and lewd desires, my turn is come: and now I have

have it in my power to be revenged.—But—I forgive thee what's past, if thou wilt consent to be mine.—Avaunt, vile monster, avaunt, the horrors of torture and death would never make me consent to thy infamous lust; avaunt!—The manner in which I spoke, and the horror visible in my countenance, convinced him that I felt nothing for him but hatred and aversion. This rose his fury to such a pitch of madness, that, running into an adjacent room, he returned armed with a drawn dagger, threatening to deprive me of life, and then proceeded to offer violence: I screamed, and defended myself with all my collected might. As I struggled, whether I ran my breast against the pointed dagger, or he stabbed me in several parts, I fell on the floor weltering in my blood, which gushed out of the many wounds I had received. I remained senseless, he supposed me dead, and in order to conceal the foul murder of his sovereign's daughter, they carried me to the burying-ground, where Providence had guided your wandering steps, to be the preserver of my life and innocence—the rest you know. In my turn, give me leave to ask you who you are?"—I gave her an account of my adventures.

THE princess of *China* favoured me next with a detail of the emperor's court, talked much of the ladies most remarkable for their beauty and accomplishments, among the rest, she drew the picture of the princess *Chelnissa*, daughter to the grand Mandarin, in such lovely colours, that she inspired me with a longing desire of seeing that beauteous maid, whom I fancied, by the mere description, above every thing mortal. "This lady, continued the princess of *China*, is nearly equal

to me in rank, being the emperor's niece, and her hand the most noble reward his majesty can bestow on the deliverer of his beloved and only daughter. I shall acquaint my father with the obligations you have conferred upon me, and, convinced that he owes you so much, he will not hesitate to oblige his grand Mandarin to bestow upon you his beautiful daughter." Night coming on, I took up the corpse of the dead merchant, and lodged it in the very same grave that the wretch and his associate had dug up for the princess of China. This I performed, and returned home, without having been observed by any one.

ON the morrow, *Abduslam* having purchased a horse richly caparisoned, conveyed the princess to the palace; he walking by her side, and holding the bridle. The emperor was soon apprized of the approach of so welcome a visitor, and flew to meet his daughter. Let parents fancy the heart-felt joy of the monarch; it diffused itself throughout the household, and soon reached the city; where every citizen thought it a duty to testify the mirth occasioned by so prosperous an event. *Abduslam* stood at the outer-gate of the palace, in hopes of being sent for to receive the praises and reward due to him, as the principal instrument of the emperor's happiness. But he long waited in vain.—Favours are kindly received by courtiers, but seldom recompensed. The princess, busy in receiving and returning compliments, forgot her deliverer; who, after a tedious attendance of many hours, retired, not a little shagrin'd and out of humour, against a sex, which, for the fault of one, he charged in general with ingratitude, as the common failing of every woman. At his return, he paid

paid for his apartment, which was too dear and magnificent for the residence of a single man, and took one more analogous to his appearance in another part of the city. A few days after, when the excess of her joy had abated of its first transports, the princess bethought herself of her deliverer. She sent after him; but, as he could not be found in his former lodging, she was sorry, as courtiers are, for having missed the opportunity of doing an act of gratitude and benevolence.

ABDULSELAM, who had left off his Dervis dress, resolved to forget the Princess of *China*; but *Chelnissa's* image could not be so easily erased from his mind: What he daily heard of that lady's virtue and beauty was a constant fuel that kept up the fire, which the description given him by his royal guest had kindled in his breast. Yet the idea, however pleasing, served only to torture him; as he despaired of ever seeing the adorable *Chelnissa*. In order to dissipate his melancholy, the young prince frequented all the public places, where expence keeps pace with the transitory pleasure they afford. This soon brought *Abdulsalam's* finances to the lowest ebb, and at last reduced him to absolute beggary. His situation was the more deplorable, as he did not know where to seek for help, in a country wherein he was a perfect stranger.

NATURE had clad herself in mourning at the approach of winter. The season grew excessive severe, and *Abdulsalam* was nearly starved with cold and hunger. In order to assuage the former, he entered into a public stew. The owner, who was then absent, soon returned, and the prince entreated leave to remain till he had perfectly recovered the use of his limbs, benumbed

with cold and enfeebled by a long fasting. The master of the stew, who observed in the prince a something which seemed to bespeak him of a rank superior to his appearance, not only granted his request, but offered to take him as a mate; a proposal which the half-starved prince accepted of with joy. He had lived some weeks with his new master, when the latter taking notice of *Abdulfelam's* settled melancholy, said to him one day, "You seem to have undergone great hardships, and felt the heavy hand of misfortune, the remembrance of which burthens and distresses your mind; be free and open with me: I perhaps may be of some service. *Abdulfelam* would have thought it a want of gratitude in him, had he concealed the least particular of his life from the knowledge of his benefactor; he therefore gave him an account of all his adventures, not forgetting his growing passion for *Chelnissa*.

"I HAVE engaged to serve you, replied the master of the stew, it is in my power, and I shall exert it in your behalf." Then reaching a small box, he pulled out a collyrium, or black patch, one of which he applied to the corner of *Abdulfelam's* right eye. "Go now, says he, to the royal palace." The prince, in full confidence of his new friend's sincerity, obeyed his command without the least hesitation: but, hardly had he walked a few paces from the house, when the mob gathered round him, and followed him all the way. *Abdulfelam*, ignorant of the virtues of the black patch which he wore, was rather amazed at the croud that gathered around him. He went on, not knowing that only one side of him was visible to the spectators; yet, such was the power of the collyrium, that, having been

applied to one of his eyes only, that side alone was kept out of sight, so that one half of a man was only perceived by the wondering multitude. His appearance at court was looked upon as a prodigy. The emperor, his consort, and all the ladies at court flocked about the wonderful apparition. The grand Mandarin, unwilling to deprive his daughter of so uncommon a sight, sent for her. *Abdulsalam* was now convinced that what he had heard of *Chelnissa's* beauty, fell short of her real accomplishments. The sight wrought such a wonderful effect upon him, that he was near fainting away, and could hardly master strength enough to withdraw from the palace. He at last effected his retreat, and concealed himself, 'till night enabled him to avoid the troublesome company which had plagued him the whole day. "What have I done to you, said *Abdulsalam* to his master at his return, to be made, by your artifice, the sport of every one? Restore me to my pristine form, I beseech you." "Make yourself easy, answered his master, and do not mistrust me. I have promised to serve you; you will find me as good as my word: but hear the detail of my adventures, and know the extent of my power.

"My father was very rich; but, he dying young, I soon spent the immense fortune which I had inherited from him. One day as I was in my way to a market-town, where I proposed buying some corn, I was overtaken by a very heavy shower; I held a bushel in my hand, and, lest my clothes should be wet, I stripped and put them under the bushel. The rain being over, I dressed myself again, and went on. At some distance from the place I had left, I met with a horrid object, wet, and bespattered from head to toe; surprized at
seeing

seeing me in so good a condition, after having weathered so heavy a shower: the frightful monster, having eyed me curiously for some time—"I am, said he, a powerful genius, master of all the enchantments and charms which the magic art could ever devise: yet, I confess, that I am ignorant of the means by which thou canst have guarded thyself against the natural effect of the late rain."—"My lord, answered I, this is the consequence of certain words"—"teach them me"—"with all my heart; but upon condition that you will first let me into the most curious mysteries and secrets of your art." This was agreed to, and the genius taught me the use of several charms, spells, and magic incantations. In my turn, I shewed him my preserver; I mean my bushel, telling him, that it was all the witchcraft I had employed to keep myself dry. Enraged at his disappointment, the genius would have taken a severe revenge, had he not furnished me with the means of bidding defiance to his impotent wrath. I repeated some particular words which he had taught me, and, in an instant, found myself in the very market town, where I meant to provide myself with corn. I don't know what became of the genius; but I have ever religiously observed the promise he exacted from me, to make use of what I had learned, only to do good to my fellow-creatures. Nevertheless, it was I who gave the enchanted parchment to the old woman, and afterwards the means of conveying the princess of *China* into the merchant's apartment; but I was an entire stranger to their wicked intentions. As for you, you may rely on my assistance, it will be exerted powerfully, and I hope with success in the end. The use of the collyrium is to render the person who wears it invisible:

it

it should be placed for that purpose on both temples; I gave you but one, that you might first attract the attention of the emperor and his courtiers, and thus have an opportunity of seeing *Cbelnissa*. To-morrow the charm will be completed." He was as good as his word, and the next day *Abduslam*, invifible to every eye, directed his steps towards the palace of the grand Mandarin. He enters without opposition, and having reached the womens apartment, soon singled out that of *Cbelnissa*, who, conscious of being alone, was busy at her toilet. This gave *Abduslam* an opportunity of admiring fuch beauties as the loofe attire of a morning drefs laid open to his aftonifhed eye.

NIGHT, however, was ftill more propitious to the eager and firey defires of the amorous youth; he faw her, from his lurking corner, difrobed and put to bed by her women. The princefs' nurfe, after having lighted up two tapers, went out of the room, leaving *Abduslam*, who, as foon as he perceived that *Cbelnissa* was afleep, foftly stole to her bed-fide, and clafping his arms round her ivory neck, turned all the lilies of her delicate face to a high crimfon, by his burning kifses. The princefs awoke, and fcreamed, her nurfe, alarmed, rufhed into the room, and, hearing by *Cbelnissa's* report, that a bold intruder had occafioned her fright, "Oh, Oh, faid fhe, let us look where the prefuming wretch has concealed himfelf." After having fearchcd narrowly every corner of the apartment, fhe chid the princefs for her childifh fright. "Compoze yourfelf, faid fhe, you fee that this is all the work of your imagination. Sleep on, and dream no more." The princefs followed her nurfe's advice, and *Abduslam* repeated his attempts.

attempts. The nurse summoned once more by *Chelnissa's* outcries, was disposed to be seriously angry; but the princess convinced her, by shewing on her cheeks, the full justification of her complaints. The grand Mandarin was called in; but, unable to unfold the mystery, retired, in order to inform the Emperor of what passed, lest the princess-royal should be visited in the same manner.

EARLY the next morning, his imperial majesty assembled his council, in order to have their opinion on so strange an event. One of those sages, whose hoary hair bespoke wisdom acquired by experience, maintained, that this could only be effected by witchcraft. I know, added he, a woman well-versed in the black art, whom I beg leave to recommend as the only fit person to assist us effectually in so important a matter. Being sent for, the old witch declared, "that the whole transaction had been planned and executed by a famous forcerer settled in the city, who had exerted his surprising abilities in behalf of a young man whom he had taken under his protection. Neither my art or power, continued she, can enable me to counteract what he has done. All I can promise is, to endeavour to prevent the effect of his incantations. If the man should be so rash as to intrude himself this night in the princess' apartment, let her be less coy with him, and we shall see whether he will be able to escape my vigilance, only be careful to have all the doors and avenues shut up, and strongly guarded by a party of soldiers."

EVERY thing was done according to the old woman's direction. Night being come, the prince found his way once more to *Chelnissa's* bed. She met his em-
braces

braces with less reluctance, and *Abdulselam* was caught in the snare that had been laid for him. At a signal agreed upon, the princess withdrew from her bed, and the doors, windows, and other avenues were instantly occupied by armed men. They stood so thick together, that the prince could not even attempt his escape. The old woman, who had been sent for, ordered the apartment to be unroofed, and, by her direction, a quantity of lighted brimstone, and other inflamed matters were thrown down. This occasioned so thick and noxious a smoke, that *Abdulselam* was nearly suffocated. The tears trickled down his cheeks, and, unmindful of the consequence, as he attempted to wipe them off, one of the plaisters slid down, and thus discovered one half of a man. This the soldier seized upon, and bound *Abdulselam* with strong cords, who was soon intirely visible by the other collyrium falling off in the struggle. He was carried before the emperor, who ordered him for immediate execution. As they were conveying him along the streets, amidst a numerous concourse of people, he was observed by one of the Dervises who had travelled in company with him. The prince knew him again, and as he stood close—"If you would save my life, says he to him, haste you to the stew, in such a part of the town, and tell the master the danger I am in."

THE Dervis flew instantly, and informed *Abdulselam's* master. The latter opened a large trunk, and muttering a few magic words, there came out of it such a number of horsemen, as instantly filled the court-yard before the house; then, taking out of the same trunk a bit of chalk, his own features disappeared, and he was in a moment transformed into the exact likeness of the

chief Mandarin. A horse richly caparisoned stood ready for him, and followed by his guards, he hastened towards the place of execution. It was high time he should arrive; a few minutes later would have put it beyond his power to save the Prince's life. The hang-man had just tied him up, when the supposed Mandarin riding through the croud, approached the gallows, and bid the officers of justice to release the man, whose innocence had been discovered. His commands were instantly obeyed, and, after causing the Prince to mount one of the spare horses, he rode off with him and the rest of his train towards that part of the town where he lived, bidding the officers go and wait for him at the palace, where he should meet them in a very little time. As soon as he got home, the enchantment was broken, the horsemen returned to their trunk, obedient to the voice of the magician, who resumed his own features. *Abduslam* fell prostrate at his feet, and, in the warmest terms of heartfelt gratitude, returned thanks to his kind deliverer.

MEANWHILE, the officers of justice arrived at the imperial palace, where, to their utter astonishment, the first person they met with was the chief Mandarin, whom they had seen going quite another way. The Emperor asked whether his commands had been executed? The trembling wretches answered, that they had been prevented by the grand Mandarin himself. A flat contradiction from this minister, who had not left the Emperor during the whole time, threw the officers into the greatest consternation. To justify their conduct, however, they produced a world of witnesses, who vouched to the truth of their assertion. The Emperor could not doubt the report, yet was staggered in his belief by the very circumstance. The whole court stood amazed,

nor

nor could any one relieve the monarch from his perplexity. In this dilemma, recourse was had once more to the old woman, who, after having been informed of the whole transaction, and which way the supposed Mandarin had retired; hesitated not to pronounce that the master of the stew had alone wrought this prodigy.

THE Emperor laid his commands on one of his inferior Mandarins, bidding him go and seize on the magician and the culprit. Obedient to his master's commands, the Mandarin well accompanied, set out directly; but the master of the stew, whom we shall henceforth call *Abdalla*, seeing him at a distance, and knowing his errand, muttered instantly certain magic words, by the power of which, the stew suddenly disappeared, and was replaced by a most delicious garden, interspersed here and there with magnificent and delightful summer-houses and bowers. *Abdalla* welcomed the Mandarin, and begged him to alight, which he readily consented to, and, as the weather was very sultry, he laid down his bonnet and upper garment. Twenty pages surprisingly handsome soon entered, bearing all the dainties the season could afford, on golden dishes. These were laid on a table equally magnificent and richly adorned.

THE Mandarin was all amazement, and now prepared to enjoy the delicious meal; when, on a sudden, the thunder roared, the earth seemed to shake from its very foundation, the garden vanished, and the Mandarin found himself in the public *bazar*, surrounded by the pages now turned into as many yelping curs. The mob gathered and surrounded him, accompanying with their hootings and hisses, the barking of the dogs. The

Mandarin, finding that he had been tricked by the magician, made all the haste he could to get rid of his troublesome companions, and having luckily met with an intimate friend of his, took shelter in his house. As he dressed himself he reflected, that, were he to tell the truth of his adventure, he should be exposed to the railery of all the courtiers. He resolved therefore to keep his own council, that some of his fellow Mandarins might be taken in as well as himself.

BEING come to the imperial presence, he told the monarch, that he had followed the old woman's direction, and seen the two men; but that, having but few attendants, and dreading the forcerer's art, he had not dared to take them into custody. The word coward was muttered by one of the Mandarins, who set down to want of courage the former's miscarriage; adding, that if the Emperor would give him leave, he should soon bring the wretches, and lay them chained at his imperial feet. His request was granted, and he departed. At the very instant that he alighted from his horse, *Abdalla's* house was metamorphosed into a most magnificent palace. Young and beautiful slaves of both sexes surrounded the Mandarin, and seated him on a golden throne. His surprise was only equalled by the horror that froze his very heart, when darkness surrounded him, and its frightful gloom was heightened by repeated flashes of lightning, and constant peals of thunder. Meantime, the poor dismayed wretch found himself placed near the palace-walls, in the midst of a number of cats, who grated his ears with their discordant caterwaulings. He took to his heels, and ran as fast as he could towards a relation's house, where, having shifted himself,

himself, he set forwards to give an account of his disastrous expedition. He considered as he went along, that some similar misfortune must have befallen the first Mandarin, and resolved to act with the same discretion; being asked by the Emperor, why he had not succeeded in his undertaking? "My liege, answered he, I have been on the very spot; seen them both. They shut their doors against me, in vain did I require my attendants and the neighbours in your imperial name to break them open; their constant reply was, that they dared not meddle with those two powerful magicians.

THE chief Mandarin was almost beside himself at the report; "were it not so late, said he, in a furious tone, I'd teach thee, by my example, that thou art no better than a coward, as well as the man that went before thee; but to-morrow morning I shall hie myself there, and thou wilt see whether magic has power over a generous soul." The sun was hardly up, when he summoned his attendants. Arrived at the place where he had been directed, he saw no house, but, instead of that, a spacious park, encompassed with a wall of the purest marble. Before the door stood an elderly man, with a golden key hanging from his girdle. "Art thou, says he, the master of this park? Yet, why should I ask such a question, when the Emperor himself cannot boast of any spot to equal this?"—"It belongs to me, replied *Abdalla*, and, if your lordship will please to walk in, and refresh yourself, it will be the highest honour conferred upon me. He nodded his assent, and desired his people to wait without. As he approached, the door turned on its silver hinges, and disclosed to his wondering eye all that nature, improved by art, could

could display to please the most luxuriant fancy. Surrounded with lofty and beautiful trees, and embalmed by the odoriferous breath of *Flora*, a peerless pool stood in the middle of this enchanted park. Its crystalline water, the heat of the day, and the entreaties of *Abdalla*, who boasted much of its physical virtues, conspired to prevail upon the Mandarin to bathe himself in it. He swims, dives, and sports for some time; but at last the pleasing vision disappears, and the lord finds himself in a puddle of stagnated water, at the farther end of the city. The mob, seeing a man wallowing in this mirey ditch, hooted at, and even pelted him with stones; whilst the women were not sparing of their railleries. Luckily he was not known, and got to his palace covered with shame, and in so filthy a condition, that his very servants refused at first to let him in. At last the door was opened, and the Mandarin having cleaned and dressed himself, went to the Emperor, to whom he frankly related all that had passed, the two other Mandarins who were present, encouraged by the sincerity of their chief, recounted also their marvellous adventures.

“ This is too much, said the emperor, I must come to the truth of it, and will this instant go there myself.” As soon as the emperor, with the train of his courtiers, appeared in sight, *Abdalla* came out of his house, and being asked in a menacing tone, how he had dared to give retreat to so abominable a wretch?—“ I could not help it, may it please your majesty, he got in here against my will; and truly, it would have been in vain for me to oppose him, for he is so strong, that with a fillip he cleaves a man in two, and lays him dead at his feet. “ I shall try now, replied the Emperor, whether
he

he can escape the edge of my well tempered sword." So saying, he drew his sabre, and ran up to *Abdulfelam*; but by some words muttered by *Abdalla*, the Emperor's arm was deprived of motion, the left, coming to the assistance of the right hand, shared the same fate. The chief Mandarin, the courtiers, the guards, all were suddenly lamed of both arms.

THE Emperor fatigued of so awkward a constraint, forgot all the pride of rank and majesty, begging *Abdalla* to restore him and his followers to the use of their limbs. "I shall obey your imperial commands, answered *Abdalla*, but on two conditions"—"name them, they are granted; only relieve me from this disagreeable position."—"The terms I propose are, that your majesty will order the chief Mandarin to give the hand of *Chelnissa* to this man (shewing *Abdulfelam*.) The next, that the old woman may be scourged at a cart's tail throughout all the streets of this city."—"It shall be done."—*Abdalla* instantly blew upon them, and the charm ceased.

TRUE to his word, the Emperor took along with him *Abdalla* and the prince, ordering they should be treated with all due respect. *Abdulfelam* made his story known to the Emperor, who, pleased to learn that the Prince was by his birth even superior to *Chelnissa*, and that he owed him the life of his own daughter, caressed him with parental fondness, and presented him to the princess of *China*, who was glad to see her deliverer. *Abdulfelam* and *Chelnissa*'s wedding was celebrated with the greatest pomp, the entertainments lasted several days, and *Abdulfelam* had the good fortune to inspire
Chelnissa

Cbelnissa with a passion equal to that which he felt for his beauteous bride.

ABDULSELAM spent a whole year in a continual round of delight; but that time being expired, he was seized with a longing to revisit his country and his royal parents. He did not know how to break the matter to the Emperor, *Cbelnissa*, and his father-in-law. At last, however, his repeated entreaties extorted their consent, as he pleaded the cause of filial duty before persons whose breast glowed with parental fondness. He set out with *Cbelnissa*, and they were accompanied to a neighbouring sea-port by the chief Mandarin and his friends. The two travellers got on board a ship ready to set sail for *Indostan*. After a few days of a favourable and very promising navigation, a violent storm arose, which baffled the skill of the despairing mariner. In vain did they struggle for some time against the foaming waves: all their endeavours could not keep the sinking bark above water, and at last,

“ The ship with gaping seams
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.”

A few only of the crew, with *Abdulselam* and *Cbelnissa*, escaped from the wreck. Having taken to their boat, they were drove to an unknown shore; where their first care was to return thanks for their miraculous preservation. They then set forwards, not knowing what country it had pleased Providence to place them in. Scorched with the heat of the sun, and worn out with fatigue, *Cbelnissa* begged to be indulged with a little rest. They set themselves down under the friendly shade

shade of a neighbouring tree, and *Chelnissa*, reclining her head on her beloved *Abduslam*, composed herself to rest. As for the Prince, his mind was too violently agitated for him to enjoy the sweets of balmy sleep. As he sat musing, and distracted with the painful recollection of his late misfortunes, and the dread of what was to come; casting an eye, animated with love and compassion for the miseries that threatened his adored *Chelnissa*, he spied a parcel carefully wrapt up and concealed in her bosom. He pulled it out softly, and with heart-felt joy perceived that the contents were a set of the most precious rubbies. Happy in the thoughts of having saved from the wreck, enough, as he hoped, to support them 'till they reached some more friendly shore. He laid the parcel at a little distance from him, and for some time remained motionless, contemplating the charms of the beautiful slumberer. Whilst he was thus feasting his amorous eye, a kite came powdering down, and mistaking the rubies for so many bits of raw flesh, carried off the bundle, and with expanded wings ploughed back the fleeting air.

ABDULSELAM, fearful of disturbing his lovely bride, laid her head gently down on the mossy ground, and leaving by her what the kite had dropped of the rubies, he set off and followed the bird from tree to tree, 'till at last he came to the sea-shore; when the Prince saw the kite cross over to an opposite island. As fortune would have it, the boat in which he had made his escape was moored on the shore, and, by the help of the few mariners who had been left behind, he put her afloat, and rowed up to the island, and there conti-

nued his fruitless pursuit, 'till the bird winging his flight, left the Prince to bemoan his irreparable loss.

A PREY to sadness and grief, the young Prince took to his boat, and steered for the place where he had left his most valuable treasure; but alas! it was decreed by all-controuling fate, that he should wade through a sea of trouble and misfortunes, before he could be blessed once more with a sight of his dear *Cbelnissa*. He was hardly a mile from the island, when his boat was chased by a pirate, who soon came up with him, and after a brave but unavailing defence, forced him to surrender. He was loaded with disgraceful fetters by the inhuman conquerors, who sailed round the island, and then dropped anchor in a harbour that stood on the opposite side. *Abdulfelam*, exposed to a public and ignominious sale, was purchased by an elderly man, one of the principal inhabitants of the place. In order to move him to some compassion, the Prince related to him all his past misfortunes. The heart of his new master was opened to soft pity, and he resolved to give his royal slave the kindest treatment. He went even so far as to promise him his liberty, if he would but consent to serve his daughter for the space of one year. *Abdulfelam*, happy even in the most distant prospect of being restored to freedom, readily engaged; little thinking that fortune had only gilt the snare which she now laid for him. The old man's daughter was no less wanton than pretty. She assailed the prince with so much art, that she soon made a conquest of her handsome slave.—Prudence often forsakes the successful lover. *Abdulfelam*'s good fortune threw him off his guard. His amours were publickly talked of, and

though the father, as it is often the case, was the last to open his eyes on his daughter and her slave's misconduct, he highly resented the breach of hospitality in the latter, on whom alone he reeked his vengeance. The indiscreet *Abdulfelam* was degraded to the mean functions of a gardener and mason; and left, in that humiliating condition, which could be no obstacle to that powerful deity who levels all ranks, he should continue his malpractices, his old master sent him up in the country, where he was ordered to pull down, unassisted by any other slave, an antiquated building, which was a disparagement to a most elegant seat, the master's summer residence.

ABDULSELAM, weighed down with anxiety and remorse, looked upon this misfortune as a punishment for his breach of the marriage vow, and bore it with fortitude. He had already spent several weeks in the tiresome drudgery; when, one day, as he was pulling down the only remaining wall of the old building, he saw a stone to which an iron ring was fastened; having taken it up, he observed a subterraneous passage, which being lead to by a flight of steps, he found, in a deep cave, six large vases filled up to the very brim with gold coin. This lucky discovery was a balm to his afflictions.—Avarice makes men more cautious than love, or any other passions which humanity is heir to; at least it was here the case: for the Prince, who was so careless in regard to his amours, locked up the treasure with the greatest attention, and resolved to wait a more favourable opportunity to seize upon it. In the interim, his master, moved with pity at *Abdulfelam's* condition, and more so at his repentance, offered him his

freedom, provided he would prepare to sail by the first ship bound to *India*. Charmed at the welcome and unexpected news, *Abdulsalam* revisited his cave, whence he took the six vases, having taken off some of the gold coin, and replaced it with salt, and then made every thing ready for his departure. As he was to stop at a sea-port in *Cochinchina*, to wait for a fair wind, he sent a great many provisions on board, and the six vases, which, lest he should be robbed, he passed upon the captain of the ship for so many firkins full of salt. A favourable gale springing in the night, the vessel put to sea, the captain not once thinking that his passenger was not come on board. Nothing could equal the Prince's uneasiness and disappointment, when he perceived the next morning that he was left behind. He returned to his master, who told him, that he must now perforce wait six months longer, as no other ship would sail before that time.

LET us now return to *Chelnissa*. After a long and refreshing sleep she awoke; and, not finding *Abdulsalam*, she sought for him a long time, till seeing that all her researches were fruitless, she gave herself up to grief and despair. Indignation soon roused her to resentment. She thought herself forsaken by the man she loved, who, not content to leave her, had been base enough to steal her jewels, and abandon her in the most deplorable condition. The thoughts of her wrongs gave the Princess a new vigor; she sallied forth, and walked along while without knowing where she was, and whither she went. After three days of a most tiresome and painful journey, fatigued, and half-starved, she reached a town called *Haißan*, where she was hospitably

tably received, and kindly treated by an old woman, to whom *Chehnissa* told part of her story; concealing from her only her birth, and the unworthy treatment she had received from her husband. The Princess remained with her benevolent hostess, 'till she had nearly made away with what she had saved from the wreck. Resolved however, to know if possible, what was really become of her husband, she intimated to the woman, a desire of setting out for *India*, and, upon enquiring whether there was any ship in the harbour ready to sail, she was informed that one would put to sea in a few days; but was obliged to stay sometime in *Cochinchina* to wait for the wind necessary to put a prosperous end to their journey. Our readers must remember, that the ship which was to have carried *Abduslam* was to do the same. Before she went on board, *Chehnissa* thought it expedient to lay down the attire of her sex, and put on man's cloaths. Her intention was to go to the court of the monarch, whose son *Abduslam* had declared himself; in hopes that her pitiful case would secure her the compassion and friendship of the old king, who could either restore her husband to her, or send her back to her own country. The ship, after a short and pleasing passage, put into the harbour of the capital of *Cochinchina*. Their stay at this port was of so long a continuance, that *Chehnissa's* slender finances began to ebb apace, and threaten her with all the horrors of want and misery. One day, as she was at dinner, the man of the house, taking a compassionate notice of the despondency visible on her countenance, offered to take her with him; not upon the footing of a menial servant, but rather like a partner in his business, which

was

was very considerable, as he kept the best inn in the place. *Cbelnissa* readily accepted of the welcome offer, and, though she was an utter stranger to the drudgery of her present condition, her good mien, her civility and readiness to oblige, endeared her to the customers, who shewed her so much kindness and familiarity, as to admit her to make one in all their parties.

Two months after *Cbelnissa* had taken up her residence at the inn, the ship, in which *Abdusfelam* had prepared to embark, arrived at this port. The captain took up his quarters on shore, in the inn kept by our wandering Princess, and offered her for sale the three vases which had been put on board of his ship. As good salt was a very scarce commodity, *Cbelnissa* closed a bargain, and the vases were brought to the inn.

AFTER half a year spent in the most tedious expectation, *Abdusfelam* got on board a ship bound for the Indies, but first for the capital of *Cochinchina*. In the course of the voyage, the want of water obliged the captain to put into a small island, where the crew went on shore. The Prince, wandering about the place, discovered the nest of a kite. Having sworn enmity to the whole race, on account of the theft committed by one of those birds, *Abdusfelam* eagerly seized this first opportunity of being revenged. He let fly an arrow, which, going through the nest, brought it down. But let every one judge of his joy and surprise, when he found that it contained all the rubies of his dear *Cbelnissa*. This he took for a good omen, returned to the ship, and a few days after entered the harbour, and *Abdusfelam* put up at the inn above-mentioned. As he entered the house, he was amazed at the striking resemblance
which



Dighton del.

Wells sc.

Behold your Chelnissa!

Published as the Act directs, April 25th 1780.

which the young inn-keeper bore to his long lost *Chehnissa*; but her apparel, and above all her situation, served to persuade the Prince that he was mistaken, and forced from him a deep-fetched sigh at the painful recollection.

CHELNISSA knew him at first sight; but dissembling her joy at so unexpected a bliss, she begged he would walk into a room, where, if he would permit, she was ready to bear him company, and make him partake of a little refreshment. *Chehnissa*, left alone with the Prince, entreated him to give her an account of his adventures. Her engaging manner, and the inclination natural to every man to be fond of expatiating on the misfortunes he has borne, easily prevailed on *Abdulsalam*. *Chehnissa*, who had thought him perjured, now convinced of her error, and forgetting all the calamities and hardships which she had endured: "Ah, Prince! cried she, were I to shew you that spouse you so much lament!"—"Ye Gods bear me witness! replied *Abdulsalam*, that the very thought is extacy for my almost broken heart!"—whilst he was speaking, with eyes lifted up to heaven, *Chehnissa* took off her turban, and thus let fall her long and beautiful hair. She soon drew the Prince out of his reverie, by exclaiming:—"Behold, dear *Abdulsalam*! BEHOLD YOUR CHELNISSA!"* the rest of so moving a scene can hardly be fancied, much less described, and we leave it to the reader's imagination to form, if possible, an idea adequate to the transports of this happy couple.

WHEN the first emotions of surprise, love, and joy had subsided, *Chehnissa* gave an account to *Abdulsalam* of

* See the Plate.

what had happened to her since their fatal separation. As the Prince expressed some regret for the loss of his six precious vases, his lovely consort acquainted him in what manner they had fallen into her hands. This money was appropriated to the buying of a proper dress, for *Chelnissa*, rewarding the inn-keeper, and freighting a ship, in which they embarked and arrived safe in the dominions of *Abdulsalam's* father, to the inexpressible joy of the old monarch, and his faithful subjects. The Prince, after the demise of his royal father, reigned long and happy with his *Chelnissa* and a numerous offspring, over a people, who ever revered him as their king, and loved him as the most affectionate parent.

THOSE of our readers who have perused the Romance of *Pierre de Provence* and the *Fair Maguelone*, and that tale of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment* of which *Badour*, Princess of *China*, is the heroine, will find a great affinity between those two novels, and the latter part of *Abdulsalam's* adventures. It is by no means surprizing, that the writer of a *Turkish* tale should have taken an *Arabian* author for his model, even to plagiarism; as to the author of *Pierre de Provence* and the *Fair Maguelone*, he does not seem to have invented the incident of a ruby carried off by a kite. We readily acknowledge, that the story on which he built his fabulous narrative, is of very ancient date: yet, supposing it to go as far back as the *Crusades*, it is not improbable but that it may have been brought from the East by some of the *French*, who served in that expedition, and therefore originally written in the *Arabic* language.

HISTORY OF THE AMOURS

OF

EURIALUS AND LUCRETIA.

COMPOSED and written in *Latin* in 1444, by ÆNEAS SYLVIVS PICCOLÖMINS, promoted since to the papal chair, under the name of *Pius II.* printed in *Italian* at *Vienna* thirty-three years after it was first published, several times in *Latin*, in *folio* and in *quarto*, without date or name, and inserted in the complete collection of that Pope's works; the best and last edition of which is in *folio*, printed in the year 1700. This novel was translated into *French* verse, by *Messire Antirus*, (chaplain of the holy chapel of the Dukes of *Burgundy*,—*Lions*, 1500, in *quarto*; into *French* prose, by *Jean Millet*, *Paris*, 1551, in *octavo*; into *Spanish*, *Sevil*, 1530; and lastly, once more into *French* prose by the *Sieur de Louvencourt*, *Leyden*, 1736, in *twelves*.*

THE real, or supposed letters of *Clement XIII.* having met with so favourable a reception from the public; we flatter ourselves that the extract of a love-tale, written by a pope, will prove acceptable: having on our side this advantage, that no reasonable doubt can

* In the *French* edition, the novel is entitled, *The Sieneſe Lovers*; wherein the author proves, that married women make love better than maids or widows.

be formed on the real author of *Eurialus* and *Lucretia*. *Æneas-Sylvius* wrote this novel fourteen years before his election, and ten years before he was created a cardinal. He was then secretary to the Emperor *Frederick III.* who first appointed him poet laureat, and afterwards sent him ambassador successively to the court of *Rome, Milan, Naples, and Bohemia.* Pope *Nicholas V.* promoted him to the bishoprick of *Triestla*, from whence he was translated to the See of *Sienna*, his country. He was employed as nuncio at different courts, created cardinal in 1456, elected pope in 1458, and died six years after, in the sixtieth of his age. He led a very regular and exemplary life after his promotion; but he had been very dissolute in his youth, and was then very far from being an enemy to gallantry. He altered his opinion when he was seated in the papal chair, and, pronouncing then *Ex Cathedra* with all the pride of pretended infallibility, he told the world, that the history of *Eurialus* and *Lucretia* was a moral tale; though he before had published it as a mere novel. It is said in the last editions of this work, in order to vindicate the new title, that it shews the fatal consequence of unwarrantable love. The story itself, nevertheless, is far from enforcing good example.

THE principal merit of this work is, that it will serve to give our readers a just idea of *Italian* manners and gallantry in the fifteenth century. They will see how very jealous *Italian* husbands were at that period, and how difficult it was to throw them off their guard. On the other hand it will appear, how well disposed the good-natured dames were to help their lovers in

to arduous a task. The former, indeed, are now much better civilized, and often will assist rather than thwart their wife's inclination, if, from what we daily see amongst us, we are to judge of what they are in their own country.

THE edition we have now before us, is prefaced with two dedicatory epistles. The first to *Gaspardo Schlick*, chancellor of the Emperor *Frederick III.* contains several remarkable passages. The author, speaking of *Marianus Socin*, says, "That he was of a very diminutive stature, as well as himself: *Æmas* being of a *Pygmean* family, as his name seems to indicate. *Piccolomini* being derived from the two *Italian* words, *piccoli*, little, or short; and *uomini*, men. He is very lavish of his encomiums upon that celebrated juriconsult, comparing him for philosophy, to *Plato*; for geometry, to *Boetius*; for music, to *Pythagoras*; for his skill in arithmetic, to *Macrobius*; for his knowledge in sculpture and painting, to *Praxitelles* and *Appelles*; adding, that he understood agriculture as well as *Virgil*; could wrestle with all the strength and dexterity of *Enestellus*, and, in fine, that *Socin* was as great a physician, as he was justly celebrated for his extensive knowledge in jurisprudence. Nevertheless, *Piccolomini* confesses, that philosophy and learning, are not inseparable from stupidity. Then speaking to the merit of his own work, he owns, that it treats much of love and gallantry; which he acknowledges he was a great votary to in his youth; having been often in love, and very successful in his amours at *Siena*, his native city.—" And have you not been, says he to *Schlick*, my good lord chancellor, as great an admirer

of the fair sex as any of your cotemporaries? I remember, that during the Emperor's stay at *Sienna*, there was not a love affair in which your lordship did not act a capital part."

THE second Epistle is inscribed to his learned friend *Marianus Socin*, at whose sollicitation the author says he wrote the love-romance of *Eurialus* and *Lucretia*; that this story brought to his memory the pleasing recollection of his own youthful adventures; at the same time that he congratulates himself of having escaped the dangers attending the life of a man of intrigue and gallantry. It may not be uninteresting, though foreign to our present extract, to add that this *Marianus* was grandfather to the celebrated *Lelio Socin*, the head of those sectaries, called after his name *Socinians*.

IN the year 1434, the Emperor *Sigismundus*, of the house of *Luxemburgh*, came into *Italy*, and resolved to make some stay in the city of *Sienna*. He was received by the inhabitants with every mark of joy and respect. Each day was particularly distinguished by some magnificent entertainment, wherein the Emperor appeared always to the best advantage. Being tall, handsome, and as amorous as he was gallant, he was charmed with the beauty of the *Siense* ladies, whom he pronounced the fairest he ever saw. But the beauteous *Lucretia*, of the ancient family of the *Camilli*, and married to the senator *Menelai*, was the paragon of all her country-women. Here *Æneas Sylvius* gives a most finished description of the heroine of his tale, and concludes by saying, that she deserved to be noticed by the Emperor, and fix the attention of the hand-

handsome *Eurialus* of *Franconia*, equerry to *Sigismundus*, and his favourite. He was to his sex what *Lucretia* was to hers, the very *chef d'œuvre* of partial nature. His good mien, the magnificence of his equipages, the brilliant appearance of his numerous attendants, were as many snares to surprise the hearts of the ladies, by commanding their admiration. Add to this a flowery and fluent elocution, and every desirable accomplishment; and you will have a sketch of the picture which the gallant Pope gives of *Eurialus*.

IT was no wonder that these two miracles of beauty should be charmed with each other, and that, from their first meeting, *Eurialus* and *Lucretia* should feel the workings of a most irresistible passion, and give way to the voice of nature, who seemed to whisper to them, that her intention had been over-ruled, when *Lucretia* was contracted to any other man.

THEY had not yet enjoyed the opportunity of conversing together. Their eyes had been the only interpreters of their hearts. The Emperor, who had watched them more through friendship than curiosity, passing one day by the senator's house, took particular notice of *Lucretia's* returning from her window his equerry's glances, with a very intelligible blush. "Is it thus," says he to him, "that you labour to estrange the affections of the married ladies of *Sienna*?" *Eurialus*, rather discomposed at so sudden a charge, endeavoured to dissemble with his master, by saying, "that chance alone had directed his eyes to *Lucretia's* balcony:" but the Emperor was not deceived by so lame an apology; yet rather than disconcert his favourite, or disturb his quiet, he kindly gave another turn to the conversation.

ON the other hand, *Lucretia* was intent on the means of bringing matters to a speedy conclusion.—A confident in a love intrigue is as necessary as a bribe in a bad cause. She had no women, whom she dared to entrust with the mighty secret. One of those domestic animals, whose principal merit is unlimited passiveness, a *Swiss* in short seemed to her a fit person to answer her present purpose. She had one in her family of the name of *Sofia*, who appeared to her the more worthy of confidence, as he was less liable to those delicate feelings that might have operated strongly on a more animated being. She called him up to her, when the following dialogue took place.—“Well, my dear *Sofia*, what thinkest thou of the magnificent train of our sovereign?” “Why truly, your ladyship, these German folks are handsome, and well-proportioned fellows: La! it does my heart good when I think that I am half their countryman!”—“Aye; but didst thou take notice of that handsome equerry, who seems to be the Emperor’s favourite? if I mistake not, his name is *Euripus*.”—“As to that matter, mistress, the lad is well enough; but his horse! Ah Madam, that is the handsomest beast I ever saw. I wish I had such another; the very first man in my country would honour me for his sake.”—“Poh, what signifies his horse? the man is the thing. Oh, my good *Sofia*, where can he be matched? how well calculated to charm the proudest of my sex, seduce her heart, and make her mad with desire!”—“Oh fy, your ladyship, you forget yourself; if you were now what you were about three years ago, I would say that you are in the right, and that a husband of lord *Eurialus*’ complexion is more the thing for you than my old master. But you are now married, and
surely

surely you would not think of bringing to disgrace so grave a senator as my lord *Menelai*."—Ah, *Sofia*, *Sofia*! thou knowest not the force of all-subduing love. It makes us rise superior to all prejudice, and silences both duty and decorum. Hear me, *Sofia*, and do thy mistress a piece of service, which will ever be gratefully acknowledged. Go to *Eurialus*, and give him to understand that a lady of the first beauty and fashion is a great admirer of his person and genteel carriage, and that she wishes "Not I truly, your ladyship, I shall do no such a thing. You quite mistake your man. If you mean to put some foul trick upon my good master, *Sofia*, though a menial servant, has too much honour to be the abettor and accomplice of your wickedness. All I can do is to give you my word that I shall not betray you to my lord the senator. The people of *Switzerland* are above doing dirty actions; but we are neither informers, talkative, nor mischievous."—"Thou speakest well, *Sofia*, to be sure I should love no man but my husband. It is a breach of all laws of honour, of every thing that is held sacred amongst men. Yet, I blushing confess it, *Eurialus* has found his way to my heart, and all my efforts to drive away his lovely image are exerted in vain. Thus far am I criminal. If I live, I may perhaps sink deeper in guilt. Death is the only resource left: I ought and will embrace it. Come, good *Sofia*, let me have thy friendly opinion on the best method of putting an end to my life. Shall I drown, stab, or poison myself? I shall abide by thy friendly advice."—"Oh la, madam, I declare you quite frighten me. Your death would drive me to despair; especially if you were to chuse by my direction. Come what will, you must live. I had much rather help you to your spark,
than

than to a bowl or dagger. Life, after all, is preferable to innocence without it. Come, be comforted, I shall wait on Lord *Eurialus*, and acquaint him with his good fortune. If he takes my meaning; why then manage the rest yourself. If, on the contrary, he should disappoint you in your expectation, it will be no fault of mine."—"I ask no more, my trusty *Sofia*."

THOUGH he promised fair, the honest *Swiss* put off the evil day as long as he could, and at last, meeting *Eurialus* in the streets, only said these few enigmatical words to him.—"My lord, you are much beloved by the fair in this noble city."—The equerry, who knew not *Sofia* for what he was, never heeded his address, and passed him as a meddling insignificant fellow. Had he known him to be servant to *Lucretia*, he would have seized the golden opportunity; for he was then wholly intent on the means of procuring an interview with his fair enamourata. He made on his amour, several pertinent reflexions: these, *his boliness* gives us in very fluent *Latin*, which would lose much even by the most elegant translation. We shall only quote two instances which we do not remember to have met with in any other author. The first is, "That *Virgil*, drove to despair by the severity of a beautiful maid, hung himself." The other is stale and unworthy of being related as true, by so learned a man as *Piccolomini*: it is, "That a woman, having laid a considerable wager that *Aristotle*, notwithstanding all his philosophy, could not be proof against the allurements of love; the poor degraded philosopher suffered himself to be mounted, bridled, and spurred like a hack, by the fair seducer."

EURIALUS,

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EURIALUS, after a long and serious meditation on the most expeditious manner of making his love known to *Lucretia*, resolved at last to write a letter, which, as he did it under *Cupid's* dictates, was couched in the most tender and insinuating language. His business was next to look out for some body to carry his love epistle. He was told of a woman hackneyed in those ways, and who had the reputation of being seldom unsuccessful. To her *Eurialus* made application, and enforced his suit by a valuable present, with a promise of a greater reward, if she should succeed in her embassy. The good-natured woman went instantly to work, and by means of a well-timed bribe, and a plausible pretence, obtained a tête-a-tête with *Lucretia*; to whom, after a short and pithy introduction, she delivered the letter. The Senator's lady, as any other of her sex would have done, shewed an hypocritical resentment, which her heart belied. "How dare you, said she, come to me with so impertinent a message? Is it befitting my virtue and high rank to hearken to the faucy language of any man, especially one whose very person I am a stranger to? (Here truth forced a blush from her.) Granted that he is all you say, a man of the first rank, no less amiable than rich; is that a reason for me to enter into a criminal connexion with him?—No, no! I know better my duty towards my noble lord and myself. It is lucky for you, woman, that I have too great a regard for my own reputation, to apprise my lord *Menelai* of your daring behaviour, a gloomy dungeon would be your portion. Go and acquaint your employer in what esteem I hold his impertinent letter." So saying, she tore it in five or six

pieces, acting all the time to a miracle, the enraged and affronted woman, and flung the paper not quite in the fire, but by the side of it. The old beldam, who had observed every action of our modern *Lucretia*, pretending to be more frightened than she really was, flung herself at the feet of the senator's chaste consort: and, in the accents of well-feigned repentance, exclaimed: "Oh, dear madam! pardon me. How very unfortunate I am to have deserved your anger! I protest to your ladyship, that my intention—" "No more, interrupted *Lucretia*; be gone, and let me never see your face again."

THE old woman waited not for a second command, but instantly hid herself to *Eurialus*.—"All is as you could wish my lord, said she, your letter has met with a very bad reception; I saw her fair hands tear it, but no matter for that—I call it a good omen." The Emperor's favourite thought the woman beside her senses, and begged she would be clear, and not talk as she had done, in riddles. She then gave him an account of the whole transaction—"Once more, my lord, you are in the fairest way of succeeding with *Lucretia*. She sighed when I mentioned your name. The very thoughts of your being handsome, deeply crimsoned her cheek. She took your letter, and tore it in a seeming passion; but, observe me well, in the hurry, instead of committing it to the flames, she threw it in a very safe corner of the fire-place; my life upon it, but she picks up every atom of it, and reads the contents. They will have the desired effect on her—take my word for it. She'll kiss an hundred times the precious scroll, when she is by herself; aye, and answer it too. To

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be sure, she has called me out of my name, or so, but what of that? She neither beat me, nor ordered her servants to do it: besides, had I been kicked and bastinadoed to a mummy, I would still hold good my opinion, that your lordship's letter hath effectually done the business, and that you will bring the matter to a happy conclusion."

Thus said *Venus's* prophets, and *Eurialus* soon experienced the truth of her oracle: but he did not think it prudent to mention it to the complaisant matron, lest she should grow too proud and talkative. Therefore, after having rewarded her in a princely manner, he dismissed her.

LUCRETIA had indeed answered his letter, and honest *Sofia* had been the bearer. Lest he should refuse the friendly office, his mistress, composing her countenance to affected serenity, said to him: "That young nobleman, of whom you have heard me talk in a manner unbecoming a woman of honour, not knowing the sentiments which I entertained for him, has wrote me a letter full of the expressions of the love I have inspired him with. Would you believe it, *Sofia*, this very letter has Steele'd my heart against him, and restored my troubled mind to peace and tranquillity. Yes, faithful *Sofia*, thy mistress is herself again. I had hitherto turned a deaf ear to the calls of virtue and duty; but nothing will henceforth make me swerve from them. This, *Eurialus* will see by the peremptory stile of my answer to him. Take it, and in delivering of it to him, do not fail to give him the strongest assurances of my indifference for him.

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SOSIA was enraptured, and muttered his thanks to heaven for so unexpected a conversion. The letter was as follows :

LUCRETIA TO EURIALUS.

“GIVE up a vain pursuit, and think of me no more. Honour and virtue forbid it. You may meet with more success with some other woman, better disposed than I am to hearken to the voice of seduction. Were my heart at my own disposal, you might perhaps—but what need I mention impossibilities. Believe me, if you love, sum up all your fortitude, and for ever renounce a passion which shall always be repaid with the coldest and most unconquerable indifference by

LUCRETIA.”

THOUGH this letter was far from being severe, yet it was couched in such terms, that the trusty *Swiss* thought it the most discouraging epistle a lover could receive from his mistress. He hastened with his message to *Eurialus*, who, judging better of *Lucretia*’s real disposition, gave to *Sosia* the kindest reception, and then put into his hands a letter full of respect and submission, assuring *Lucretia* that his love was as refined and honourable, as its object was handsome and accomplished. He concluded by entreating her acceptance of a diamond ring, which he begged she would wear for his sake. It was of so immense a value, and the present he made to the *Swiss* so considerable, that neither the mistress nor her faithful messenger could find it in their hearts to refuse.

EURIALUS

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EURIALUS had intimated in his letter, that he wished for an interview, in which he promised to behave with all possible respect and modesty. To this *Lucretia* sent for answer, that, trusting implicitly to his honour, she would readily consent, but that it was impracticable, as she was continually beset by her jealous and troublesome *Argus*, who watched her so carefully, that, unless *Eurialus* could fly in the air, and come in through the iron grates that blocked up her windows, it was impossible for them to meet. The young Lord was chagrined, but not discouraged by so many obstacles, and resolved to conquer them all. They kept up for some time this epistolary correspondence, 'till both, tired of so trifling an enjoyment, thought seriously on the means of giving each other verbal assurances of their mutual sentiments, and some more solid proof of their love. Meanwhile, *Sofia's* heart was considerably softened by the generosity of *Eurialus*, from whom he never returned empty handed, and, seeing that his mistress never sent back the present she received, he thought it right to follow so laudable an example.

LUCRETIA was permitted to visit no one but her own mother, the Lady *Camilla*. She had a lodger in her house, who could not withstand the golden arguments which the senator's lady made use of, to persuade her to lend her apartment on this occasion. *Eurialus* was informed of the place of rendezvous, and no doubt would have been made happy; had not fortune, who is not always an attendant on frolicksome *Cupid*, raised an obstacle which they could neither foresee nor remove. *Lucretia* had taken, as she thought, the fairest opportunity. She went to her mother's at the time when
she

she knew the good lady would be gone to church. But what was her disappointment, when she saw that *Camilla* had taken the whole family with her, and locked the street door? She was obliged to return home, sad and dejected; yet revolving in her mind some new plan that might better answer her purpose.

ABOUT this time *Eurialus* was dispatched to *Rome* upon some important business, and was to remain there near two months. This event proved very grievous to our lovers; and during his absence *Lucretia* shut herself up from the world, and even her dearest friends could get no access to the fair disconsolate. At last *Eurialus* returned, and new efforts were made to procure the wished-for interview. The Senator's house was parted by a narrow lane only from an inn, one of the windows of which faced that of *Lucretia's* dressing-room. *Eurialus* hired that apartment, which afforded him an opportunity of conversing with his enamored. But although this was better than corresponding by letters only; yet the very distance which the lane occasioned, though ever so small, was a very material obstacle to the full completion of their wishes. Their chief object was to find out some means of coming to a closer approach: *Eurialus*, observing that *Lucretia's* window was not barred like the rest, proposed to lay a plank across from his apartment to his mistress's dressing room. *Lucretia* strongly objected to the danger of such an attempt, and had courage enough to oppose it. At last, the fear of being overheard, which operated more strongly, as they observed several persons who seemed to listen from the adjacent rooms, and mistrusting the very inn-keeper, they were forced to have recourse to some other expedients.

THE

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THE first that occurred to them was rather whimsical, and might have appeared degrading to any one but a lover, deaf to every consideration not suggested by his passion. *Lucretia* was informed, that her husband's tenants were to bring several sacks of wheat, the produce of the last crop; the carts were to be unloaded at a back door, and the sacks carried into the house by common porters. Honest *Sofia*, firmly believing that neither his mistress nor the young lord meant any harm, procured a porter's dress for *Eurialus*; and, thus disguised, our gallant went up to the garret with a load on his back, and by a private door stole into *Lucretia's* room. Their mutual joy at this first meeting beggars all description, and even *Piccolomini's* pencil draws but a faint sketch of so luxuriant a picture. Fortune however was still on the watch to disturb the loving pair; they had not been above an hour together, which from the many things they had to say, seemed to them even shorter than the fleetest minute; when *Sofia*, puffing and panting for breath, came to tell them that the Senator, with another man, was just entering at the gate. "What shall I do?" exclaimed *Eurialus*: we readily suppose that this was the expression, not of his fear, but of the concern he had for *Lucretia's* reputation. "Let me alone, replied the lady, only hide yourself in that corner, and leave the rest to me." He had hardly time enough to obey her commands, when *Menelai* entered the apartment. He was come with the secretary to the council of state to search for some papers which were wanted on a very important occasion. *Lucretia* did not attempt to oppose their search, 'till the Senator called for a light, in order to visit the very closet where *Eurialus* was concealed.

She

She thought it high time to step forth; and, coming up to her husband, "Do not give yourself any farther trouble, said she, I think I remember where you have laid those papers, if I mistake not, they are in that band-box over the window; I shall reach it down:" so saying, she got on a chair, but in attempting to take the box, let it go, and the window being open, the whole fell into the street; then, with a well-dissembled concern,—“O Lord! said she, Sir, I have done mischief indeed; behold all your papers scattered about the street; pray go and pick them up, lest somebody should seize upon them?” The Senator alarmed, as well as his secretary, hastened down stairs to prevent the precious manuscripts from falling into unhallowed hands. This gave an opportunity to the fair dame of dismissing *Eurialus*, after having bade him the most tender farewell.

A HAPPY lover is seldom discreet—"This, says the holy priest, was the case with *Eurialus*." He told the whole story to a friend, who, in all likelihood was the Pope himself; for it seems that he was privy to the whole transaction.

AN event took place about this time, which turned greatly to the honour of *Lucretia*, and put her reputation for chastity upon a level with that of the Roman matron of that time. An Hungarian gentleman, of the name of *Baccari*, no less conspicuous for his figure and fortune, than universally admired for his wit and literary abilities, fell in love with the Senator's wife. After several unsuccessful attempts, he at last found means to convey to her a most superb nosegay; whose principal ornament was an artificial flower, which
opened

opened by means of an almost imperceptible spring, and contained a billet-doux. *Lucretia* soon discovered the contrivance, and perused the most passionate love-letter she had ever been complimented with : but her heart being sincerely attached to *Eurialus* alone, she spurned the offers of this new lover, and, as an instance of her conjugal fidelity, complained to her husband, and shewed him the letter. *Menelai* addressed himself to the Emperor, who sharply rebuked the audacious *Baccari*, and ordered him to leave *Sienna* immediately ; bidding his courtiers to be warned by this example, and not to be daring enough to attempt any thing against the honour of the *Siense* ladies. This charge he delivered with half a smile, knowing very well that *Eurialus*, his favourite, was equally guilty, but more mercifully used by *Lucretia*. The monarch's intention was by his apparent severity, to caution his equerry to be more upon his guard, and carry on his amours with becoming secrecy. This lesson was lost upon *Eurialus*, for, although he never was discovered, it happened more through good fortune than any particular care on his side. Various were the stratagems he had recourse to : sometimes disguised in the habit of a groom, at another, in the character of a waiter he got admittance into *Menelai's* house ; and, as the visit was by no means intended for the latter, he readily found his way to the lady's apartment. One night as he was at supper, the Senator came in unexpectedly, and must have discovered *Eurialus*, had not *Lucretia's* wonted presence of mind, saved him and herself from that disgrace. She went out to meet her husband, who had already got as far as the landing-place, loaded him with the most tender

reproaches for having left her to eat her supper by herself. In vain did he protest to her, that he had not eat a morsel the whole day, she was not to be pacified, and falling on the neck of *Menelai*, she bedewed the dear man with her tears. The Senator, pleased at so rare an instance of her love, kissed off her tears, and comforted his loving spouse in the most soothing language. *Lucretia* acted the farce long enough to give *Eurialus* time to get out at the window; then walking into the room arm in arm with her *caro spouse*, they sat down lovingly to supper.

SOSIA continued his faithful services to *Eurialus* and *Lucretia*, for the former's generosity had overcome all those nice scruples, which had at one time staggered the delicate feelings of our *Swiss*, who was not to be prevailed upon by mere reasoning. But the fellow's awkwardness, and now and then a qualm of conscience, occasioned by the part he was acting in this comedy, convinced our lovers that another confident was necessary, lest *Sofia's* disorder should return upon him, and in a fit of delicacy he should disclose the whole affair to *Menelai*, or by his blundering betray them in the end. The care of providing a more useful hand was left to *Eurialus*. He singled out for that purpose a certain signor *Pandali*, who, though a relation of *Menelai*, seemed to the young lord a fit person to answer his purpose. He courted his acquaintance, and *Pandali*, who was devoured by the most boundless ambition, thought it a great honour to be seen in the company of a man who enjoyed all his Sovereign's favour, and who, by his interest at court, might be of great service. *Eurialus*, knowing the weak side of *Pandali*, offered him his protection, and to recommend him to the Emperor's notice. "I have it in my power," says the artful courtier, "to dispose in your favour of the highest

preferments in the gift of *Sigismundus*. His majesty, at my recommendation, will readily admit you amongst the Knights of the Golden Spurs ; but, as this dignity however honourable, would be confined to you alone, I think the title of Count is far preferable ; as in this case your honours could be transferred to your posterity : but, as a friendly turn deserves another, you must do me a piece of service.”——“ Oh, any thing to be a Count of the Holy Empire ! Speak, my good lord, and were it to renew the twelve labours of *Hercules*, I would undertake them all to convince you of my gratitude.”——“ The task,” returned *Eurialus*, “ is by no means so hard : it is only to give me your assistance in a little love intrigue, on the success of which depends all my happiness, and even my life. I shall be open and explicit with you, and let this be the first proof of the confidence I repose in you. I have the most tender regard for *Menelai’s* lady, and may without vanity flatter myself that she requites my love. The only favour I expect from you is to give us an opportunity of a speedy tête-à-tête.”——“ How, my Lord ! have you forgot that *Menelai* is my friend and kinsman ? ” “ Why ! my dear *Pandali*, that is the very reason that has induced me to apply to you. Who could better serve me in this affair ? You are every day with the Senator, he informs you of all his transactions, and, knowing when he is from home, and where he goes, you might acquaint me with the proper time to go and throw myself at *Lucretia’s* feet without the danger of being interrupted by any jealous intruder.”——“ All you say, my Lord, is very true ; yet give me leave to tell you, that though the title of Count is highly desirable, I do not think it worth the high price you put to it. The disgrace ” “ Pshaw, how you talk ! Why, my good *Pandali*, various

ways lead us to preferment and dignities. Look around you, and consider well by what means our nobles have obtained their titles. The most illustrious among them have acquired it by their warlike deeds; that is, in other words, by plunder, massacre, and murder. Others owe their present grandeur to the money hoarded up by their penurious and plebeian ancestors; but, believe me, the greatest number are indebted for theirs to that very sort of complaisance which I require from you. Services of this kind done to the Sovereign, or his favourites, are always rewarded with titles, or other eminent preferments."

ALTHOUGH the arguments of *Eurialus* were not unanswerable, yet they served to silence all objection on the part of *Pandali*. He promised every assistance in his power, and it was not long before he seized an opportunity of obliging his new patron. An affray had happened at a country-seat of *Menelai* between his servants and the cottagers, in which several of the former were killed on the spot. This circumstance obliged the Senator to leave town, in order to go and take the informations which the law required on such occasions. As a coach would have been troublesome, and occasion some delay on the road, he resolved to travel on horseback. Having no saddle-horse himself, he sent to several of his friends; but they were out of town: and *Menelai* complaining of his disappointment to *Pandali*, the latter engaged to supply him instantly. He applied for that purpose to *Eurialus*, who called to a groom, and after giving him some private instructions, ordered him to saddle two of the fleetest horses in the Emperor's mews, one for *Menelai*, and the other for the groom himself. The Senator, proud of travelling with his Sovereign's servant behind him, set out directly in that brilliant equipage. A few hours

were

were sufficient for him to reach his country seat, and restore peace and harmony amongst his tenants; having finished his business, he was preparing to return to town, when the groom, who had his cue, told him that his imperial majesty's horses were not used to so much fatigue, as they never travelled above a short stage in a day: and that if the horses were to come by any accident, he would loose his place, nay, perhaps his life. The Senator, seeing that he must perforce stay there all night, sat down as contented as a jealous husband can be, at twenty miles distant from his slippery wife.

WE need not question the reader's sagacity, so far as to suppose, that he wants to be told in what manner *Eurialus* and *Lucretia* spent their time. Suffice it to say, that they were as happy as love and opportunity could make them. But alas, their bliss was too excessive to last: and here the Pope, recollecting his dignity, is not sparing of moral reflexions, which, though enhanced by a very pleasing style, are trite and common, and such as every one may have read a hundred times: we shall therefore lay them aside to hasten to the catastrophe.

THE happiness of these lovers lasted as long as the Emperor's stay in *Italy*; for, although his majesty went to *Rome* in the interim to be crowned there, *Eurialus* never missed an opportunity of writing to *Lucretia*, or of coming incognito to *Sienna*, in order to comfort her more effectually. But at last the Emperor set out for *Trentum*, in his way to *Bohemia* and *Hungaria*. Thus divided from the only man she loved, *Lucretia* pined away. She was convinced that she now had to lament two irreparable losses, that of her honour, and that of the adored accomplice of her guilt. She fell into a total decay,

decay, which soon making the most alarming progress, brought her in a few months to her grave. She died, and her last speech stammered the dear name of *Eurialus*.

LET us turn from the sad object. Her fate is a further instance of the danger attending on the wretch, who, forgetful of the most sacred duties, gives a-loose to a guilty passion. Luckily however, the generality of the ladies do not take so much to heart the loss of a lover. And as for the other sex, *Eurialus* is a proof that men were even then easily comforted for the death of a mistress, falling a sacrifice to an excess of love; for the historian tells us, that *Sigismondus* gave to his favourite in marriage, a fair maid of the most illustrious birth, with whom *Eurialus* lived long and happy, perhaps without experiencing the fate of *Menelai*.

SUCH is the novel composed by *Pius II.* when he was only a bishop, and had not yet received the Cardinal's hat. His manner of writing in *Latin*, shews that he was a very excellent scholar, and will easily convince the reader, that *Piccolomini* had made his particular study of the works of *Petronius*, whose style he has copied, as he has endeavoured to do that of *Tacitus* and *Livy*, in writing the history of *Bohemia*, and of *Frederic III.* his master. He imitated also the manner of *Cicero*, in an harangue addressed to the Christian Princes, when he tried to make them take up arms against the *Turks*. His intention was to have headed the army in person, but death prevented him.

BEFORE *Aeneas Sylvius* was promoted to the Cardinalship and Popedom, he had acted as secretary to the council of *Bale*, and contributed more than any body else

else to enforce this opinion : *that the general council was above the Pope, and that it is in the former's power to effect a reformation, both in the chief and members of the church.* Seated on St. Peter's chair, Piccolomini recanted, condemned his former doctrine, and published against it, the famous bull, known by the first word of it, under the title of *EXECRABILIS* ; by which he censures appeals from the holy see to the council, as of none effect, execrable, and contrary to the holy canons of the church. Yet we see nowhere, that the *Latin Musfy* ever disavowed his being the author of the romance of *Eurialus* and *Lucretia*.

L A R I S S A;

TAKEN FROM THE LATIN OF

T H E O P H I L U S V I A U T.

THIS Author is too generally known to require any particular detail. Suffice it to say, that this little tale is written with more correctness than any of his other productions. The invention and plot is confessedly after the plan of the ancients, and is in the true stile of the *Milesian* fables.

LARISSA recounts her adventures in a mixt company, in which are two young girls, who, by some wanton and malicious device, interrupt the narration for some time. This incident does no small honour to the author's

author's imagination, and cannot but secure the approbation of every man of taste and sound understanding.

I LIVED fellow-servant in a *Roman* citizen's family, with a slave, who, born in *Greece*, had, by indulging too fond a desire of visiting foreign climes, lost that freedom which he might have enjoyed undisturbed in his own country. His pleasing countenance was expressive of all those features which are accounted the characteristics of a gentleman, whose education has perfected his natural accomplishments. His noble mien vouched to his high birth, and it was plain, from his manner, that he had been brought up in a stile diametrically opposite to his present situation. He handled the meanest tool, as if he had wielded a lance, and the least burthen weighed him down, if he were obliged to carry it but at a mile's distance. Nevertheless, his courage was above his bodily weakness, and however disgusting the task which duty imposed on him, he ever performed it with alacrity and a good grace. Unmindful of what he had been, he regarded nothing but his present condition, and the drudgery it subjected him to, could not by any means damp his spirits, though his extreme delicacy served to render more painful, a servitude for which nature and fortune had never marked him out.

THE hardships he had to encounter with soon exhausted all his strength, and he fell into a languid melancholy, which led him to the very brink of his grave. His beautiful flaxen hair, hitherto his chief care, hung loose

loose and neglected about his neck and face: his fair and smooth forehead was disgraced by the wrinkles which toil and grief had furrowed. His blue eyes were sunk in their sockets; his hollow cheeks, his hands become callous by hard labour; in short, his whole emaciated body seemed to announce his approaching dissolution. Thus sinking daily under a load of woe, his sobs and sighs were the only signs by which he could be ranked amongst the living. My heart melted at the rueful sight, and I loudly exclaimed against Fortune's capricious partiality. I watched every opportunity of inspiring him with a becoming fortitude; I often mingled my tears with his, and tried every means in my power to comfort him and assuage his misfortunes. I sympathised with his weakness, anticipated his very wishes; not suffering him to take the least trouble. Nay, such was my attachment to his person, that, though his fellow-servant, I became his slave, and served him with all imaginable zeal and exactitude.

The young man's feelings were too nice for him not to be sensible of the obligations conferred upon him. Whenever I enjoyed the opportunity of doing him some service, I could perceive how painfully he felt the impossibility he was in, of proving by his actions, a gratitude which his eyes expressed, and his tongue spoke in a manner and language that proclaimed him the accomplished and real gentleman. As he was of a very even temper, truly amiable in his conversation, and lovely in his person; it was not long before pity gave way in my heart to the most tender passion. It is true, that the first arrow which the god of love aimed at my breast, did not sink so deep as to conquer me at this one

blow; but, by not plucking it out in time, its venom soon reached the very core of my heart, and set it up in a blaze. Then, as if my reason and understanding had conspired against me, I thought that the indulging of my growing passion was the sovereign bliss.

THIS interesting beginning of *Larissa's* history had called up the attention of the hearers, and of two young ladies in particular. But, lest they should seem to hearken to a recital which bade fair to be rather too licentious, for their pretended modesty not to appear at least to take the alarm, they affectedly turned their heads from *Larissa*, and then gaped, and shut their eyes by degrees, so that any one would have thought that they really were fast asleep: so artful a dissembler is crafty woman! Their real meaning was to collect all the faculties of their minds, in order to hear the better, and then treasure up in their memory every word of a story, which in fact was entertaining for them. The sense of hearing co-operated strongly with their lively imagination, and this was prepared not only to receive with pleasure, but to add to the strong colouring of the voluptuous picture which they expected to have soon in prospect. One of them could not help, in order to gratify the impulse of her curiosity, casting now and then a glance at the old woman; but this was done as if awaking for a moment from her sleep, and her eyes were instantly closed again. The other carried her dissimulation still farther, by letting herself slide from her seat on the floor, and then starting up as if she had been awakened by the fall from a long slumber.—
“How’s this, said she, is it day-light already?” But she was soon off her guard, and a sudden and involun-

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tary blush betrayed the weak stratagem of her sham modesty. They were laughed at, and stared out of countenance by the whole company, who gave them to understand that they were not to be misled by their affectation.

Meanwhile *Larissa* refused to go on with her story; protesting that she would by no means enter into details which seemed to give offence to some of the company: but, as she had promised to entertain her hearers in the best manner she could, she was ready to begin another: when *Philesus*, who was all impatience to hear out the old woman's adventure—"Why goody, says he, don't you perceive that these two young ladies are all affectation? They perhaps endeavour seriously to compose themselves to rest; but it is only with hopes that a pleasing dream, the offspring of their wanton fancy, will present them with the image of the handsome slave. Then falling on *Larissa's* neck, good mother, I beseech you, continued he, do not deprive us of the sequel of your adventures; it would be too severe a punishment for so trifling an interruption." By his caresses and endearments, the handsome youth at last prevailed on *Larissa* to resume the thread of her narration, which, after having desired the two little counterfeits to come and set by her, she did in the following words:

"THE smallest spark will often occasion a most dreadful conflagration. I soon experienced that love, if once cherished, will, from a trifling beginning, carry one beyond those bounds which reason and decorum have vainly set to that imperious passion. I felt no more that gentle emotion which I at first experienced with delight; my heart was enthralled by an overbearing tyrant, who

having triumphed over my weakness, cruelly inforced his despotic sway. In fine, instead of that peaceful love, with which my bosom gently glowed, and had at first entered at my eyes, I was consumed by a devouring flame which raged in spite of all my efforts to stop its alarming progress; for I must own that, in some intervals of reason, I boldly resolved to check the impetuosity of my fiery desires. Often would I exclaim during those transient glimmerings of light—Oh love! fatal love! thou, the plague and scourge of mankind, wherefore dost thou disturb my tranquillity? Then, almost in the same breath, would contradict myself, and cry out, Oh thou, the most powerful of all the deities which trembling mortals do adore! sweet conqueror! excuse my rashness; my heart belies the unjust complaints which my tongue has uttered: forgive this last effort of expiring reason. Behold in me, thy most religious votary—god of *Paphos* and *Idalia*! hear my prayer: inspire my beloved *Glison* with the same passion thou has kindled in my breast, and the blood of sparrows and doves, mixed with roses, shall lave thy altars.—The conflict was too great. My weak frame was not proof against so violent a struggle, my spirits sunk, my health was impaired, and I thought myself on the verge of dissolution. Food I tasted but just enough to support myself; sleep was a stranger to me, and yet nothing could allay my anguish, or assist me in my endeavours to overcome a passion which increased in proportion as my bodily strength failed me; though pride itself, the best, and perhaps only preserver of our sex's honour, seemed to condemn me for being thus the groveling slave of a bondsman.

“GLISON

“GLISON (this was, as you may have before observed, the name of the handsome youth) daily endeared himself to me; his conversation had new charms, and methought every day added some perfection to my lovely charmer. For now, that time had nearly worn out the sad remembrance of his former misfortunes, and excess of calamity had blunted the edge of grief and sorrow, his eyes sparkled with a new lustre, and his countenance, like the sun after a shower, emerging from the cloud which affliction had cast over it, shone with more than mortal comeliness, and exhibited to the admiring eye a living image of that celestial *Venus*, the master-piece of the painter *Apelles*. But, ah me! whilst *Glison* was so altered for the better, the change which I experienced enfeebled me more and more every day. The greatest torment lovers can endure filled up the measure of my woes; I mean that in proportion as my love increased, an ill-timed and unlucky timidity forced me to lock up my secret in my breast, and thus I kept up a flame which raged the fiercer for being confined: for although the workings of this tyrant passion were such as to set me above all the nicety of female decorum, yet I was too young, or perhaps too proud to expose myself by a declaration, the success of which was at best uncertain. I was nearly drove to despair, when the god of love casting an eye of pity on his drooping victim, blessed me at last with the wished-for opportunity. In one of our tête-à-têtes, the grateful *Glison*, observing the state of my health, and remembering how careful I had been of his, ventured to ask me a few questions, which I answered only with a flood of tears. They said much, and were not misunderstood by *Glison*, whose visible emotion was the first ray of comfort
that

that cheered my almost broken heart. He spake not ; but his silence was far more pleasing and expressive than words. We mingled our tears : mine were the expression of joy and unspeakable delight ; as I saw that they had made an impression on that heart which they were meant to subdue. Oh, extatic recollection ! that happy hour will ever live in my memory. But, alas ! the dear object is for me no more, his death was the only sorrow I have had to bear since the blissful instant that gave him to my arms.—Ye tender and lovely youths, if ever your hearts are inclined to love, never complain of pains and toils ; a moment of bliss compensates for a whole year of troubles and disappointments !”

HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

How the Count DE FOIX was very suddenly apprized of what had happened at the battle of JUBEROTH, in a marvellous manner ; together with a very apposite story of a familiar spirit, called ORTHON, who did a service something similar to his master the Lord of CORASSE.

THE battle of Juberoth is much talked of in ancient records ; it was fought during the wars of John King of Castille, son to Henry of Tristemare, against Denis King of Portugal ; willing to enforce their respective claim to the latter kingdom. On that memorable day the Castillans, as well as the French who had espoused their quarrel, were totally routed with a prodigious slaughter. The fact, related by Froissard on this occasion, is truly remarkable. This historian, in the 17th chapter

of the third book of his *Chronicle*, says, "That the very next day after the battle, the Count *de Foix* was informed of every particular; a circumstance which, from the distance of place, appears morally impossible."

ON * the Sunday, and the two following days, the Count *de Foix*, who was then at his seat of *Ortez*†, lived so retired and melancholy that, for those three days, he would not utter a syllable, go out of his room, nor suffer even his dearest friends and relations to come near his apartment. On the Tuesday evening he called to him his brother *Arnaut Guillaume*, and whispered in his ear, "Our men have been worsted yesterday at *Juberoth*, a misfortune which I had foretold should happen to them." *Arnaut*, who was a brave and discrete knight, took at first but little notice of what his brother said; but the count raising his voice, said, "I tell you once more, brother, that what I say is true. You shall soon hear more particulars; but never did the country of *Bearn* lose, at any period, for these three hundred years past, so many persons of distinction as have fallen yesterday in the field of *Juberoth*." Several knights and esquires who were then present paid little attention to the count's speech; though, awed by the respect they bore to so great a personage, none of them dared to offer a single word, or ask any question about the matter. In about

* The story is related to *Froissard* by one of the Count's gentlemen.

† *Ortez* is a small town situated in *Bearn*, within twenty-one miles of *Pau*, the capital of that Province.

ten days after, the whole of the story was known by the unquestionable report of the few who had escaped the almost general slaughter of their countrymen, and was severely felt by most of the great families in the principality of *Bearn*, as there was hardly one who had not to lament the death of some friend, or near relation.

"Holy Virgin! exclaimed I, when the Esquire had given me this wonderful account, how could the Count even guess, much less know for certain, a piece of news which could not be brought in the common way to *Ortez*, in less than ten days?"—"I cannot tell you, replied the Esquire, how it happened, but it certainly was so:"—"It must then have come to his knowledge, said I, by means of some heavenly messenger, or by some conjuration and witchcraft, or else the Count must have received the dispatches by some winged emissary." "Surely, rejoined the gentleman, it must be by the magic art; and, on this, I shall relate to you a story nearly similar, which is generally known and believed as matter of fact, by the gravest and most learned inhabitants of this province.

"About twenty years ago, there lived within seven leagues of this place, a Baron of the name of *Raymon*, Lord of *Corasse*. This nobleman had a lawsuit depending at *Avignon*, on an action brought against him by a clergyman, who, in right of his living, laid claim to certain tithes on the above Lord's estate. He was admitted to prove his titles, and did it to the satisfaction of Pope *Urbanus V.* and his consistory, who acknowledged the justice of the clergyman's pretensions; delivering to him at the same time a copy in form of their definitive sentence. This the good priest thought a sufficient argument to silence the saucy layman, who

was

was threatened in case of disobedience, to be openly declared an enemy to the church and its divine rights. But *Raymon* was proof against these menaces, and would have sooner renounced to his holiness's blessing for ever, than part with one inch of his estate. Therefore, knowing that the priest was returning triumphant from *Avignon*, he met him on the way, and accosted him in these words: "Do you imagine, master *Martin*, that, by virtue of your scrap of paper, you will be permitted to rob me of my patrimony, or my vassals of the fruit of their toilsome harvest? This would be truly a very great mistake, which might turn out badly for you in the end; for I pledge you my honour, and swear to you by my knighthood, that you shall answer upon your head for the least attempt to put your pretended rights in force. So, believe me, return from whence you came; for not a tithe shall you gather in any part of my estate." The Priest, who knew that the Baron was irascible, and cruelly inclined, did not dare to forego *Raymon's* commands; but, before he parted from him—"My trade is not fighting, my Lord, said he, but ere it is long, you shall see a champion that will be a match for you."—"Go to, thou impudent varlet, answered the Lord of *Corasse*, neither thou, nor all thy consistory shall ever frighten me out of my estate; no, nor out of a barley corn belonging to me or mine." So saying, he turned his back, and rode towards *Corasse*. Matters remained in this situation for some time, and you may well think that the proud Baron had as readily forgot, as he had slighted the threats of the disappointed Priest. But the latter, like the generality of men in that profession, suffered his resentment to lay dormant some

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time, in order only to make more sure of his revenge. One night, as the Baron laid in bed, he was awakened by violent raps at the outer-gate, and at the door of his bed-room; while the foot of several persons, parading about the house, were distinctly heard by the Knight. The story goes, that he was not at all dismayed; but of this you may believe what you please. The noise lasted violently for two hours, and then all was hushed again. This sudden transition from so great an uproar to a perfect tranquillity, gave time to *Raymon* to recollect himself, and, by the reflections which this event brought to his mind, he was convinced that it must be the effect of some præternatural agency, as on the morrow no footstep could be traced. The Lord of *Cerasse* going to bed the next night, resolved at all events to endeavour to come at the truth of this affair, in case the same should happen again. About the same hour as the preceding night, the farce was repeated with the addition of breaking windows and crockery ware. The Baron, seating himself on the bed, desired, in a commanding tone of voice, to be informed "who dared to rap at his door in so violent a manner."—"It is I, replied a rough voice, my name is *Orthon*, a familiar spirit: remember the Priest, and restore the tithes thou hast deprived him of, or else henceforth expect never more to close your eyes to sleep."—"As to that matter, replied *Raymon*, I shall do as well as I can; but so long as I am not totally out of my senses, never shall pay a lazy priest tithes even for straws in my estate.—But, gentle sprite! how canst thou live with so infamous a master? consent to be mine; I shall use thee gently: whilst the dastardly gownsmen will for ever torment,

torment, by sending thee on his mischievous errands."

—The speech had the desired effect. *Orthon*, from this instant, devoted himself entirely to the service of *Raymon*; whom he would often disturb from his rest, to give him an account of what passed in the different parts of the world. The Baron, who knew that the Count *de Foix* was very fond of news, straitly forwarded his intelligence to *Ortez*. For five years together did *Raymon* puzzle the Count, by acquainting him with particulars, which no one heard of for several months after he had received his information. At last, the Count having one day plied his friend with repeated drafts of excellent wine, the latter disclosed the whole secret to him. The Lord of *Ortez* congratulated him on so excellent an acquisition, wishing at the same time to be master of so useful a servant.

It is not known whether *Orthon* waited on any one besides the Baron; but he constantly visited him whenever he had news of any consequence. Four days however had elapsed since *Orthon* had been heard of, and, as the Baron was conversing with the Count, seemingly alarmed at so long an absence.—"Never mind it, says the Count, perhaps some thing material is going forwards, which he must enquire minutely into, before he returns to you."—"But my, Lord, I wonder you never yet desired to see what sort of a being, and of what form your *Orthon* may be. I must own that, were I in your case, I would ask him to shew himself. *Raymon* promised to do it. While he was undressing that very night, he heard a gentle tap at the door, and presently knew that it was his sprite. "Where hast thou been, says he to him?"—"In many places since I was here last, answered *Orthon*; but now I come from

Prague, about sixty days journey from hence, which I performed in about twelve hours." His master next questioned him about the manner of travelling so expeditiously. This brought on a new conversation, in which the Baron expressed a wish that his friend *Orthon* would assume some visible form whatever. "Why should you wish to see me, said *Orthon*? You had better forego your intention, the request, believe me, is indiscrete, and you may have occasion to repent if you persist in your desire: for where you command I must obey, be the consequence what it may."—"Well then I command thee,"—"if so, wait 'till to-morrow, and the first thing you will cast your eye upon, when you get up, will be *Orthon*,"—The Baron, as soon as daylight peeped into his room, began to dress himself leisurely, expecting every minute to see *Orthon*; but he looked about in vain, and when the spirit came to him at night, he upbraided him for his duplicity.—"Why, my Lord, answered the urchin, you have seen, but taken no notice of me. Recollect yourself. The first thing you saw, were two bits of straw dancing about the bed as if agitated by the mild breath of *Zephyrus*."—"It was so,"—"Well, this was your slave."—"I wish to see thee; nay, I command that thou mayest next appear to me in a more remarkable shape."—"It shall be done. I shall be the first object that will strike your eye to-morrow morning as you look out of the window." *Raymon* sunk into a profound sleep, and in the morning went to a window that looked into the yard. There he beheld a monstrous and frightful sow, with a large head, a long tail, and a very emaciated body. He instantly called to his man, ordering him to let his hounds

hounds loose upon the monster; but they were hardly turned out, when a shriek was heard, and the sow vanished. The Baron discovered his error, but it was too late. In vain did he prepare to apologize the ensuing night for his unlucky mistake; *Orthon* never returned, and *Raymon* died within the year. Thus have I given you a true and faithful account of the Baron and his invisible spy."

"BUT, Sir, says I, what has this story to do with what we were talking about before? Sure, you do not mean to insinuate that the Count has a familiar also?"

"Indeed, replied the gentleman, it is the general opinion of all ranks of people in this province: for nothing happens in the remotest corner of the world, but what he is informed of, months before it can be publicly known. We have a recent instance of it in the news he had, so many days before any body else, of our defeat at *Juberath*. And let me assure you, Sir, that his being provided with so useful a servant is of great advantage to the community; for there is no theft committed, but what is instantly brought to light."

HERE my companion left me lost in wonder at what I had heard, and firmly resolved to record it, which I have done in his very words,

THE

THE HISTORY OF
CLARIS AND LARIS,
A ROMANCE OF CHIVALRY.

EXTRACTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT

*In the possession of Mr. DE ST. PALAYE, and relative to
the history of the TWELVE WORTHIES of the ROUND
TABLE.*

WE can boast of no proof to ascertain who was the author of this old romance, and know no other MS. than that from which the following pages have been extracted; mention being made of it only in the catalogue of the *French King's* library. All that we can say with certainty is, that this romance is posterior to that of the *Knight of the Lion*, since the latter and its author are quoted in the work now before us.

IN the reign of the renowned *Arthur*, King of *Great Britain*, there lived in *Gascony*, a sovereign, whose name was *Ladon*, married to the beautiful *Lidamia*, daughter to an Emperor of *Germany*, and grand-niece to King *Arthur*. This Princess, who was accounted the fairest of her sex, had hardly completed her third lustre; whilst her royal consort was in his hundredth year. So disproportionate a difference of ages, which might have startled

startled a vulgar husband, did not in the least terrify the bold *Ladon*. He knew that *Lidamia*, trained up from her infancy in all the virtues which render the fair sex as great an object of man's admiration, as nature has calculated them to captivate the heart, would never swerve from those principles; and therefore thought himself perfectly secure, and that the Emperor's daughter would prove no less dutiful than she was handsome. Among the young gentlemen or esquires who had been brought up at the court of *Gascony*, the most remarkable was *Claris*, son to a Duke, vassal to King *Ladon*. He was nearly of the same age with the Queen; and at that time of life the "Heyday of the blood is *wild*, and waits *not* upon the judgment." The Queen's exquisite beauty made the strongest impressions on the youthful page, who, in her presence, was so disconcerted, as not to be able to go through the duties of his office, which was to wait as decker and carver to their Majesties. This appeared in several instances, which, though trifling in themselves, are accounted very significant in love affairs. At times, setting a dish on the table, he would spill the contents; at others, he would cut his fingers instead of the meat he had to carve; for, whilst his eyes were revetted on the mistress of his heart, the amorous youth could mind nothing else. The King thought him very awkward and unhandy. The Queen proved a better judge, and laid his absence of mind to a far different cause than want of dexterity. But she was too virtuous, and too attentive to what a wife, and above all, a Princess owes to the world and herself, to boast of her sagacity in this instance: yet *Lidamia* was a woman, *Claris* graceful and handsome; two excellent reasons for even a Queen not to be displeased at the discovery.

MEANWHILE

MEANWHILE *Claris*, whose passion daily increased, grew every day more unfit for his employment; till at last, weighed down by the conflict of love and honour, he fell dangerously ill. Nature, the strength of his constitution, and above all, perhaps, his unconquerable pugnance to physic and physicians, restored health to his body; but nothing could afford relief to his disturbed mind. As he recovered his strength apace, the King said to him one day, "My good varlet*, thou seemest calculated for something better than carving and waiting; so inactive a life is irksome to thy youth. Thou hadst better hie thee to *England*; King *Arthur's* court is the best school for valour and chivalry: my Queen will give thee letters to that great Prince our kinsman, and, coming with such a recommendation, thou canst not fail of being well received, and wilt be taught the art of war, more becoming thy age and high birth, than carving a joint or decking a table." The Queen, with great complacency, said, "That she rejoiced at the opportunity of serving the young man, by recommending him strongly to the notice and patronage of her royal uncle." This assurance, and the manner in which it was given, removed all the objections which the enamoured *Claris* might have urged against undertaking a voyage that would put such distance between him and the person he adored. But considering that honour on his part, and the Queen's unshaken virtue were obstacles not to be removed; then

* This appellation was far from being accounted ignominious at that time; as it was common to all the young gentlemen who had been brought up at court from their youth, and were of the household.

reflecting on *Lidamia's* advice, and pleasingly recollecting the affability and unspeakable sweetness with which she had expressed herself, he prudently resolved to set out for *England* for a few days. On the eve of his departure, *Laris*, the Queen's brother, declared he would bear him company. A conformity of tempers and inclinations had long established a mutual friendship between the young Prince and *Clariss*, who was of the same age, and proud of an intimacy with *Laris*; not because he was of so elevated a rank, but because he was *Lidamia's* brother. The King, who was consulted in this matter, gave a ready assent, and before they left the court they were knighted by *Ladon*. The Queen, with great affection, recommended her brother to the care of *Clariss*. The latter, unable to refrain from tears, replied, "Most gracious Queen! as long as I have a drop of blood in my veins, be assured that I shall shed it with pleasure in defence of his Highness. My life is yours, and I shall be happy to lay it down in the service of so near a relation to your Majesty." He could say no more; his voice failed him, and he could hardly muster strength enough to retire. The two young Knights set out at last with only a few attendants in their train.

On their way, they met with several hazardous adventures; but we shall only mention their principal achievements. As they were passing by a strong castle, a dwarf, with great politeness, invited them in his master's name to walk in, and take some refreshment. They got on the draw-bridge; but they had hardly reached the castle when the bridge was pulled up after them, and they were instantly beset by the master and all his servants. Their valour made amends for the imprudence they

had been guilty of. They killed most of their opponents and dispersed the rest. The master, brought down by *Claris* from his horse, begged his life; which the generous Knight was about to grant; when a damsel of exquisite beauty addressed him in these words, "Most noble and valorous Knight! do not spare the caitiff; but rather punish him at once for his numberless crimes. It has been his constant practice to decoy every passenger; attack them, as he has done you and your brave companion, then to put them to death, or keep them confined in horrid and gloomy dungeons. Thus is it that he hath used my dear *Yvain*, one of the most worthy and bravest Knights of the Round-table; come and break his chains; but first dispatch the traitor, or at least let him take *Yvain's* place."

CLARIS, complying with the latter part of her request, had the tyrant loaded with irons, and ordered him to be carried to the black hole, where he had confined the brave *Yvain*. The latter, greatly rejoiced at this unexpected turn of fortune, which restored him to liberty and love; for, as the less sagacious reader has already found out, the damsel was the *Lady Paramount of Yvain's thoughts*. After abundance of thanks and compliments had passed between the happy pair and their deliverers, they all sat down quietly to supper; thinking themselves now in perfect safety. But they were soon roused to arms by the approach of the dwarf, followed by a troop of banditti, who were in league with the blood thirsty Baron, and to whom the trusty pygmy had given the alarm, as soon as he saw that victory declared against his master. *Yvain*, who, by his experience and his great deeds of arms, was enabled to direct and execute, ordered the necessary

cautions to be taken, and to let the enemy enter the castle, and then attack them unawares. The villains fell a victim to their imprudence. Seeing they were not opposed, they rushed on heedlessly; but were so timely and vigorously assailed, that, notwithstanding their great superiority in point of number, they were all slain to a man. The master, who from his dungeon heard the outcries of his dying friends, and the victorious shouts of the conquerors, broke his chains; to run if possible to their assistance. Then, with a superior exertion of his bodily strength, wrenching the door from its hinges, he sallied out, and reached the field of battle, where he met with the fate of his accomplices. *Yvain* dined, and remained there the whole day. After having given the best instructions to his deliverers, both concerning the road they were to take, and how to behave at the court of *King Arthur*, he set out with the lady for a distant province, the name of which is not recorded by the author.

Our young Knights were crossing that part of the country, now called the *Marches of Poitou*. *Claris*, ever intent on the contemplation of *Lidamia's* dear image, was roused from his pleasing revery by the appearance of a horseman making towards the two friends. As he approached, they were struck with the costliness of his armour, and the magnificence of the horse's trappings. The man himself, however, did not seem to become all this finery; for he had hardly strength enough to keep in the saddle; whilst the sadness and dejection visible in his countenance, betrayed some inward grief that laid heavy on his mind. They accosted the stranger with all imaginable civility, proffering their services to help

him on the road.—“Alas! gentlemen, replied he, with a heart-renting sigh, I have no further hope of peace and happiness on this side of the grave; all I hold dear and precious in this world, my fair damsel, has been estranged from me in the most treacherous manner. My name is *Carados*, and, though I say it, is no disgrace to my fellow worthies of the *Round-table*. I am now in my way to the court of King *Arthur*, to beg the assistance of that Prince and his noble Knights, it is amongst them only that I can hope to find an avenger.” “You need not go so far, answered, unanimously, *Claris* and *Laris*, we may be perhaps, by our discretion, worthy of your confidence: and, as to redressing your grievances, we are ready to encounter, nay, to court danger undismayed.” “Gentle Knights, rejoined the afflicted *Carados*, your appearance and courage inspire me with esteem for you, and confidence in your word; I shall therefore briefly relate to you my disastrous adventure.

“I WAS on the eve of being married to a most beautiful and virtuous maiden, when *Ladas*, Lord of *Rocheles*, and my neighbour, envious of my happiness, and resolved to thwart it, sent me a challenge, by which he offered to dispute with me the possession of so valuable a treasure. I might have refused to meet him, nor would it have been derogatory to the laws of chivalry, since he was hardly known even by sight to the fair damsel; nor had he in any wise asserted his pretended right before I had been solemnly betrothed to her. Yet I was so enraptured with her beauties, that I could not bear the thought of any one presuming to lift up his eyes to the idol of my heart’s worship: so that, trusting to the little

fame

fame I have acquired by a few feats of arms, and well spoken of by my too partial friends, I obeyed the proud Lord's summons. Punctual to the time, I arrived on the spot before my antagonist made his appearance. But I should inform you (though you may think my rashness deserving of censure) that, in the heat of passion, I had sent word back to my rival, that I was ready to fight single against himself and two more; against six, if he would allow me a second; or against him and eight more, with two Knights beside myself. The terms were agreed to by him, but without specifying which he preferred: this I overlooked, thinking that he would meet me with two of his friends only, the first proposal being a sufficient mark of my contempt for him: upon this supposition, I brought no one with me to the appointed place. *Ladas* came at last, but better accompanied than I expected; for, having taken advantage of the last condition which I had mentioned, he had put himself at the head of eight of his vassal Knights. Had I had the least assistance at hand, I would have attacked them, regardless of their number; but being alone, what could I expect but death? and, what was still worse, to expire with the torturing certitude, that he should be happy in her love. I therefore declined the combat, as not being prepared for it. My adored fair one was put into the hands of the Barons, who were to have been witness of the contest; and *Ladas* declared, that unless within forty days I should come accompanied as I had proposed, the fair prize should be assigned over to him. King *Arthur* is gone into *Britanny*; his valorous Knights, my brethren, have no doubt followed our brave and worthy leader; so that I have every reason

reason to fear that I shall return too late, and thus lose the only woman that can make life desirable."

"SIR Knight, said *Claris* to him, your courage got certainly the better of your prudence; but we have engaged to serve you, and if the assistance of two young Knights, whom six adversaries cannot intimidate, proves acceptable, you need but speak; we are ready to follow you."

THIS bold offer, and the resolute manner in which *Claris* had spoke, revived the exhausted spirits of *Carados*, who, with joy and gratitude, closed with their proposals, and the three heroes galloped away towards *Rochelle*, where they immediately challenged *Ladas* to fulfil his promise. All the Knights of this and the adjacent countries, assembled on the appointed day, to see the issue of so important an event. The Barons to whose charge the Lady had been committed, brought her to the field of battle, where *Ladas* had the cowardice to appear at the head of eight Knights. But the very sight of his lovely mistress, had roused a lion within the breast of *Carados*; whilst indignation at *Ladas's* unmanliness, stimulated the undaunted courage of the two young Knights. They engaged; but, as if it had not been enough for the treacherous *Ladas* to have the advantage of three to one in the field, he had given particular directions to his followers to point their lances to the breasts of the horses, contrary to the express law of true chivalry. The three brave Knights had already dismounted three of their adversaries; but their own horses being now killed under them, they were obliged to fight on foot against the six that remained on horse-back. Enraged at so much perfidy, they hearkened

to

to nothing but the loud calls of a just resentment ; and, seizing the reins, to the manifest danger of being crushed to death, they endeavoured to make their opponents quit the saddle, or to stab them through the openings of their armour. *Carados* was beside himself, and, in spite of so many obstacles, endeavoured to cut his way to his detested rival. One would have thought that he sought for death, and would have welcomed it, if he could have rendered it fatal to the treacherous *Ladas*. At last, fortune favoured the just cause ; the Lord of *Rochelles*, forced from his horse, fell at the feet of *Carados*, who held his pointed sword to the throat of the prostrate truant. Meanwhile, the other champions did not dare to advance to his rescue, seeing the menacing posture of the victor, lest he should put their master to instant death. Thus forsaken and conquered, *Ladas* was obliged to beg for life, which the noble *Carados* did not think worth taking. Having called to the Barons to witness his victory, he ran to his betrothed to take her back from them. The lively apprehension of her lover's danger had deprived her of motion, and almost of life, nor did she come to herself for a long time. At last, opening her lovely eyes, she cast on *Carados* a look of fondness inexpressible. The first use she made of her speech, was to ask, with all the anxiety of love, whether he was wounded. On his giving her the most positive assurances that he was not, she sprung from him, and ran towards the place where the two other Knights stood, surrounded by a number of brave warriors, who, astonished at their youth, beauty, and above all, their behaviour on so memorable a day, were lavishing their encomiums on so much bravery and conduct. The

mistress

mistress of *Carados* broke through the valiant croud, and after having thanked the two Knights in the warmest terms her gratitude could suggest; she gave each of them a salute. The whole assembly echoed their applause at so well-deserved a favour.—Happy days of innocence, when a modest kiss, granted by the fair, was accounted an adequate reward for the noblest deeds! our present Knights would not be quite so moderate. After having been entertained some days with the greatest magnificence, and received the highest honours, *Claris* and his royal companion set out in their way to *Britanny*, where King *Arthur* was at that time.

THE road they were to follow, led through the forest of *Brosseliande*, where *Merlin* was spell-bound by the enchantments of the fairy *Viviana*. Her pupil *Morgana*, who was likewise a fairy, had fixed herself in this forest. We read in the history of the Round Table, that *Morgana* was sister to King *Arthur*, and had spent some years at his court, where she had been for a time its greatest ornament, by the attractive charms of her youth and beauty. But at last, age having impaired her charms, she had recourse to art. That of the toilet, common to all her sex, was the first she tried; yet even this soon grew insufficient; and *Morgana*, convinced by experience, that no human artifice can controul the irresistible power of time, nor clog its fleeting wings, was reduced to the necessity of employing the charms of her potent incantations. It is by such means only, that a woman of *Morgana's* years can flatter herself to attract the notice of the other sex: and, as the secret is lost, the old matrons of the present age, if they are not fairies, should retire in time, nor think
rouge

rouge and cosmetics a sufficient spell to charm and seduce mankind, or hide the natural defects of threescore. *Morgana* made several conquests, and of course, many enemies amongst the damsels who found themselves forsaken by their disloyal Knights. The fairy gave proofs of her partial preference to the great *Lancelot of the Lake*, which *Genevieve*, *Arthur's* beauteous consort, bore very impatiently. At last, whether she took a dislike to the court, or the court to her, she thought proper to retire to the forest we speak of; where, at her command, her invisible agents erected an enchanted palace. She was followed in her delicious retreats by young and beautiful Varlets, Esquires, and as many Knights as preferred the inglorious, but delightful pleasures that awaited them with *Morgana*, to the honourable toils of knight-errantry. The fairy was also constantly attended by spirits, and other familiars, who gave her an exact account of what passed within a certain distance from her palace, and assisted her in inveigling every traveller whom she best thought worth her notice.

CLARIS, and *Lidamia's* brother were ensnared, as many hundreds had been before them. They were at three miles distance from *Morgana's* retreat, when two beautiful kids, skipping before, seemed to invite them to follow their track through a most luxuriant grove. They had not gone above an hundred yards in that enchanting road, before they met with a company of hunters and huntresses, with whom they readily mixed, in order to follow the sport. As they drew nearer to the palace, a troop of dancing shepherds and shepherdesses joined their company, 'till our Knights came to

the very gate; and, as it was opened, curiosity enticed them to examine the inside of a dwelling, which, from the outward appearance, promised so ample a gratification to their senses. They were not mistaken; every object they met with was equally surprising and new: 'till at last, entering the house, they were led through a range of anti-chambers, each surpassed by the next in point of elegance and splendour, to *Morgana's* apartment, which was hung with a pink lustring, richly fringed with gauze and artificial flowers. The fairy in a light, and attitude best calculated to set off her borrowed charms, was reclined on a couch. She negligently raised her head, and welcomed her new guests. "Princes, said she to them, by my skill in divination, I know who you are, and I am proud to see you within these walls, where you may assure yourselves of a reception equal to your rank and deserts—then, turning to her attendants; reach here two arm chairs for my noble guests—be seated, brave Sirs! But heavens! stay you awhile: armed at all points as you are now, you will tear the furniture to rags—Come, YE NYMPHS, UNARM THESE GENTLE KNIGHTS;* free their delicate limbs from these heavy and troublesome accoutrements."—The nymphs obeyed, and the fairy continued her address to the Knights:—"I flatter myself you will favour me with your company at supper. You will meet with a better fare than you could look for in some bye inns, supposing you should even find such an accommodation."—Who could refuse so polite an invitation?—"Now, gentlemen, resumed *Mor-*

* See the Plate. *Morgana,*



Digiton del.

Wells sc.

*Ye Nymphs unarm
these gentle Knights*

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gana, if you have been told by some slanderer that I am a witch, I hope that you harbour no prejudice against me, and that I shall not frighten you. I freely acknowledge that I know more than the generality of women do, but all my dealings are as fair as myself; and you may see that I am not unseemly: true it is, that I love young people, they entertain and please me; but I am very far from intending them any harm; so far indeed, that I shall readily superintend your education: I shall put you in the way of thriving in the world, and I dare say you will, with my advice, get to the rugged temple of glory, through a path equally easy and pleasing. But that you may not think that I speak upon a mere guess, I shall convince you that I am no stranger to your qualities and persons. In you, *Claris*, I see one of the greatest Lords in *Gascony* or *Aquitaine*; and you, *Laris*, are brother to the fair *Lidamia*, *Ladon's* royal consort. You see that I know ye both. Come, *Claris*, give me your hand, and let us go to supper."

THE cheer was abundant and delicate, and our two Knights rested on the best beds they had met with since their departure from the kingdom of *Ladon*. The next day *Morgana* improved upon them, by her engaging manner and civility. She resolved to take upon herself the training up of *Claris*, and the German Prince was committed to the trust of the most faithful of her attendants, called *Madoina*. "My dear, said the fairy to her, I commit Prince *Laris* to your care: shew him all the beauties of this place, so as to entice his curiosity, and make him wish to stay with us; but beware you do not fatigue him by too much exercise, that I may walk with him in my turn."

WHATEVER care the fairy took to please and entertain them, the young Princes were sensible of their disagreeable situation. A cage, for being gilt over and enriched with most costly jewels, does not change its nature; and captivity, whatever the appearance may be, is always grievous to a generous mind. *Claris*, whom nothing could estrange from his fidelity to Queen *Lidamia*, lent but an unwilling ear to the cajoling of *Arthur's* sister. He nevertheless dissembled, and his youth favoured the cheat. *Laris* acted the same part with his tutoreſs *Madoina*. It was in vain for *Morgana* to expoſtulate with them in the moſt endearing language—"Lovely youth; ſaid ſhe, what can entice ye to repair to my brother's court? Is it merely to ſeek after adventures? I have it in my power to ſatisfy you within theſe very walls, where, without danger, you may gain the glorious trophies of knight-errantry! At your command, by my ſkill in the magic art, which I mean to render ſubſervient to your wiſhes, I ſhall raiſe the moſt frightful dragons for you to deſtroy; giants who will fall under your conquering ſwords, and whole armies that will by you be routed, by theſe means your eyes will be uſed to ſuch horrid fights, and when real monſters come in your way, you ſhall be prepared to meet them undiſmayed." Our Knights were not to be deluded by her artful reasonings; yet, in order to keep themſelves in exerciſe, they conſented to the mock fights. But when they had an opportunity of holding a ſecret converſation together, the manner how to break out of their priſon was the favourite theme. Yet they looked upon their deliverance as morally impoſſible. The palace was encompaſſed with the ſtrongeſt walls, and of ſuch a height that their tower-
ing

ing tops seemed to be "cloud capt." Nor was there a door, gate, or wicket to be seen. Twenty times they had walked round, and minutely examined the place; but all in vain: till *Laris* bethought himself of a stratagem which had the desired success.

THE Prince doubled his care and assiduity with his fair tutorefs, and, improving one of those extatic moments, when prudence being thrown off her guard, a mistress can refuse nothing to a lover, he begged *Madoina* to give a proof of the sincerity of her love, by telling him how it was possible to get out of the enchanted palace. The nymph hesitated for some time, till unable to contain the mighty secret, she satisfied his curiosity. They were at the furthest end of the garden, when, shewing him a ring fastened to the wall, "Look here, said she, in this ring you have the master-key of the garden. You need but pull it to you, and the towering wall will instantly disappear." *Laris*, seemingly out of joke, tried the experiment, and saw the wall give way. The high road now appeared before him, and he might have effected his escape that very instant, had he not thought it more advisable to dissemble his intentions for a few days. He replaced the ring, and, arm-in-arm, with his dear *Madoina*, returned to the palace. Having imparted his discovery to *Claris*, they jointly begged the fairy to order a tournament for the next day, in which, by tilting with fantastical opponents, they might learn to encounter real ones. Their suit was readily granted, and *Morgana* appointed a day for that purpose. Meanwhile the Knights begged that their horses and armours might be returned, and that leave be granted them to ride about the park in order to be the better prepared. This was
com-

complied with, and the ladies followed them in carriages ready for the occasion. The young heroes, having clapped spurs to their steeds, were soon at the end of the garden. Having reached the spot where liberty awaited them, *Laris* pulled the mysterious ring, and the road lying open before them, they followed it so long, and with so much speed, that they soon found themselves out of sight of the enchanted castle, and the power of its wicked mistress.

At last, having crossed the forest and travelled on a few days, they arrived at the place where *Arthur* kept his court. They were welcomed in a very flattering manner; for *Yvain* and *Carados*, whom they had delivered, had not been sparing of their encomiums, and had prepared their royal master to receive them as they deserved. Here they tarried for near a year. Was there a perilous adventure to undertake, a public robber, or disloyal giant to destroy, our two Knights were ever ready to appear in the field of honour, and share in the glory as they had done in the dangers attending such noble achievements. They were so inseparable, that each would have thought himself successful but by halves, had he conquered alone, and their intimacy was not less admired than their heroic behaviour in every perilous occasion. Amongst the ancient Knights, the greatest friendship and unanimity was ever religiously preserved by those who were, what was then termed, *brethren in arms*; but, besides this noble motive, our two Knights were bound to each other by a conformity of age, temper, and inclinations; and *Claris* above all loved *Laris* as being the brother of the beautiful *Lidamia*.

THEIR

THEIR return to the court of *Ladon*, was celebrated by a grand joust and tournament, given in compliment to them, by the old Monarch. *Claris*, as usual, distinguished himself; but had the misfortune of being wounded; and his friend *Laris* ordered him to be conveyed to his own apartment in the palace. The Queen went to visit him, apparently out of mere civility; but she was guided by another impulse, which human frailty cannot withstand: namely, the love she secretly entertained for the handsome youth; a sentiment, which her unshaken virtue had hitherto forced her to conceal. One day, her Majesty being alone with the wounded Knight, and having made the accustomed enquiries concerning his health; the latter, who thought the opportunity favourable to a declaration of his love, answered, "that his outward wound gave him no sort of uneasiness; but there is one, added he, which is far more dangerous, and will never be healed. Never! no! never shall I get cured of it, as I dare not ask for relief; and if I dared, it would be refused." *Lidamia* begged a clearer explanation. This he gave, by entering into a detail of the progress which love had made in his heart since he had been blessed for the first time with the sight of her; of his efforts to stifle the growing flame, by tearing himself from the court of *Ladon*; and finally, of what he had suffered during so insupportable an absence.

ALTHOUGH this declaration was by no means disagreeable to the Queen; yet she thought it became her dignity to shew an apparent resentment at so much boldness. "*Claris*, said *Lidamia*, I had hitherto esteemed and respected you as the bravest of our Knights, and I valued

valued in you my brother's friend. I did not expect that such sentiments should ever be repaid with this insulting behaviour, equally affronting to me and my royal consort. Since you have been so bold and indiscrete as to mention to me your criminal inclination, it behoves me never to visit you again; nay, and to desire you never to appear in my presence."

So severe a rebuke was more than *Claris* could bear; he felt motionless, and remained so long in that condition, that he was thought to have breathed out his last. Those who came into his room, after the Queen's departure, gave out the report, and the palace instantly resounded with the most lamentable accents. Matrons, maidens, knights, varlets, all paid to his memory the tribute of their grief. The alarm soon reached *Lidamia's* brother; he flew to his apartment, and embracing the cold body of *Claris*, bathed it with the tears of mourning friendship. But, having applied his hand to the Knight's breast, he felt the pulsation of his heart. This fortunate discovery, which filled *Laris* with joy, was soon improved to recall *Claris* to his senses. Considering that his wound, being but slight, could not alone have produced so alarming an effect; *Laris* was led to suspect that some inward, and very affecting grief, was the hidden cause that had brought his friend to death's door: he even tacitly accused his sister of having greatly contributed to this accident, and hastened to her apartments to know how far his suspicions were well founded. The Queen was disconcerted at his approach, and blushed very significantly: but, as truth and sincerity were the leading qualities of her noble mind, she frankly owned all that had passed in *Claris's* apartment.

Laris

blamed

blamed her much for so ill-timed a piece of severity ; declaring, that he had long been acquainted with his friend's inclination, which, as it was no less honourable, than he knew it to be sincere, he had never thought of opposing it ; but, on the contrary, approved of his sentiments, and fostered his hopes. He begged and entreated his sister ; nay, required, as a proof of her friendship for him, that she would come to *Claris*, and not only to sooth him with good words, but even to complete his recovery, by permitting him to salute her lips. She at first strenuously remonstrated against so improper a step, which militated, she said, against her duty towards her Lord and herself. " It is not, added the Queen, that I would refuse such a favour, were my heart at my disposal ; for I readily confess, that there is not a subject in this kingdom, for whom I have a greater regard than I entertain for *Claris*."—" Well then, my lovely sister, pledge me your word, that if you survive the old King, you will give the preference to *Claris*. Meanwhile come with me to his apartment, and grant him that favour, which, being urged by me, cannot be degrading, and which I consider as the only means of preserving the life of the bravest Champion of Chivalry, and your brother's dearest friend. We shall then set out for *England* if you should think it expedient ; nor shall we return till you desire it."

LARIS's reasons were well urged ; but would have perhaps availed little, had they not been enforced by the powerful advocate that pleaded his friend's cause in *Lidamia's* gentle breast. She followed her brother to his apartment ; but when she saw *Claris* pale and wan, ready to fall a victim to her barbarity, instead of the promised

salute, she more than once kissed the fainting *Claris*. This revived the nearly expiring Knight, who, casting on the Queen a look expressive of all his heart-felt gratitude, exclaimed with the accent of rapture and ecstasy, "Oh, beautiful sovereign of my heart! this alone could recall your despairing Knight to life and happiness; so saying, he threw his arms round her neck and returned a hundred-fold the embraces he had received." At last, disengaging herself, "My brother, said she, has insisted upon my giving you this first proof of my friendship; nay, since it is too late to dissemble, I shall call it my love. I have the more readily consented, as I firmly rely on your honour, and trust that you will, in compliance to a necessity urged by virtue and decorum, fulfil the promise he has given in your name, of leaving this kingdom as soon as your health will enable you to support the fatigue of a voyage." "Alas! replied *Claris*, it is but too plain that, when *Laris* entered into this engagement, he did not consult the inclination of his friend. But, my most gracious Queen, it is enough that you have signified your pleasure; and, were it to cost me my life, your royal commands shall be obeyed."

A few days after the two Knights set out with a numerous retinue, and twenty-four horses given them as a present by King *Ladon*. Night coming on, our travellers pitched their tents in a most beautiful plain, where, after a plentiful supper, they retired to rest. Towards midnight three ladies passed by this place in their way to *Ladon's* palace, in search of the two young Knights. The principal among them, and the only one whose name it is necessary to mention, was *Madoina*, who imprudently complying with the entreaties of *Laris*,
her

her pupil, had favoured the escape of the two heroes from *Morgana's* enchanted castle. Their flight had greatly irritated *Arthur's* sister, who justly suspected her nymph *Madoina* of having betrayed a secret, which the royal fairy had imparted to no one of her attendants beside this her favourite. *Madoina* had some very personal reasons to be sorry for what she had done; but in vain did she endeavour to deprecate *Morgana's* resentment; the fairy would not listen to her tears and apologies, which, though ever so sincere, could not bring back to her arms, her beloved *Claris*. She, however, took no further revenge on her repenting nymph than turning her out of the castle, with the strictest injunction never to approach it again. *Madoina* was followed in her exile by two of her companions. During her long servitude with *Morgana*, the former had acquired knowledge and skill enough in the black-art to be a very expert fairy, though of an inferior class. She took up her residence in a tower that stood on the skirts of the forest of *Brofseliande*; and, by her art, had transformed it into a tolerable copy of *Morgana's* palace. The gardens she encompassed round with magic walls, nearly similar to those which we have already described. As for the means of opening and shutting it up, they were exactly the same: but, in order to prevent any escape in future, she placed a most frightful giant, and all the horrid monsters she could raise, on the outside, near the spot where it might be attempted. When once she had settled every thing to her fancy, her next care was to sally forth in search of her dear *Laris*, in full confidence that, if she could once more get him within her power, he would never be able to leave her more. The intelligence which she had lately

received from her airy spies, had directed her wandering steps to the place where the Knights were encamped, and her joy at being so near her beloved *Laris*, cannot well be expressed. By reciting a few magic words, she plunged the Princes and their attendants into a lethargical sleep, and, making a proper use of the favourable opportunity, commanded some of her nimblest spirits to seize on *Laris*, and convey him safe to her palace, where she soon followed.

THE spell, in which *Madoina* had bound the whole camp, being broke, *Clariss* and his retinue awoke and prepared for their instant departure; but let our readers imagine their surprize and terror, when, after several hours spent in a fruitless search, they found no trace of the *German Prince*. *Clariss* was thrown by this accident into a situation little short of despair. He had not only lost a friend; but in him *Lidamia's* brother, and for whose safety he had pledged himself to the beautiful Queen. In vain the Knights who accompanied him did all they could to sooth and comfort him; he was deaf to all their remonstrances, and nothing could assuage his grief. At last it was resolved that the small party should disperse, and each take to a different road in quest of the Prince, who they thought was not far enough yet not to be overtaken; especially as their number was sufficient to divide between them the several roads. They parted, each in hopes of being the happy man who should first come up with *Laris*; they however met with no success, and a few of them only having found their way to the court of King *Arthur*, gave the alarming intelligence. The Prince of *Germany* had secured the friendship, and deserved the esteem of the Twelve Worthies, who, all to a man, resolved to go in search of him; but,

as they did not exactly know which way he was gone ; this expedition only served to procure to those brave Knights the opportunity of displaying their wonted courage in some private adventures ; nor was their chief purpose answered, till an odd circumstance happened which we are about to relate ; but first we beg leave to carry our readers back to *Madoina's* palace, where she arrived an hour after *Laris* had been conveyed there by her ethereal agents.

LIDAMIA's brother coming to himself, nearly at the same instant as his fellow-travellers were so anxious on his account, was strangely amazed, instead of the tent which he had entered that very night, to see himself placed on a most elegant bed in a room neatly furnished, the windows of which were closely shut up and barred in and out. His wonder gave way to a sensation more disagreeable, when the first object that struck him was *Madoina* sitting by his bed-side. Conscious of the wrong he had done to the fair sorceress, he gave himself up for lost, and expected the worst treatment ; when *Morgana's* late waiting woman, assuming the most tender and passionate air, addressed him in the following words :
 " Thou art once more, gentle Knight, not in *Morgana's*, but offended *Madoina's* power. Thy destiny is in my hands, and I might take a severe revenge by embittering every hour of thy life. Thou hast imposed on my weak fond heart ; but I am easily pacified ; tarry with me for some time : let thy love for glory rest awhile, and enjoy the sweets of this retreat. Thou wilt be here equally happy, if not more so than thou wast at *Morgana's*. I shall only be more cautious, and keep thee in safer custody : and, lest thou shouldst offer to make thy escape, learn
 that

that my power is at least equal to that of my former mistress." *Laris* stood mute, and for some time could not recover the use of his speech, so thunderstruck was he at every thing he saw and heard. "I leave you to your meditations, continued *Maddina*, I shall retire for awhile; but remember, that you are now in the power of a woman, who loves, though she ought to hate you. Ponder well on the consequence, and take your resolves accordingly."

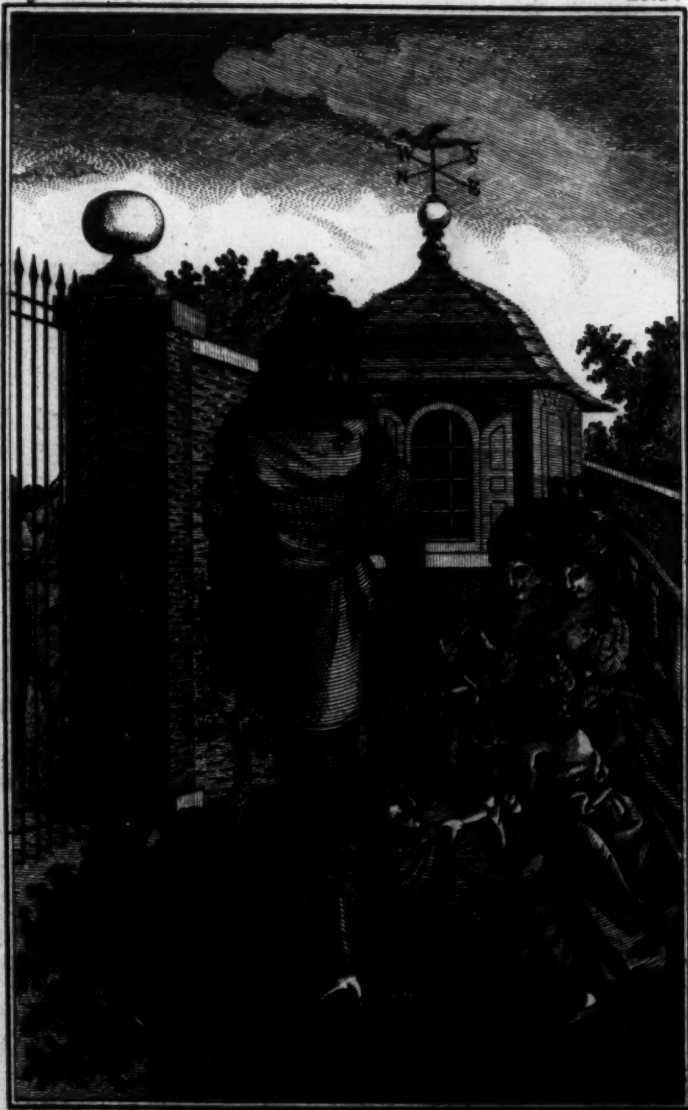
LARIS, left to himself, considering where he was, and that no way was left for him to escape, thought that the only method of freeing himself from this new slavery was to have recourse to the very same means he had employed to get out of *Morgana's* power; fondly imagining that *Maddina*, though already taught by experience, might still be made his dupe. He therefore welcomed her at her return, in a manner that proved highly satisfactory; and, although she was neither young nor handsome, his own youthful vigour, and the hopes of regaining his liberty, made of our hero a perfect *Hercules*; so that the fairy congratulated herself for having ensnared once more her dear *Laris*; whilst, relying on the precautions she had taken, she flattered herself to keep him long in bondage. *Maddina* gave him all the freedom he could wish for in his prison; such as walking about the gardens, &c. but in vain did he endeavour to get from her the method of breaking the spell that held him fast. She stood upon her guard, and warned by her own experience, she suffered none of her female attendants to come near him, lest they should be seduced by his persuasive eloquence. Meanwhile the giant beat his rounds night and day, and the monsters protected the enchanted place from any outward

ward attack. The Prince of *Germany* was now sensible that all his cunning would prove ineffectual to impose once more on *Madoina's* weakness, and looked upon himself as for ever sequestered from the world and his friends. An unforeseen event however, which took place about this time, and which we have hinted at before, gave some relief to the melancholy that began to assail him, and impair both his beauty and constitution.

AMONG the Knights of the *Round-table*, who went in quest of *Laris*, the *Seneschal Queux*, as famous for his mischance and laughable adventures, as the others were justly celebrated for their deeds of arms, was one of the foremost, as he used to be upon all occasions, though oftener guided by a spirit of *fanfaronade*, than any principle of real valour. He was the first who made the discovery of *Madoina's* palace, and his mishap in this place surpassed, if possible, his former miscarriages. The crossing of *Brosseliande* forest had detained him above two days, and *Mergana's* sprites had not thought him worthy of being introduced to her fairyship. At last, after having fasted the whole day, he reached the outward wall of *Madoina's* castle, fatigued and almost starved; for he had nothing left of the provisions he had taken with him, except a few scraps, which he now got together, and swallowed down with the most voracious appetite. Having washed down his dry and uncomfortable meal with a glass or two of wine, which had likewise been spared on the preceding evening; he spied some moss gathered at the foot of the wall, and, having made his horse fast at a little distance from him, he laid down, and composed himself to rest on the bed which nature seemed to have provided for his wearied limbs. The reader must

must be informed that this very moss made part of the giant's provision for his own litter. He had carefully gathered it in the morning, and laid it there, till, at day close, he should come for it. *Queux* had hardly tasted the sweets of balmy sleep, when the giant came to take up his bed. He first spied the horse, and conveyed him into the park. Then casting his glaring eyes on the moss, he perceived the diminutive Knight, who, having been awakened by the heavy footstep of the earth-quaking giant, had buried himself deep into the moss. The monster, laying on him another load, took the whole on his shoulders, and carried it off. Having got on the other side of the wall, and, with his usual care, made the door fast, he walked up to a summer-house, where *Madoina*, with some of her attendants, was waiting till the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, to bathe in a chrystalline pool that stood behind the place where she sat. The giant entered, with all the brutality of such a monster, and, casting down his load altogether on the floor, "Here, madam, says he, with a voice that shook the whole room, SEE WHAT IS IN HERE; METHINKS IT SPEAKS, FOR IT SQUEAKS AND COMPLAINS.*" The bundle was untied, and *Madoina* at first sight knew the disastrous Knight, though armed cap-à-pee. She had seen him before at *Arthur's* court, when she was one of *Morgana's* attendants. She desired him to give her an account of his adventures, which greatly diverted her; and straightways leading him to *Lari's* apartment, "No doubt, my Lord, said she, you know this worthy Knight: let him recount to you in what manner,

* See the plate.

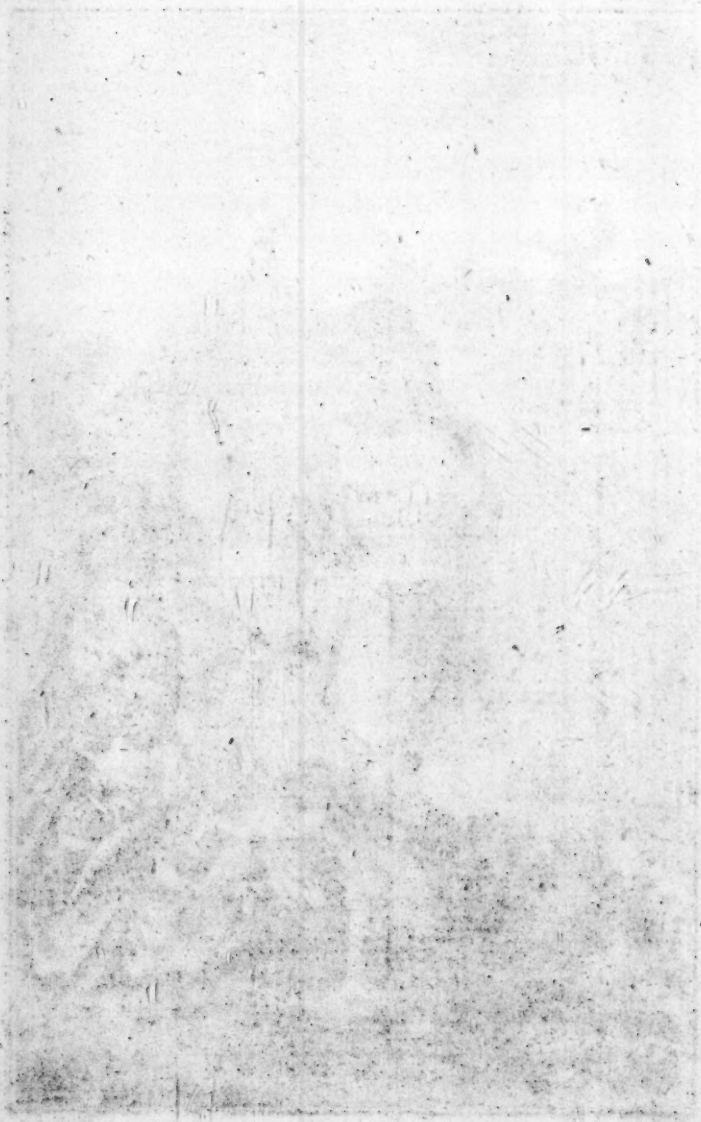


Dighton del.

Wells sc.

*See what's in here, the thing Speaks
methinks, for it Squeaks & Complains.*

Published as the Act directs May 13th 1780.



[Faint, illegible handwritten text]

and by what strange accident he comes to be our guest : Besides I mean that he should stay some days for your entertainment." She left *Queux* in the room, and *Laris* was pleased for some time in his company. So true it is, that when there is no other at hand, we cherish a man, whom at court and in the face of the world, we would think it our duty to load with contempt ; but captivity reconciles a man to all sorts of company. The chief object, however, which *Laris* proposed to himself, by putting up with the impertinence of the Seneschal, was to try if, by consulting with him, they could not agree upon some method of effecting their escape. But *Queux* was not the man to answer such hazardous purpose. He could boast much, but dared little. *Laris's* delivery was to be the work of a real and loyal Knight.

CLARIS, after a long and fruitless search, bethought himself at last of *Morgana's* palace ; supposing that by some unfortunate encounter, he had once more fallen into the hands of the wanton fairy. In order to find out whether his suspicions were well founded, he rode all round the forest of *Bresseliande*, and observed a palace similar to that of *Morgana* ; and, upon this discovery, he laid a scheme, which in the end proved successful. He placed himself in such a manner as to see every thing without being observed. The Giant, whose duty it was to take care that every thing was as safe without as within the palace, came out of it at the close of the day. *Claris* rushed from his lurking-place, and, couching his lance, galloped up to the Giant ; the latter, grinning a gaily smile, expressed his contempt in these words, spoken in a rough thundering

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voice: "Who art thou, faucy child?"—"Look here, replied *Claris*, shewing his lance, this is the hauble I have been used to from my cradle." So saying, he made a furious push at the monster, who endeavoured in vain to put by the thrust with his sabre. He was wounded, and fell to the ground. *Claris* alighted instantly, and was preparing to cut off the Giant's head, when he earnestly begged his life; promising to disclose a secret of the highest importance. This he did, by acquainting *Claris* with the captivity of the Prince of *Germany*. At this piece of intelligence, *Claris* broke into a flood of tears, and only begged of the Giant, as a reward for having spared his life, to be admitted a companion in *Laris's* confinement.—"Hark ye, Sir Knight, said the monster, we Giants are not so hardened, but what we can relish as well as you the sweets of friendship, and be actuated by gratitude. You shall be convinced of it if you will trust to my honour." *Claris* nodded assent, and he suffered himself to be bundled up as *Queux* had been before, and in that condition was carried safe into the apartment of *Laris*. Let two such friends, if any such there are in this corrupted age, take the pen from our weak hands, and trace, if possible, the affecting scene that passed at this unforeseen meeting, between these sworn brothers. Locked in each other's arms, they would have died for joy at their happy reunion, had not the Giant engaged to complete their happiness by seeing them out of the enchanted castle. The circumstance was the more favourable, as *Madama* was from home. He first instructed them what course they were to take, in order to tame the monsters that kept watch at a certain distance from the wall, and then let them out

out of the garden gate which no one could open but his mistress, her two favourite women, and himself. From thence, after a few days journey, they got safe to the court of King *Arthur*, where they had engaged to return; but they had not been there long before some very important news arrived which required their immediate departure for *Gascony*.

LADON was no more, and his royal widow, who succeeded to his crown, was defenceless and destitute at a very dangerous crisis. *Savary*, King of *Spain*, in love with *Lidamia*, and perhaps more so with her rich dowry, had entered her dominions in an hostile manner at the head of a numerous and well-disciplined army. His intention was to force the Queen to a political marriage with him. The invasion was so unexpected that *Lidamia* had but just time to write to King *Arthur* for his assistance. *Laris* and *Claris* took their leave, and the British Monarch, who knew how to reward military valour, because he was himself a model of that courage which he cherished in others; granted them a body of a thousand Knights, at the head of whom were the following worthies, *Gauvain*, *Lutah*, *Sacrimor*, *Agravain*, *Yvain* and *Galheret*. This brave troop set forward, and arrived in *Gascony*. A few days later, and this kingdom had passed with its beautiful Queen into the hands of the ambitious and cruel *Savary*. *Lidamia* was shut up and besieged in the last fortress that acknowledged her sway. All the rest had sworn allegiance to the conqueror. The perfidious *Spaniards* soon experienced that a handful of British warriors, with justice and honour on their side, ever was a match for whole armies of mercenaries fighting for plunder, and in open defiance of all laws. The

enemy was soon obliged to raise the siege, and evacuate their new conquest; whilst the Queen was set at liberty to the great joy of her subjects, who dreaded nothing so much as a foreign yoke.

CLARIS, who did not think he had done enough, since so many brave men had an equal share with him in delivering *Lidamia*, thought it not proper to appear before his Sovereign till he had done her some more essential service. He withdrew himself in the night, and, accompanied by *Laris* and a few chosen hands, he set out in pursuit of the *Spaniards*, whom they suddenly attacked and totally defeated. Their treacherous King fell by the hand of *Claris*, who, pursuing his victory, crossed the *Pyrenees*, penetrated into the province of *Navarre*, and made an easy conquest of it. Thus triumphant, and having some personal service to boast of, *Claris* and *Lidamia's* brother returned to court, where they were received by the Queen in the most affectionate manner. She soon after rewarded with her hand the modest and faithful *Claris*. The *British* Knights, having stayed a few days to be present at the royal nuptials, and take their share of the manly entertainments of those times, returned to *England*. As for *Laris*, he remained some months longer with his beloved brother, whose blissful union with *Lidamia*, would have compleated his own happiness, had not this very circumstance re-kindled in his breast a passion which he had kept a secret, even from *Claris* himself; though it had taken its first rise when they were together on the most intimate and confidential terms at the court of King *Arthur*.

THE fair object of the Prince's love, whose name his timidity alone had forced him to conceal, was worthy so noble

noble a suitor. She was sister to the brave *Yvain*, the honour of the *Round-table*, as she was one of the most accomplished of her sex. *Laris* drew now and then a painful comparison between his situation, and that of his sister and *Claris*. They had attained the summit of all worldly happiness; he was yet to seek for it, without any certainty of success. Those reflections preyed upon him; he grew thoughtful and melancholy. This sudden alteration could not escape the anxious and clear-sighted eye of friendship. The King and Queen were alarmed, and enquired into the cause with so much tenderness and solicitude, that *Laris* could not stand out any longer, and at last disclosed the mighty secret. *Claris* and his royal consort were happy in the thoughts that the disease was not incurable, and the former declared his intention of going over to *England* in person, to solicit for his brother the hand of the beautiful *Marina*, from those who had a right to dispose of it, namely, *Arthur* her royal uncle, and *Yvain* her brother. *Lidamia* approved of this resolution; but insisted upon going along with them. This was objected to, as it would have been imprudent to abandon her new conquests: but, casting an eye brimful of tears, on her beloved *Claris*, she seemed to reproach him with leaving her behind, when he was going to encounter perhaps new dangers by land and by sea. The King was not proof against so powerful an attack: he kissed off the starting tear, and granted her request. After having committed the reins of government into the hands of wise and able ministers, he left the kingdom, entrusting its defence to some worthy Knights, whom he invested with the necessary powers, subject

subject nevertheless to the controul of the civil laws, the only bulwark of public liberty.

Thus, in time of yore, Kings and Queens used to travel without any ceremony, nor anxiety for their persons or possessions; as they ever took care to enslave nothing of their subjects, but their hearts and affections. It is true that by these means they were exposed to many accidents out of their own territories; but, if they ran the same hazards with other men, they enjoyed those sweets, the lot of private life, of which few Monarchs have any notion.

Our travellers met with several adventures, numberless of which are recorded in the manuscript from which this extract is taken; but, as the recital would be tedious and uninteresting, we shall only select the following:

“ONE day as the royal cavalcade passed by a castle, the weather being fair, and the Queen gracefully riding on a white hackney, her Majesty began to sing with all her usual taste and chearfulness. The Lord *Castellain* pricked up his ear at the enchanting sounds, and ran up to the window to see from whence issued so melodious a voice. The Queen's beauty completely turned his brains, and, mistaking her for quite a different sort of a woman, he sent an invitation to our travellers to tarry with him all night. It was accepted, and the drawbridge let down to introduce the company. During the supper, their host, intoxicated with wine, and mad with love; for, having now *Lidamia* near him, and having heard once more her melting strains, he took it into his head that, with a little management, he could bring her to consent to his passion, as he supposed her to be a strolling beauty, who had already shewn her complaisance

to

to her male companions. He laid his plan accordingly, and having given to understand to the two Knights, that it was contrary to the custom of his family, as it palpably was so to the laws of decency, for gentlemen to sleep on the same side of the house with women; that he had for that purpose added another wing to his castle for the use of men only, as the ladies always slept in rooms adjacent to those of his sister, and her female servants. The ingenious Lord hugging himself in this excellent conceit, thought the day, or rather the night, must be his, especially as the two gentlemen seemed to join with him in opinion; but, suspecting some design, they were resolved to stand on their guard. Accordingly, as the servants were lighting them up to the mens quarter, they observed that, by means of a long gallery which reached from one wing to the other, they could easily get near the womens apartment. Instead, therefore, of taking off their armour, they sat quietly, till they thought that, if the master of the house had any sinister views, the time was come when he would go about to perpetrate his villainy. They soon had occasion to thank their stars for having inspired them with so prudent a caution. They advanced on tip-toe, and soon heard the screams of a woman calling loudly for assistance. They made towards the room from whence the noise came, and, busting open the door, were convinced that their perfidious host had attempted to offer violence to *Lidamia*, whose strength was nearly exhausted. They fell on the wretch, and beat him so heartily, that his cries brought all the servants up, who, seeing their master in jeopardy, and unmindful of the laws of chivalry, which they cared little for, assailed altogether the two Knights,

who

who fought like lions, and soon ended the tragedy by slaying the master and several of his men. After this exploit, in which they were assisted by the Knight *Carados*, who, by the luckiest chance happening to come by, hearing the noise, and observing that the draw-bridge was down, got admittance into the castle. He flew to the scene of action, where, discovering two Knights fighting to such disadvantage, he readily sided with them; but thought himself completely rewarded when, after the victory, he saw that the persons whose part he had so generously espoused, were the very preservers to whom he owed both his life and happiness.

THE next day *Lidamia*, and the two brothers resumed their journey, and crossed the tremendous forest of *Bresseliande*, without meeting with any accident. They at last came to a wide river; a boat stood on their side of the water to convey them to the opposite shore. On the stern of the boat was written the following caution, "Whoever is neither guilty of treason or dissimulation, may safely embark, and the boat will waft him over without the help of any visible agents; but will not stir, if the passenger has any reason to reproach himself with any such crime." Our royal travellers got easily on board; they were true and loyal Knights, and *Lidamia* was a virtuous Queen: so that they crossed the water in perfect safety, till they arrived within a few yards from the shore, when *Lidamia*, in the fulness of her joy, and by an impulse of female vanity, exclaimed, "Dearest *Claris*, the triumph of my virtue and untainted chastity, is now complete; if I have any thing to reproach myself with, it is the kiss which I gave thee whilst *Ladon* was yet alive. Now thou art my second husband; I love thee,
and

and am faithful to the marriage vow. How could I be otherwise to thee, whom I adore! When married to a man who never found his way to my heart, I never, no not even in thought, swerved from" — The Queen had gone thus far, when the boat reached the shore; but when she prepared to land, it recoiled, and she fell into the water, being repulsed by an invifible hand. This accident, however, was attended with no farther consequence than her being well soaked, the Knights having soon taken her out of the water. *Lidamia* was copiously rallied for the punishment inflicted on her vanity, by her pretending to have loved no other man during the life of her late Lord; when, even then, her heart was full of *Claris* alone. They continued their journey in high spirits, and arrived safe in *England*.

The Queen of *Gascony* was received at court with all the distinction her superior merit and her kindred to King *Arthur* could entitle her to. Her royal uncle would have given a magnificent entertainment to his niece; but the intelligence they received at their arrival was too alarming for them to think on pleasure, when *Laris's* happiness was at stake. *Marina* was not at court, which she had left a few months before to return to her own country. *Talla*, King of *Denmark*, deadly smitten with her charms, had seized the opportunity of her being upon a visit at her father's, King *Urianus*, to ask her in marriage; threatening, in case of a denial, to invade the territories of *Marina's* father, and force him to do that, which was now asked as a favour. This imperious way of suing for *Marina's* hand, greatly indisposed the old King, who, being a companion of the *Round-table*; had learned in *England*, that passive obedience to a tyrant's

will is base and unmanly. He therefore returned an answer, which, being couched in terms expressive of the highest indignation at *Talla's* boldness, and of the contempt in which he was held by *Urianus* and his daughter, so enraged the irascible *Dane*, that he put himself at the head of a numerous army, and laid siege to the capital of *Urianus's* kingdom, which was of no great extent. The news further added, that *Marina's* father and herself had retired to the fortress, and abandoned the town to the enemy, who seemed determined to stay before it until he had starved the King into a compliance; having experienced already to their cost, the impossibility of taking it by storm. The dangers to which his fair mistress was exposed, had such an effect on *Laris*, that he fainted away, and was taken up for dead. *Claris*, greatly alarmed, begged his royal consort to try the same means of recalling her brother to life, which had proved so successful to himself when he was in a similar case. *Lidamia* consented, and embracing her brother most tenderly, whispered in his ear:

Love calls thee hence to save a royal maid,
Laris, awake! or *Marina's* betray'd!

REVIVED by his sister's tender caresses, but more so by the sweet sounding name of *Marina*, *Laris* recovered from his trance, and fixing his languishing eyes on *Lidamia*, said to her:

A sister's kiss may some relief impart,
 But love alone can ease my aching heart!

NEVER-

NEVERTHELESS, sensible how degrading it would be for a Knight of his high renown to indulge a womanish grief, and sit sobbing and weeping whilst his mistress was in the most imminent danger; *Lidamia's* brother resolved to set out the very next day to go to the rescue of *Marina* and her father *Urianus*. The Prince was joined by *Claris*, the brave *Ivain*, whose own quarrel it was, he being son to *Urianus*, and by the experienced *Gauvain*, kinsman to *Ivain*, and son to King *Loth*.

THESE four heroes, each at the head of a resolute band, were well calculated to strike terror and put to flight the perfidious *Talla*, and his banditti; but the enchanters who favoured the latter, as being engaged in a bad cause, found means to disperse this little army, and thus counteract the projects of the invincible Knights and their brave followers.

THE whole company were now within a few miles of the kingdom of *Urianus*, when, one morning, they observed at a little distance from the high road, a kind of funeral procession, with a hearse supported between two black horses or mules, for they could not well make the difference. It was preceded and followed by a numerous train of mourners, amongst whom a lady appeared, mounted on a black steed. She was wrapped up in sable veils and cloaths, and cried out in the most lamentable voice, "Bemoan, ye people of *Orcania*! bemoan the death of your good King *Lath*; pray for his soul, and unite together in wishing health and prosperity to the brave and virtuous *Gauvain*, his worthy son and successor." Hearing this, *Gauvain* took leave of his friends, and went round to join the funeral procession, which seemed rather in a hurry. He galloped after it, and thus

lost sight of his companions, who went on their way, About noon day an elderly man passed them, he seemed to be in the utmost confusion, and, as if in dread of being overtaken by his pursuers. His body was pierced thro' with an arrow, and the blood that trickled from the wound marked his way. *Xvain* looked up, and thought that the man's features bore a strong resemblance to those of his father *Urianus*. He screamed out, and galloping after him, was instantly out of sight. Towards evening, as *Claris* stood before his tent to breathe the fresh air, he thought he saw *Lidamia*, dishevelled and out of breath, rushing by him on horseback, and screaming as she went, "*Claris, my dear Claris, assist me !*" Instantly two horsemen appeared, sword in hand, running full speed after the Queen of *Gasceny*. This was too much for *Claris* to bear ; he mounted his steed and galloped after the supposed ravishers, till he got a great way up the forest. *Laris* informed of the circumstance, instantly galloped to aid him in rescuing his sister from the hands of the designing ruffians ; but he had hardly advanced a few yards in the forest, when an invisible hand let fly an arrow, and shot the Prince's horse under him. He was soon on his feet again ; but what was his rage and disappointment ? In the person who tendered him a helping hand, *Laris* saw his persecuting demon, the fairy *Madoina*. He loaded her with reproaches couched in the bitterest terms, and would have avoided her, but alas ! she was too powerful for him. With the help of her sprites and some corporeal assistants, she had him bound in order to be conveyed to her castle. They were on the way, and near to the enchanted place, when luckily *Claris* met him, and for the third time saved *Laris*

from captivity. The King of *Saxony* was that instant returning from his pursuit after the two horsemen, whom he had seen following *Lidamia*, in the threatening manner above described, and had come up with the hindmost, who luckily proved to be no fantastical, but a real and palpable being, a pupil in the magic art to the detestable sorceress *Madoina*. *Claris* was about to plunge his sword deep into the traitor's heart; but he, in order to save his life, revealed to *Claris* the secret means made use of to separate the four Knights from their disconsolate followers; adding, that *Madoina* had declared to him, that the principal object she had in view, was to get *Laris* once more into her power.

THIS information determined *Claris* to return to his camp. It was in his way thither that he met *Madoina's* attendants, whom he easily dispersed and restored, as we have said before, his friend and brother to a freedom which he was on the point of losing, perhaps, for ever. Having reached the beaten road, they rested till the next day in the first hut they came to, and next morning, to their inexpressible joy, met with the two other Knights, who, after a long and tedious race, had at last been convinced that they were led on by a mere illusion, and running after two empty shadows instead of their beloved parents.

THEY arrived in a few days in sight of *Tulla's* camp, and their little troop being ranged in good order, *Claris* and the Prince of *Germany* made their way through the enemy, slaying all that opposed them, and entered the town; whilst *Yvain* and *Gauvain*, with the other detachment, staid without the gates, till the besieged could sally forth, and give them an opportunity of entering the town

town also. Meanwhile *Laris* was nearly fainting with the loss of blood, occasioned by a wound which he had received in forcing the lines. *Marina*, who had joined her father to go and welcome their brave deliverers, was greatly disconcerted, as much through the love she entertained for *Laris*, and her joy at meeting him, as through her anxiety for the state of his health. These various sensations had such a violent and sudden effect on her tender and delicate frame, that she was obliged to be immediately put to bed. Our Knights were apprised of the alarming circumstance; but *Claris*, who had always his favourite prescription ready for the cure of persons afflicted with a love disease, conducted *Laris*, whose wound upon examining had proved very trifling, and led him to *Marina's* bed-side; desiring him to apply to her rosy lips the never failing topic, which, as he had foreseen, proved most efficacious. *Marina* from that very instant recovered, and was able to attend the company next morning at breakfast. This first introduction gave the lovers an opportunity of disclosing to each other the state of their minds. They interchanged mutual vows of constancy, and promised to ratify them at the altar as soon as *Urianus* should be set at liberty.

In order to open the way for their friends, as agreed upon, *Claris* and *Laris*, at the head of a few chosen men, made a vigorous sally, penetrating as far as *Talla's* tent, who narrowly escaped being taken; whilst the two other Knights, falling on the enemy's rear, spread consternation and slaughter among the *Danes*, and, having effected a junction with their friends, entered the town in triumph, loaded with the spoils of the enemy, and followed by a long train of prisoners. Notwithstanding their loss, the

Danes

Danes did not seem disposed to raise the siege: but a few days after, King *Arthur* appearing at the head his army, the very sight of the *British* troops inspired the friends of *Urianus* with confidence, and made the *Danes* think on a retreat which, however, had not the desired success, as very few of the besiegers, with *Talla* their King, could reach the shipping and effect their escape. The circumstance of the *Danish* King having escaped unhurt, was more than the rash and amorous *Laris* could easily brooke. He thought his glory incomplete if his rival was suffered to live, and longed to lay *Tulla's* head at the feet of *Marina*. He therefore pursued the fugitive *Danes* as far as their ships; but his youthful ardour was severely checked, for the enemy seeing that he was accompanied only by a few attendants, surrounded him on all sides, and, though he fought bravely, took him prisoner and put him on board the fleet, which sailing before the wind, arrived safe in *Denmark*, where the *Danish* King ordered *Laris* to be shut up in a dark dungeon. Yet in this forlorn condition *Laris* seem'd less affected with his captivity, the end of which he could hardly hope for, than by the misfortune of being at such a distance from his adored *Marina*.

THE daughter of *Urianus* was a prey to all the horrors of solicitude and despair. No tidings could be heard of *Laris*, nor was he to be found among the dead. King *Arthur* could hardly persuade her to follow him to *England*, where the good King was confident that the friendly care of his Queen *Genievre*, and of *Lidamia* who remained at the *British* Court, would solace and comfort the afflicted *Marina*; whilst his Knight companions should go in quest of her beloved *Laris*. The *British*
Worthies

Worthies, who all entertained the greatest friendship for *Lidamia's* brother, willingly undertook a task so agreeable to their inclination. They parted and went different ways to seek after the missing Prince. *Claris*, *Gauvain*, *Yvain* and *Carados* were the most successful, for, as they crossed a forest, the name of which is not mentioned in the manuscript, they passed by *Merlin's* cave which, it is well known, was to be found by mere chance only. A venerable Sire with hoary hair and beard, sat musing at the entrance of the cave. He held in his hand a black and white wand; his head was covered with a high pointed cap, and his garment consisted of a long sable robe covered with stars. The Knights, paying due respect to his age, noble appearance, and grave deportment, bowed to him as they passed. This act of civility was not lost upon him. The sage, calling them all distinctly by their names, addressed them in these words: "Wise *Gauvain*, valiant King *Carados*, most noble *Yvain*, and thou brave and gentle *Claris*, stop awhile and listen to me; I am *Merlin*, the avowed protector of the most illustrious Knights of the *round-table*, and in you I see the brightest ornaments of that noble and most ancient order. I know what brings you this way, and what your intentions are: be it my care to furnish you with the necessary instructions to insure your success." At these words, impell'd by a just sentiment of veneration and gratitude, the Knights alighted, and, on their knees, received the necessary directions from the reverend Sage, of whom they took the most affectionate leave, humbly entreating a continuance of his protection to themselves and their companions.

MERLIN

MERLIN had informed them that *Talla* had confined *Laris* in a tower of a castle, the usual residence of the *Danish* King. They arrived in the neighbourhood of the place, dressed like Pilgrims in white garments, &c. holding their Pilgrim's staves in their hands; but they had concealed each a poniard under his cloaths: having assumed this disguise in order only to avoid being suspected. *Talla*, at their humble request to be received in the castle, ordered them to be admitted; not from any motive of liberal hospitality; his savage heart was not opened to the refined feelings of humanity; he only meant to make game of the four travellers. He treated them at supper for the base purpose of insulting them in the most cruel and scurrilous manner. They patiently put up with his abuse, as long as he expressed it only by words; but when, in a threatening manner, and preparing to execute his menaces, he told them, that if they could not pay for their supper with money, they must expect to be cudgelled for his diversion; they rose altogether and sheathed their daggers in his barbarous heart, laying also dead at their feet those of his servants who would have assisted him in his brutal intentions. They then made themselves masters of the castle, set *Laris* free, and, having soon secured a powerful party, they caused *Lidamia's* brother to be elected and crowned King of *Denmark*. *Claris* and *Gauvain* set out for *England* to ask *Marina* in marriage for the new King, whom the *Danes* ever after revered as their Monarch, and loved as a benevolent father, who completed their happiness by chusing so worthy and peerless a consort. All these adventures being brought to a happy conclusion, *Claris* and *Lidamia* returned into *Gaseony*, to the inexpressible

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joy of their loving subjects; *Gauvain* remained with *Arthur*, and *Yvain* retired to the kingdom of his father *Urianus*. Thus we see that success ever attended the Knights of the *Round-table*, under *Merlin's* immediate protection, and, in the end, defeated the inveterate malice of those, who, like the despicable *Morgana* and her discarded waiting-maid, would attempt to shake those valiant sons of honour from their unwearied attachment to their moral and religious duties.

THE HISTORY OF

TRISTAN,

SON TO KING MELIANUS OF LEONIS.

A ROMANCE OF CHIVALRY.

IT is agreed, that this is the oldest Romance that ever was written in prose; as most of the others were first published in verse, and then turned into prose: but of a posterior date to that of *TRISTAN*, which was composed, as it is conjectured, in the reign of *Philip-August* of *France*, ann. 1190. It is often quoted by the writers of *French* lays or songs of the 13th century, and namely, by the King of *Navarre*, who, in two of his songs, which that prince is thought to have composed for Queen *Blanche*, compares her to *Yseult*, the heroine of the following pages, and himself to *Tristan*.

THE

THE author of this Romance says, that it is taken from the history of the holy greal*, the source of many other works of that kind, as we shall have occasion to observe. In a prologue or preface to the history of *Tristan*, we read, that it was composed by Sir LUCIUS DU GUA, Knight, who gives himself for an *Englishman* born in the neighbourhood of *Salisbury*; whence it appears that the Romance was written in the reign of *Henry I.* of *England*, for we are given to understand in some other works, that Sir LUCIUS was kinsman and cotemporary to that monarch, who waged war against *Lewis le Gros*, about the year 1120. This Prince is represented as amiable, as he was a brave and loyal Knight. He being engaged in a tedious war against the King of *England* and his own vassals, his reign was the most brilliant æra of chivalry, at least under the *French Kings* of the third race. This same spirit was kept up under his son LEWIS THE YOUNGER. This Prince, whose courage and imprudences are equally recorded in history, supported the honour of *French* chivalry, and was more nice in his feelings than expert in politics, as appears by his divorcing the heiress of *Guienna*; as by these means that province became part of the *English* dominions. The Belles Letters made a considerable progress during his reign and under his immediate protection. The *French* began to imitate the lively imaginations of the *Greeks*, and take the *Romans* for their models in eloquence: in short, good taste seemed then to emerge from that ignorance and barbarity which had disgraced former

* A name given to the cup made use of by *Christ* at his holy supper.

ages: witness the works of *Bernard*, those of the learned but unfortunate *Abelard*, and the tender *Heloïsa*. Literature continued in its progress under *Philip-August* and *Lewis VIII*. The *French* language, which was then called *Romance*, was first brought to some perfection, and it was at this æra that the writings on Knight-errantry began to have the vogue. In these extraordinary productions, the authors generally betray their ignorance of historical facts, together with a ridiculous and ill-timed parade of religious devotion: yet they are commendable in this particular, that their works breathe that spirit of generosity and honour which seem to have ever been the characteristics of ancient chivalry. Under *Lewis IX*, and his grand children, the romantic stile gave way to works of a less elevated nature; as may be proved by the lays or songs of the King of *Navarre*, other pieces of light poetry, and the farce of the *Avocat Patelin* (the Wheedling Lawyer) which were published about this time. The very manner in which the history of *Tristan* is composed, seem therefore to ascertain its being anterior to this epocha; it being one of the best and most interesting of the whole collection of Romances. The hero is represented as equally brave and gallant, the leading features of the Knights of yore; the heroine as beautiful and tenderly inclined: both nobly minded and virtuous. If they are guilty of trespassing against the marriage vow, the author has had art and taste sufficient to excuse or at least palliate their fault by making it appear to be the consequence of an irresistible charm. Their very weakness is dignified in some respect by the fortitude they display in bearing the misfortunes which their ill-fated love bring upon them. The reader will

see

see in BRAGIEN the most complete model for a trusty confident: as she carries even to heroism the desire of being thought worthy of sharing in *Yseult's* secrets. King MARCUS jealous upon recollection, a coward and truant Knight, is more an object of derision and contempt than of compassion and concern, whenever we see that the mischances he meets with turn to the glory of *Tristan*. The great *Arthur* bears with a far better grace the unequivocal satisfaction which his consort *Genievre* expresses at hearing the praise and noble deeds of the illustrious *Lancelot of the Lake*. But we shall anticipate no further on the reader's curiosity, which we flatter ourselves, will be amply gratified by the perusal of the following sheets.

THE author of this romance, as well as that of the *holy greal*, goes back as far as the times of *Joseph of Arimathea*, that pious man who is recorded in the New Testament to have entombed the body of Christ. According to a tradition, as absurd as unsupported, *Joseph* crossed the seas, and came into this country, in order to instruct and convert the *Britons*. At his departure for this religious expedition, he committed to the care of his brother *Bron* the *holy greal*, which, as we have said before, was the cup used in the Lord's last supper, and carefully preserved as a valuable relic by *Joseph of Arimathea*.

BRON had twelve children; the eldest claimed the keeping of the *holy greal*, and for that purpose carefully preserved, as the author says, the flower of his chastity. Ten received wives, chosen amongst the fairest by *Joseph* their uncle; but *Sadoc*, the youngest, declared that his intention was to travel, seek after adventures, and take a wife of his own choosing. "Do as thou likest, said

Joseph

Joseph, but I fear much that thou shalt be sorry for it in the end."

SADOC paid but very little attention to his uncle's admonitions, and set out towards the sea coast. At his arrival, he saw a wreck, and several persons lying dead on shore. At a little distance at sea, a woman richly clad, having laid hold of a plank, was endeavouring to escape from the fury of the raging billows. *Sadoc* gave her the necessary assistance, and, having got her safe, carried her to one of his brother's, who lived in the neighbourhood. This proved a lucky circumstance; for the lady was not only surprizingly handsome, but daughter to the King of *Babylon*, who had betrothed her to the Emperor of *Persia*, whither she was bound; when the ship that carried her met with a dreadful hurricane, and she alone survived the whole crew. Her name was *Chelinda*; the beautiful and complaisant Princess was a few days after married to *Sadoc*.

ONE of her brother's-in-law fell in love with her, and seizing the opportunity of his brother being gone on a hunting party, found means to decoy her into his own room; where, says the author, whether she would consent or not, he used her at his pleasure. *Sadoc* returned in the evening, wounded by a wild boar, and *Chelinda* put on the deepest mourning, which her husband mistook for a proof of her love towards him, and the grief she felt at the accident which had endangered his life: but *Chelinda*, drowned in tears by his bed-side, and thinking him fast asleep, began to vent her complaints aloud of the base usage offered her by the treacherous *Nabuzardan*. *Sadoc* overheard her moaning, started from his bed, and, taking up his arms, ran hastily to his brother, killed him,

him, and with *Chelinda*, embarked on board a ship ready to set sail.

THE two passengers were not known to any of the mariners. After a few days of a prosperous navigation, a violent tempest arose: the ship could hardly weather the storm, and each surge seemed to threaten the whole crew with inevitable destruction. A venerable sage rose from among them, and said to the mariners, that the Almighty's wrath was rife against them on account of a grievous sin committed by some one on board, whom he should soon discover by his charms and potent incantations. He accordingly cast lots, and it fell on *Sadoc*. Conscious of being the murderer of his own brother, he had not a word to offer for himself. He recommended his wife to the care of the principal officers, and suffered himself to be cast into the sea. Suddenly the storm abated, and in a few hours the ship arrived safe in the kingdom of *Cornwall*. *Thanor*, King of the country, came in person to search the ship, where he found the beautiful mourner *Chelinda*, lamenting the death of *Sadoc*. She was big with child, a circumstance which gave no offence to the King of *Cornwall*; but he learnt that she was a christian, at which he was much displeased. In hopes, however, of persuading her to the worship of his idols, he marries *Chelinda on the very spot*. The Queen was a few days after brought to bed of a chopping boy, whom the King cherished as if it had been his own. But *Thanor* dreamed an ugly dream, and called all the philosophers of his kingdom to give their opinion. The learned men were great interpreters of dreams and nightly visions. They all declared that the son whom he brought up so kindly, would one day take away his life, if not dispatched in time. *Thanor* would not imbrue his hands

in the blood of the charming babe, but ordered one of his trusty servants to take and abandon it in the midst of a forest. A lady in her morning walk found the child, was moved by his innocent caresses, and took him home. She had no occasion to repent ; for, as the boy grew up to man's estate, he became as remarkable for the comeliness of his person, as for the accomplishments of his mind ; and, in time, under the name of *Apollo the venturesome*, was accounted a noble and worthy Knight.

THE author, who by no means intended that *Sadoc* should be drowned, conveys him safe on a rock ; where a good hermit with whom he lived or rather fasted for three years, made him do penance for his past offences, and disposed his mind to bear against that sea of trouble which it is the lot of mankind to wade through.

MEANWHILE *Chelinda* loses not her time. She continues to profess the christian religion, and patiently submits to her union with *Thanor*, to whom she gave a son and heir. But, alas ! it was decreed that *Chelinda* should be celebrated for her matrimonial adventures. An unforeseen accident brought *Pelias* of *Leonois* to the court of *Thanor*. He saw and fell in love with *Chelinda*, in whose bed-chamber he found means to conceal himself. The King soon after entered the apartment with his Chamberlain, a man of wit and raillery, with whom the *Cornish* King used to converse the best part of the night. Whilst the Monarch was undressing, the Chamberlain retired to a window to enjoy the fresh air ; but the mischievous *Pelias* creeping slowly behind him, and lifting up his legs, threw him out of the window into a river that bathed the palace-wall. *Thanor*, hearing an uncommon noise, ran to the window, and was served
the

the same trick by *Pelias*, who took *Chelinda* to wife, and carried her into his own kingdom.

THANOR was taken up alive by a fisherman; but the Knights of *Pellás's* train laid hold of him, and confined the *Cornish* Monarch in a dungeon. Meanwhile *Pellades*, *Thanor's* brother, had consulted with his soothsayer. The latter advised him to send for a man who dwelt on the top of a rock, surrounded on all sides by the sea. This man our readers will easily guess was *Sadoc*, very much emaciated, no less penitent; but above all wearied of the tiresome life which he led with the old anchoret. He was brought before *Pellades*, who persuaded him to impeach King *Pelias* of high treason before King *Maroveus*, the paramount of the kingdoms of *Leonois* and *Cornwall*, and to whom the two Monarchs paid a yearly tribute of an hundred youths of both sex, and as many Knights. This *Maroveus*, we may suppose, was the first King of *France* of the *Merovigian* race.

Sadoc threw down his gauntlet, and *Pelias* accepted the challenge. They fought a long time with equal courage and obstinacy; till, being both grievously wounded, they were obliged to leave off. They entered into a parley, and *Pelias*, conscious that he had done some trifling wrongs to *Thanor*; such as attempting to drown him, and debauching his wife, offered to make up the breach, by suffering *Chelinda* to return to her lord, who received her with the highest transports. He took her back to *Cornwall*, together with her first husband *Sadoc*: but the latter was so altered for the worse, by his long fasting, that the Princess of *Babylon* could not recollect him. The King, however, grew suspicious, and his philosophers having increased his jealousy, *Sadoc*

was ordered to depart the kingdom. The husband and no husband was once more obliged to wander from place to place, misfortune following close at his heels. He was taken up for a supposed murder, and only waiting for his execution, till the hangman had dispatched a few other malefactors ; when he was delivered very a propos by King *Pelias*. This Prince spoke to him confidently of the love he bore to *Chelinda*, and his uneasiness at being parted from so lovely a bride. *Sadoc*, by an uncommon effort of gratitude, promised to serve the amours of a Prince who had saved his life. In company with two other Knights, he set out for *Cornwall*, way-laid *Thanor*, knocked him off his horse, and wounded him ; then eloped with his own wife, and faithfully brought back to *Pelias* the innocent adulterers.

THE peaceable husband of the Princess *Chelinda*, bethought himself at last that she was his wedded bride, and all his former love was instantly re-kindled. He followed her so close, watched her so narrowly, gave her so many significant looks, that she was pleased in the end to recollect that she had once given her hand to such a man ; in fine, they knew each other, and rejoiced mightily at the discovery. How to get her out of the hands of her present owner puzzled *Sadoc* for some time, till he applied to the King and craved a boon ; the Monarch, little aware of the consequence, answered, that he could refuse him nothing.—“ Then said *Sadoc*, give me back the beautiful *Chelinda*.” *Pelias* wished it had been in his power to recall his plighted word, but the laws of chivalry forbade it, and he suffered *Sadoc* to take away *Chelinda*, and leave his dominions.

THEY

THEY had not gone far on their journey before they met with a cruel and felon giant, who threatened our two travellers with immediate death, unless *Sadoc* could unfold the riddle which he was about to propound ; but it was couched in such terms that the respect we shall ever pay to decency forbids us to repeat it : suffice it to say, that the meaning of it was, as *Sadoc* found it out, that the monster had been guilty both of incest and murder. The giant grinned applause, and, according to his custom, retained the two travellers with him till he could meet with a more clever genius, if any could be found ; meanwhile *Chelinda* and her husband were treated with every mark of distinction. Some days after King *Pelias* arrived, the heart oppressed with grief at not being permitted to be, even by interim, the husband of *Chelinda*. On the other hand, *Sadoc* trembled lest the King should attempt to take her away. But he was soon rid of his apprehension, for the giant having proposed to *Pelias* two riddles as indecent as the former, they were so readily solved, and fully explained, that the giant sent away *Sadoc* and *Chelinda*, retaining the Monarch in his train.

MEANWHILE *Apollo the venturesome*, the first and legitimate offspring of *Sadoc* and *Chelinda*, was ripe for knightly deeds and achievements, and kept the hundred-mouthed goddesses in full employment. He was just returning from a glorious expedition, the particulars of which, however, are not mentioned by the author ; when his way leading him thro' the manor of the riddle-mad giant, he explained the enigma proposed to him, and then, without giving time to the giant to prepare himself, gave him instantly a riddle to unfold. The monster was much disconcerted, stared foolishly, and could

give no answer, and by virtue of the ancient charter, which he himself had made, of resigning his life and estate to any one that could beat him in his own way, he was slain by *Apollo*, who set *Pelias* at liberty.

THE latter being returned to his own kingdom, resolved to declare war against the *Cornish* King; *Chilperic*, Monarch of the *Gauls*, whose liegemen the two Princes were, interposed his mediation; but to no purpose, and the wilful *Pelias* lost in one day by his obstinacy, a pitched battle and his life. He was interred with the utmost magnificence, and his tomb became a monument of so great note, that travellers flocked from every part to visit it. *Sadoc* came there, with other Knights, and having observed King *Thador*, attacked and wounded him. After this exploit he went his way, but looking back he saw a Knight bearing the same escutcheon as the *Cornish* King. *Sadoc* took him for *Thador*, and assailed him with great violence; but, Oh! fatal mistake! *Sadoc*, the murderer of his brother, fell by the hands of his own son: for this was no other than *Apollo*, who having been brought up in *Cornwall*, where he was born, bore the arms of *Thador*, his supposed father. *Lucas*, son to King *Pelias*, arrived on the spot, and, seeing *Sadoc* weltering in his blood, he shuddered at the sight, and charged *Apollo* with the parricide; which the unfortunate Knight lamented as bitterly as if he had not been innocent of the guilt. As they were conversing together on the outrages of angry fortune, King *Thador* happened to pass by: *Lucas* ran at him with couched lance, but received a mortal wound, and in his last speech proclaimed *Apollo* his successor to the kingdom of *Leonois*. The latter, enraged
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at the various mischances of the day, fell on *Thanor*, and, after an obstinate fight which lasted several hours, gave him his death-wound, and thus made good the prediction of the soothsayer.

APOLLO took possession of his dying friend's bequest. He reigned over the kingdom of *Leonois*, in a manner that endeared him to all his subjects, who, in order that they might have a successor who should follow the bright example given him by so noble a father, intreated their king to chose himself a wife. *Apollo*, unable to withstand the humble petitions of his loving subjects, called together at a certain day, all the beauties which his kingdom could boast of that he might be enabled to make a choice equally good and prudent; nor would he have the widows to be excluded from the list of competitors. But here, where he least expected it, adverse fortune completed the measures of his woes, for that very *Chelinda*, his own mother, the afflicted widow of so many husbands, was by far the handsomest of all those who courted the King's smile. Nature remained silent, and *Apollo* chose her for his consort.

“THE nuptials, says the author, were celebrated, and *they lived day and night in great familiarity together*: but such a crime was soon followed by an adequate punishment. There came into the kingdom an old, grave, and pious man; who, having been charged with murder, was brought before the King and Queen, who asked his name. The venerable Sire, having crossed himself, said, that he had name *Augustine*, and declared that he was sadly frightened at seeing himself placed between the he and she wolf. Being desired to explain his meaning:—“I am says i.e. *Augustine*, the apostle of

England,

England, come to open your eyes O King! on the incest which you have committed. Behold, in your royal consort, behold your mother!" The blood of our modern *Orestes* froze as he heard the charge; but the Queen refused to give him credit, and the flatterers, for that pest infested the court then, as they do at present, said, that the old man was an impostor, a treacherous and false man, who deserved to be burnt alive. This would have proved the Saints death warrant, had not Providence interposed. A pile of wood is erected, fire set to it, and *Augustine* bound to the stake, is going to fall a sacrifice to the misrepresentations of court-sycophants: when, all on a sudden, a shower falls from heaven, and puts out the fire which began to reach this holy man: whilst the Queen, struck by lightning, is reduced to a heap of ashes. This incident, and *Augustine's* expostulations, bring *Apollo* and his courtiers to consent to be baptized, together with the best part of his subjects, who embraced the Christian religion.

THE King of *Cornwall*, a graceless slave to the worship of idols, makes war upon the King of *Leonois*. But a compleat defeat, brings him to his senses. He is baptized, and to strengthen the friendship which he vows to *Apollo*, they each marry a daughter of one of the *Cornish* Barons. And, observe, says the author, that at this very time that *Cornwall* was converted to the faith of Christ by friar *Austin*, the same was done in *Ireland*, by *Joseph of Arimathea*, whom the Lord seemed to have sent over there, in order to people the land with good and religious men.

THE two sisters mentioned above were equally handsome; but differed essentially in their natural dispositions;

tions. The Queen of *Cornwall*, whose name was GWYN had a natural propensity to mischief, which was assisted by some knowledge in necromancy : whilst GLORIANA, *Apollo's* consort, was all meekness and truth. When *Gwin* had attained her fifth lustre, she fell in love with one of her household Knights. The *Cornish* King perceived it; but, as his love for his Queen was excessive, he took no other revenge than to shut her up in a tower, and spent every night with her. *Gwin* soon grew tired of so reclusive a life, and expostulated with the monarch in these words: " Truly, my Lord, your behaviour is enough to inspire me with thoughts which I perhaps never had. Have you then never heard that it is in vain to attempt the controuling of a woman's will? Let me tell you, Sir, that, had I a mind to it, you would find it is out of your power to keep me within bounds; spite of your guards, bolts, and iron bars." This observation, however true and flowing from the very nature of womankind, had no effect on the King of *Cornwall* who continued to keep his slippery consort under lock and key.

It is no doubt obvious to every intelligent reader that these obstacles only served to sharpen *Gwin's* inventive genius, in order to overcome them, and that at last she found the cap to fit her husband's head. One night he saw her coming down from her window, by means of a rope fastened to an iron staple, and was so imprudent as to call all his courtiers together to witness his own disgrace. Yet such was the power of her beauty, that he could not find it in his heart to put her upon her trial, as, according to the laws of the land, she must die a violent death. Another time, having
surprised

surprised her at the very instant that she had prepared her rope-ladder, he threatened her with instant death, unless she consented to betray the adulterer. *Gwin* seemingly complied, and persuaded him to put on her clothes, and in that disguise to go down the ladder, as he would then infallibly surprize the spark at the appointed rendezvous. The *Cornish* King liked the proposal; but he had hardly reached one third of his way down, when *Gwin*, loosening the rope; the credulous monarch fell and broke his neck: whilst she instantly eloped with her gallant.

THIS adventure alarmed *Apollo*. He dreaded lest *Glorianda* should serve him some similar trick. *Clovis*, resolved to be baptized, sent for the King of *Leonois* to be present at the ceremony. To make sure of his wife's fidelity, as much as it is in the power of mortal men to guard against the fickleness of the sex, he took her with him to court. But *Glorianda's* behaviour was such, that he had every moral certitude a husband can wish for of her truth and fidelity: so that his love for her was increased, and he prepared for his return to his kingdom, perfectly cured of his suspicions, on the regularity of *Glorianda's* conduct.

UNFORTUNATELY however, *Childeric*, the son of *Clovis*, smitten with *Glorianda's* beauty, resolved to get her into his possession. If love is a noble passion, lust is the most degrading of all human affections. The *French* Prince, who had not hitherto been guilty of any crime, determined now on a deed which will hold him for ever to posterity, as the basest of all men. Knowing which way *Apollo* was to go, he set himself in ambuscade, and with the assistance of a few hired ruffians, set upon and murdered

murdered the King of *Leonois*, then, seizing on his fair prize, carried her to a strong castle, which he had in the neighbourhood, and would have been the *Tarquinius* of this modern *Lucretia*, who, rather than consent to his brutality, killed herself, sooner indeed than the *Roman* matron is recorded to have done. This crime of *Childeric* was therefore entirely useless, and nothing was left to him but the keen remorse of having acted the villain to no purpose. He caused the unfortunate pair to be buried privately; but this horrid murder was discovered by means of a faithful greyhound who would not leave the place where the remains of his master had been deposited. *Clovis* was soon acquainted with the whole transaction, and, having called his son on the very spot, rebuked him sharply for his breach of hospitality, and for having thus feloniously attacked and treacherously murdered a King his ally, and then, by the advice of his Barons, ordered his guilty son to be burnt alive. *Clovis*, to make amends for his son's villainy, took upon himself the care of the young surviving Prince of *Leonois*, had him brought up at his court, and gave him his own daughter *Chrifilda* in marriage.

THE posterity of *Apollo* reigned glorious and happy over the inhabitants of *Leonois*, which is supposed to have been the country known formerly by the name of *Armorica*, and in latter days called *Lower Britanny*, where we find the city of *St. Paul de Leon*. It is many generations after the violent death of *Apollo*, that we hear of our hero's father, *Meliadus*, King of *Leonois*, married to *Isabella* daughter to *Felix* King of *Cornwall*, and sister of *Marcus*, who succeeded soon after to *Felix* his father.

MELIADUS lived happy with *Isabella* his Queen, who, to his utter joy was, after a few year's marriage, declared pregnant. A fairy, who lived in the neighbourhood, fell in love with *Meliadus*, and, by charms and spells, got him into her power. The disconsolate Queen set out in search of her royal consort, taking no body with her but one of her ladies of honour, and *Gouvernail* her own equerry. About midnight she was taken in labour, in the midst of a dark and dismal forest, and brought forth a most beautiful boy. Finding that her strength failed her, and that her dissolution was at hand, she lifted up the child in her arms, and, in the broken accents of grief and pain, she addressed him in these words, "O son! long have I wished for thee, and now do I behold the fairest boy that ever gladdened a fond mother's heart. And yet, alas! thy beauty will avail me little; for lo, I die!—In *sadness* I bore thee, *sad* was the hour in which I brought thee forth, and *sad* is the welcome thy wretched mother bids thee: then, since in *sadness* thou art born, be thy name henceforth TRISTAN *," so saying she kissed the lovely babe, and as she kissed, expired.

GOVERNAIL and the lady were nearly drove to despair by the fatal catastrophe. However, they resolved to live, and bring up *Tristan*, and were only em-

* From the *French* word *triste*, *sad*, *tristful*; the latter indeed not in use, but borrowed more immediately from the *French*, and employed by *Shakespeare* in the following passage out of *Hamlet*,

"Heaven's face doth glow
With *tristful* visage."

barrasted how to provide a nurse for him ; when *Merlin*, that good and potent enchanter, who never appeared but when any event took place likely to redound to the honour of his friend *Arthur* and the *British* worthies, made his appearance. He broke the spell that detained *Meliadus* a prisoner in the fairy's palace, and bad *Gouvernail* take a particular care of young *Tristan*, as he would live to be the ornament and one of the three most celebrated Knights of the *Round-table*. *Meliadus* and *Gouvernail* thanked the great *Merlin*, and the equerry from this instant took care to train up his pupil in every science that could make him both brave and virtuous.

TRISTAN was in his seventh year, when *Meliadus*, tired of a long widowhood, courted and obtained the hand of a young lady, daughter to King *Houel* of *Nantes* in *Lower Brittany*. She was a miracle of beauty ; but her mind was a disgrace to her outward charms. She soon manifested her wicked inclinations ; for, having been brought to bed of a son, she took such an antipathy against *Tristan*, that she twice attempted his life ; but was the victim of her own malice. For on her first trial, the envenomed bowl she had prepared was drank off by her son : yet she once more had recourse to the same means in the very presence of the King ; but he having inspected the bowl, and the liquor it contained, perceived that it was poisoned, and, having called his Barons together, he, by their advice, condemned the cruel step-mother to the stake. *Tristan*, on the eve of her execution, requested a boon of his father, which was granted him—this was the Queen's life. According to the religious observance of those happy times, every promise made was held sacred, and *Meliadus* forgave his

Queen, but from that instant would never be reconciled to her.

ABOUT this time a dwarf, well skilled in casting up nativities, foretold to *Marcus*, King of *Cornwall*, that by his nephew *Tristan* he should in time be brought to shame and disgrace. This was enough for the weak and cowardly Monarch to seek the life of *Tristan*. Two *Cornish* Knights set out for *Leonois*, with an intention to destroy the young Prince. They concealed themselves behind a bush, near the spot where *Meliadus* and his son used to take the diversion of hunting, and, as they found *Meliadus* unarmed, they soon dispatched him; but, by the care of *Gouvernail*, the life of *Tristan* was preserved: *Meliadus* being no more, the Queen took upon herself the regency of the state. Her rooted hatred against *Tristan*, determined *Gouvernail* to set him beyond the reach of her malice, and carried his pupil to the court of *Pharamond*, who was then King of the *Gauls**.

TRISTAN soon became the ornament of the *French* court: he was, says his historian, the handsomest and most vigorous varlet † of his age. So comely a youth could not but attract the particular notice of the ladies.

BELINDA, daughter to *Pharamond*, was not proof against the many perfections of body and mind which so highly distinguished our hero from the rest of his sex; but, lest her rank should awe the bashful youth, she threw off all restraint, and rather than pine away in fruitless expectation, boldly stepped forth, and made an open decla-

* A most palpable anachronism; but no ways surprising in a romance of the twelfth century.

† See the note to this word, No. 4. p. 144.

ration of her passion. The Princess was young and handsome; *Tristan*, in that hey-day of life when the love of pleasure silences every other consideration, was moved; nay tempted, and might perhaps have improved this first opportunity of beginning his love campaigns, had not the sensible *Gouvernail* expostulated with his pupil on the ingratitude he would be guilty of, were he thus to bring shame and disgrace upon the family of a great Monarch who had shewed him so much friendship and hospitality. This remonstrance had the desired effect. *Tristan* was roused to a just sense of honour and duty; but *Belinda* was deaf to both. She watched *Tristan*, and meeting him alone in a thickset grove, she flew to his arms. The chaste Knight gently pushed her from him, and, some courtiers happening to pass that way, *Belinda* screamed, and had *Tristan* taken up as having dared to attempt her honour. The innocent culprit was brought before *Pharamond*, who read in *Belinda's* countenance that *Tristan* was not the criminal. In order to clear the matter, he ordered a sword to be put into her hands, and bade the Princess strike her ravisher. *Belinda* stood, confessed, and, dropping on her knees, begged her royal father to punish his guilty daughter, for having presumed to dispose of her heart without his consent, and bestowed it on a man who disdained it. The indulgent parent bade the Princess rise, kissed and soothed her; gave the deserved praise to the continent Knight, yet, as his birth was not publicly known, would not give him *Belinda's* hand, but on the contrary ordered him to leave the kingdom.

GOUVERNAIL who, during the stay of *Tristan* at the *French* court, had effected a reconciliation between
him

and his royal kinsman *Marcus*, set out with his pupil for *Cornwall*, where his uncle welcomed him ; having been told that the dwarf was a meddling ignorant fellow, and knew not what he said ; and, upon his being assured by *Gouvernail*, that he had nothing to fear from his nephew, he gave him leave to remain at his court.

BELINDA, conscious of the double crime which proclaimed her wanton and treacherous to her love, could not long survive the hopes of being happy in the arms of *Tristan*. A sad melancholy preyed upon her spirits, and her mental disease being past all cure, she fell into a fit of despair, and resolved to put a speedy end to a life, which shame and remorse rendered daily more insupportable. In order to effect her desperate purpose, she concealed in her bed-chamber that very sword which *Pharamond* had commanded her to stain with the blood of *Tristan* ; but before she turned it against herself, she wrote the following letter ; which, as it gives an idea of the style of love epistles in those days, we shall translate as literally as the difference of the two idioms will admit :

“ Dearest *Tristan*,

“ Beloved with sincerity of heart, and without guile ; may heaven assist you, providence befriend you, and be your fame increased. Where-ever you go, may joy, health, felicity, and good luck attend you ; may glory and victory crown your knightly exploits, and may your renown fill every corner of the earth ! Live in peace, plenty and happiness ; and be it your fate to leave all other Knights far behind you, and to be accounted the bravest of them all. God, who reigneth for ever, will, I trust, grant you a better end, nor so sad as mine : for my first love shall I terminate in blood. The only comfort

fort left me, sweetest friend, is that I shall fall on that very sword which my father put into my hands to slay you. I pray to God you may not die before you are by this informed of love's tyranny over those unfortunate wretches whose passion meets with no return. Oh, my love! it is for thee I die; and, as thou art too far to close my eyes, I send thee this letter, and my favourite dog which thou shalt keep for my sake; he is one of the best setters, and because he is the best do I give it thee, my love!"

The blood of *Belinda* had blotted out the other parts of her letter: enough however could be read to make the tenderest impression on *Tristan's* gentle heart. He lamented, with tears of pity, the wretched end of so lovely a Princess, kept her dying letter for ever close to his heart, and by his caresses welcomed the faithful creature recommended to his care and notice by *Belinda's* last request.

MEANWHILE *Tristan* improved daily in the manly exercises which the youths of those days preferred to the idle pleasures of a passive life. He was at the court of his uncle *Marcus*, the theme of every body's praise, and no less beloved for his gentleness of temper, than admired by all for his surprising strength and beauty. It was about this time that *Morboult*, brother to the Queen of *Ireland*, came with a numerous train of Knights and Esquires to demand the tribute, which the *Cornish* King paid annually to the Sovereign of *Ireland*. No way was left to shake off the galling yoke, but by finding a Knight who would dare to break a lance with *Morboult*, one of the most valiant companions of the *Round-table*. *Marcus* applied in vain to several of his courtiers; they to a man declined under various pretences, but all found-

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ed on motives equally base and disgraceful. Young *Tristan*, after having craved the advice of his tutor *Gouvernail*, went to his uncle, and besought him on his knees to confer upon him the honour of knighthood, if he thought him worthy of so eminent a distinction.

"Yes truly, handsome youth, answered *Marcus*, well hast thou deserved it; though it grieveth me to the heart to think that it cannot be done with that joy and splendour which the occasion requires; owing to the disagreeable circumstance of the *Irish* coming over to levy the tribute: but, since it is thy desire, tomorrow be ready to attend us."

ACCORDING to his promise *Marcus*, on the next day, surrounded by his courtiers, and all the foreigners of distinction that were then at the *Cornish* court, knighted his nephew *Tristan*. The latter had hardly gone thro' the ceremony when he begged leave to fight *Morbault*, in order to free the kingdom of *Cornwall* from the servile tribute. This, with great reluctance was granted, and the same made known to the *Irish* Knights. "And who is that presumptuous man, enquired one of them, who dares to defy to single combat our great and powerful Prince?" "I am that man, replied *Tristan*, as great as *Morbault* by birth, being the son and heir of King *Meliadus* and nephew to *Marcus*." *Morbault* accepted of the challenge, and it was agreed that they should meet on *Sanfon's* island, where the two Knights should be left by themselves.

WE shall not follow our author in his minute description of this famous encounter, the first and one of the most glorious achievements of the brave *Tristan*. Suffice it to say, that tho' he received several wounds, he

last cleaved *Morboult's* head, who had just life enough left to be carried to his ships, and from thence conveyed to *Ireland*, where he soon after died; whilst the kingdom of *Cornwall* was liberated from its yearly shame. Meanwhile *Tristan* laid weltering in his blood; his grateful uncle sent to his assistance, his wounds were dressed, and some closed in a few days. But *Morboult's* lance was poisoned, and *Tristan's* principal wound, far from healing grew worse every day, and greatly alarmed his uncle and the whole court. At last a young lady advised him to go to *England*, where she did not doubt but he would find the necessary assistance. He embarked for that purpose, and, after having been for a whole fortnight the sport of the winds and seas, his ship was cast on the coast of *Ireland*. The King of that country and his daughter *Yseult*, were at a window looking towards the sea, and observing that the Knight who had escaped from the wreck was wounded, the King had him brought to his palace, and strongly recommended him to *Yseult*, the most beautiful of all her sex, and well skilled in the cure of the most dangerous wound*. The fair Princess obeyed her father's commands, with that good will and alacrity which then graced every act of benevolence and hospitality, and in the which she had the more merit, as *Tristan* did not chuse to make himself known. From this very instant, says our author, *Tristan* and *Yseult* be-

* It was the received custom amongst the ladies, at that brilliant æra of ancient chivalry, to study surgery; that by their skill they might be useful to their fathers, husbands, relations, and friends, who were in daily danger of being wounded in single or other combats, tournaments, &c.

gan to admire each other, and the wound grew better every day. Several companions of the *Round-table* and other Knights, held at that time a tournament. A *Saracen* Prince by name *Palamedes*, had all the advantage the first day, and was brought to court where a splendid entertainment was prepared for him, at which *Tristan*, who was much recovered, begged to be present. *Yseult* appeared, and *Palamedes* was struck with wonder, and without recollecting where he was, ventured at this very first visit to declare his passion; but fate had marked him out for the victim of ill-requited love. *Tristan* took notice of the presumption of *Palamedes*, and the jealousy which he felt at the discovery convinced him that *Yseult* reigned sovereign over his conquered heart.

THE tournament was to be renewed the next day. *Tristan*, during the preceding night, put on his armour, and, leaving the palace, concealed himself in a forest. As soon as the Knights had entered the list, he made his appearance, overcame every opponent, and unhorsed *Palamedes*; then, falling on him sword in hand, forced him to sue for his life. But so violent an exercise, opened his wound afresh, and he was carried off to the palace, where *Yseult* attended him with a concern which daily grew more serious. The Princess discovered that a subtle and corrosive poison prevented the wound from being healed, and having made a poltice of several antivenomous plants effected a perfect cure. *Tristan* made an open avowal of his love to his fair physician, without acquainting her with his real name and quality, and *Yseult* thought that he spoke better and more feelingly than *Palamedes*.

ONE day a *gentle maid* ||, belonging to the Queen's household, got into the closet where *Tristan* kept his arms. She examined every piece one by one, and took particular notice of his sword, which was remarkable by a very deep notch. She suspected it to be the very same that gave *Morboult* his death wound, and informed the Queen of her suspicion. The latter had preserved the piece of the sword which had been extracted out of her brother's scull, she compared it with the notch, and found that it fitted it exactly. Thus was *Tristan* known for having killed *Morboult*. His royal sister complained loudly to the King, who called *Tristan* before him. The Knight confessed that he had fought with *Morboult*, concerning the *Cornish* tribute, and that victory had declared in his favour. The Queen earnestly begged that the blood of her brother might be atoned for by the death of his murderer. The King wavered, *Yseult* turned pale with horror; whilst the courtiers around murmured their discontent at the Queen's bloody request. At last resentment giving way to the wonted generosity of his soul, the King addressed himself to *Tristan* in the following words: "Sir Knight, much hurt and disgrace have you caused me by slaying my Queen's brother, the bravest champion of my realm; yet fouler would be my shame were I to take away your life. I shall therefore spare it for two reasons; first, because you are a valiant Knight, and next, because you have been my

|| This appellation, equally honourable, and at that time *significant*, was given to the young ladies of quality before they were married.

guest, and after having helped and assisted you it would be base and treacherous in me to seek that life which I have taken care to preserve. But you must instantly leave the kingdom, and it behoves me further to declare, that if you are seen again within my dominions your doom is fixed." "Sire, said *Tristan*, I thank your Majesty." Then casting the tenderest glance on *Yseult*, he heaved a deep fetched sigh, and mounting the horse that was prepared for him, departed. *Brangien*, maid of honour to *Yseult*, tho' young, knew the inmost thoughts of her royal mistress. She secretly dispatched her two brothers after *Tristan*, with orders to wait on him as his esquires, and the Knight with a sound body and a wounded mind, both which he owed to the fair Princess, arrived at the *Cornish* court,

King *Marcus* requested his nephew to give him a particular account of what had befallen him since his departure from *Cornwall*. *Tristan* complied, and in his recital, painted *Yseult* with all that energy of colouring which *Cupid* mixes for the use of lovers. The King was fired at the description; but dissembled till having found an opportunity, he begged a boon of his nephew, *Tristan*, unawares, and far from guessing his uncle's real intentions, promised to grant it, and swore on the hallowed shrines to perform whatever might be required of him. Having thus bound his kinsman with a most sacred oath, *Marcus* commanded him to go back to *Ireland*, and bring the beautiful *Yseult* to be Queen of *Cornwall*,

TRISTAN knew the fate that awaited him, and that an ignominious death must be the consequence of his daring to appear in *Ireland*. Yet such were the strange notions which our ancestors entertained, by thinking that

a promise once given must be performed; that we, more polite and refined, look upon them as a set of religious ideots. *Tristan* was one of them; he had plighted his faith; no danger, no fear, not even the certitude of losing his life could stay him. He sailed with a favourable wind; but a few days after his departure was by stress of weather obliged to take shelter in a sea-port on the coast of *England*. King *Arthur* kept his court at *Lramalot*, where his Knights companions amused their leisure by exercising themselves in jousts and tournaments, wherein, no less civil than brave, they granted the most distinguished rank to foreign Knights.

TRISTAN arrived at *Lramalot*, and without discovering who he was, entered the lists with other Knights, and completely carried the day. One morning as he was sauntering by the sea shore, he saw coming out of a ship just arrived, *Argius* King of *Ireland*, father to his adored *Iselt*. The tributary Prince, accused before his paramount *Arthur* with a murder committed at his court, was come to clear himself of so foul a charge by single combat; but he was stricken in years, and *Blaaner* his accuser, besides being in the full vigour of his youth, was reputed one of the most valiant Knights who graced the *Round-table*. Now it was a law amongst the companions of that most noble order, never to engage against each other except upon a personal quarrel. So that *Argius* had little hopes of finding a champion who would take his part. At last he was told of the prowess of the unknown Knight; he therefore applied to him. *Tristan* who, to avoid the fate that threatened him in *Ireland*, had only taken the precaution of changing his armour, knew *Argius* instantly, tho' the latter did not recollect him,

him. The King of *Ireland* swore by every thing that was then held sacred, that he was no ways guilty of the crime laid to his charge, and begged he would espouse his cause. "Aye, that I will, answered *Tristan*, it is but justice that I should stand the champion of a Prince who had it in his power, and would not take away my life." He then told him who he was, and *Argius* full of admiration, engaged himself by oath to grant him whatever boon he might crave at his hands after the combat.

TRISTAN, having signified his intention of vindicating the impeached honour of *Argius*, championed *Galaer* to utterance*. The latter, after a long and obstinate engagement, full of wounds and unable to support himself, called to his opponent to make use of his right and take the forfeit of his life. But *Tristan* was too generous an enemy to take such an advantage, besides he was sensible that *Galaer* spoke in that manner only out of disappointment and rage at a defeat which his hardy courage would not suffer him to survive. "Heaven forbid, says *Tristan*, that I should strike off the head of so renowned a Knight as thou art ! I would

* This word, though obsolete, is the best equivalent we have in our language for the *French combattre à outrance* (to the last extremity). *Shakespeare* uses it in that sense, in the following lines taken from *Macbeth*:

———"Come fate into the list,
And champion me to th'utterance.

And also in his tragedy of *Cymbeline*,

———"Of him I gathered honour;
Which to seek of me again per force
Behoves me keep at utterance.

not

not commit such a deed for the best city King *Arthur* may have in his gift." He then called upon the judges for their verdict. They gave it in favour of the King of *Ireland*, who was thus honourably acquitted. This sentence being notified in form to the assembled multitude; *Tristan* ran to *Galaer*, took him up in his arms, and committed the wounded Knight to the care of his friends and relations, who were allied to the celebrated *Lancelot of the Lake*, with whom *Tristan* ardently wished to be acquainted, and bound in the ties of friendship. All *Arthur's* worthies surrounded the conqueror, and carried him in triumph to his tent; where *Argius* embraced him with the greatest cordiality, and begged he would accompany him to *Ireland*. *Tristan* landed safe with *Argius* and the Queen, forgetful of her former hatred, cherished in our hero, the preserver of her Lord's life and honour.

LET our readers figure to themselves the joy that filled the bosom of *Yseult*, who knew that *Tristan* had been promised a boon, and judged from her own heart what her dear Knight should require. On the other hand, how great the conflict in *Tristan's* breast, between despotic love, but more imperious honour. For the latter over-ruled his dearest concerns, and, true to his word, he asked and obtained the hand of *Yseult*, for his uncle *Marcus*. The lovely and faithful *Brangien* was given to the princess as a companion. On the eve of *Yseult's* departure, the Queen, who had observed her daughter's growing inclination for *Tristan*, and willing to prevent its direful effects, delivered to *Brangien* a philter, or amorous potion, the precious gift of a skillful fairy; with orders to divide it into two equal draughts,
and

and administer it to *Ysult* and King *Marcus* on their wedding night.

WHO can controul the mighty power of fortune? What will even prudence and consummate wisdom avail against the caprices of the blind Sorcerers? *Ysult* and *Tristan* embarked, and the wind seemed to promise them a quick and pleasant passage: the heat was intense; they both were tormented with a parching thirst. The Princess was the first to complain, and *Tristan*, spying the phial which *Brangien* had neglected to put out of the way; he took it up eagerly, tendered it to his fair mistress, and with her shared the fatal beverage. For alas! this was the love draught destined by the Queen for a far different purpose. It produced a sudden and wonderful effect. Honour was silent. Love alone spoke, and spoke in the most forcible language. Let every reader fancy to himself the situation of our two lovers, who, left to struggle with nature and inclination, might have perhaps withstood the alluring temptation; but alas, they were not proof against the powerful spell!

MEANWHILE, a mighty storm arises, the affrighted pilot deserts his station, and abandons to the mercy of the waves, the ship he has no further hope to preserve. *Ysult* and *Tristan* think of nothing but their mutual happiness and transports. At last, they are drove by the force of the wind and tide into an unknown harbour. Here they landed safe, and upon their making some enquiries concerning the place and its inhabitants, were answered by an elderly man, who, surprised at the beauty, youth, and good mein of our travellers, dropt a tear of pity, and with a significant shrug of his shoulders

ders, "Unfortunate strangers, said he, I am alarmed at the dangers that threaten you both. You are within sight of the castle of *Plours*, belonging to the steel-hearted and felonious *Brunor*, who will destroy you: unless, Sir Knight, you can overcome him in single combat, and the young lady proves handsomer than that of *Brunor*." The sequel is easily foreseen by the intelligent reader. *Tristan*, no less valiant than amorous, kills the barbarous Knight, and half a score of saucy giants who had taken the traitor's part; and *Yseult's* triumph is equally complete. Having seized on the castle, *Tristan* and *Yseult* seemed in no hurry to leave it; they staid there three months: but at last necessity compelled them to embark in their way to *Cornwall*, where they soon after arrived in perfect safety. King *Marcus* was very thankful, admired much *Yseult*, and testified so great an impatience to make her his bride, that he could hardly be persuaded to wait 'till the next day, when the nuptials were solemnized in the most splendid manner.

THIS sight was death to our lovers, and, whilst every countenance glowed with mirth and satisfaction at the King's approved choice, *Yseult* and *Tristan* were a prey to uneasiness and anxiety. The former feared lest *Marcus* should perceive what had been the consequence of the magic draft, and of a three months stay at *Plours* Castle, when she had no other companion than Love and *Tristan*. Some expedient must be thought on to remove the King's suspicions, and prevent a fatal discovery. *Yseult*, her lover, *Brangien* and *Gouvernail* met together in council. *Brangien*, though handsome and not averse to love, had not, like her mistress, swallowed

a magic potion; and, swayed by honour and virtue, she had preserved untainted that innocence, which might have been the pride of *Yseult*, had she never tasted the fatal liquor. She loved her mistress, and determined to save her if possible from disgrace. Accordingly, when night came on, she decked herself in the regal night-dress, perfumed herself, said her prayers; and, in the bridal bed, waited the arrival of King *Marcus*, who soon made his appearance. He staid the whole night with her, and according to his custom, rose the next morning an hour before the sun. His good humour, and unusual cheerfulness, spoke the state of his mind, and the success of the stratagem that had been devised to give him a good opinion of his royal consort, who, apprised by *Brangien* of her Lord's absence, took that place which she could now fill with more propriety. The King, who was all raptures and extasy, and perfectly doated on his Queen, rewarded *Tristan* by creating him Lord Chamberlain; an office which gave him the liberty of entering every apartment in the palace, that of the Queen not excepted.

NEVER is a biographer so disagreeably circumstanced, as when truth obliges him to record some particular fact to the disparagement of his principal personage; especially when he has endeavoured to prejudice the reader in his favour: this unfortunately is the case with us. That paragon of beauty and gentleness, *Yseult*, becomes at once ungrateful and barbarous. *Brangien*, who had sacrificed to friendship, that which her tender and delicate sex is fearful to grant to the most pressing lover, is suspected by the Queen, she is looked upon as a dangerous witness, which must be removed at all events;

events, lest she should betray the important secret. This ill-grounded fear operated so strongly on *Yseult*, that, forgetting her former services, and lost even to the feelings of humanity, she gave secret orders for *Brangien* to be conveyed into the thickest part of *Morois* forest, and there murdered. We shudder at the thought; and *Yseult*'s repentance, though lively and sincere, can hardly atone for having planned in cool blood a scheme so cruel and inhuman.

BRANGIEN, as we have had occasion to observe before, wanted neither for youth nor beauty, two powerful advocates even amongst savages. The two officers had undertaken to obey the Queen's peremptory command; but, when they looked up at their victim, their heart relented, and one of them asking her what she could have done against her Sovereign, that should deserve such punishment? Alas! answered *Brangien*, "I am not conscious of having done any wrong to her Majesty; nor do I know what she can lay to my charge. All I can say is, that, when Madam *Yseult* left *Ireland*, she brought along with her as a present to King *Marcus*, a most precious lily of the vale, notwithstanding all her care, it faded and was lost in the passage. A damsel of her retinue who had one also, but in high preservation, offered it to the Queen by my hands. If this deserves death, my Lord, I am resigned: but I do not recollect that I ever injured my royal mistress, unless what I have related be called an offence."

THE two officers understood nothing of this enigma, and rather took her speech for the ravings of a disordered brain. They could not however bring themselves to slay so gentle a creature; but bound her to a tree,

and returned to court, telling the Queen that *Brangien* was dead, and relating what she had said to them. *Yseult* felt now the most torturing remorse, and the tormenting recollection of her ingratitude drove her almost to despair. Luckily for *Brangien*, *Palamedes*, happening to pass by, heard her cries, knew her again, and having unbound carried her to a neighbouring nunnery. When this was done, he returned to the forest, and set himself down under a shady tree. Our readers have not forgot that this *Palamedes* was the *Saracen* Prince, who, being in *Ireland*, had publickly avowed his love for *Yseult*: let them therefore judge of his surprize and dismay, when, casting his eyes around, he saw her at a little distance from him tearing her dishevelled hair, and then, pulling out a poniard from under her cloaths, he heard her exclaim in all the agony of grief. — “No dearest *Brangien*, my most valuable friend and preserver! I will not survive thee. This poniard, guided by my own hand, shall punish my barbarous heart for its black ingratitude.” *Palamedes* ran up to her, and falling at her feet, bade her be comforted, and he would bring back to her the friend whose loss she so much lamented. He soon performed his promise, and was present at the most melting scene. *Yseult* would have embraced the knees of her dear *Brangien*, but the latter prevented it: she clasped her in her arms, they mingled their tears, and the Queen, as a reward for so rich a gift, engaged to grant to *Palamedes* the first boon he might require. King *Marcus* arrived on the spot, and was given to understand that *Brangien* had been carried off by some ruffians, and rescued by *Palamedes*. The King confirmed the promise of granting him a boon; but the former made
a bad

a bad use of the condescension, and required that *Yseult* should follow him. The promise even in such case was binding, and *Palamedes* went off with *Yseult*. *Tristan* alone could have attempted her rescue, but *Tristan* was absent.

A WORTHY Knight named *Lambergues*, who had been some time at the *Cornish* court, and was under the care of *Yseult* for several dangerous wounds which he had received in one of those encounters so common to the professors of knight-errantry, no sooner heard that his fair physician was carried away by *Palamedes*, than he mounted his horse, galloped after, and coming up with him, they began a fight, which, though fatal in the end to *Lambergues*, whose blood gushing out of his wounds obliged him to sue for his life, which was granted; yet so far succeeded, that *Yseult* found means to make her escape, and having met with another Knight, he took her behind him, and swimming across the river, carried her safe on the opposite shore, where she had but just time to shut herself up in a tower that stood a few paces from the river, before *Palamedes* overtook the Knight, who attempting to stop him was killed on the spot; whilst the Prince unable to bear the thoughts of *Yseult* being out of his power, laid him down by the tower-wall, where he fell, as if by magic charm into a profound revery.

TRISTAN, at his return, hearing what had passed, lost no time; but, taking *Gouvernail* along with him, set off in pursuit of *Palamedes*, and, having reached the tower, found the Knight in that kind of lethargical trance from which all the noise they made could not awake him; till at last *Gouvernail*, laying hold of his helmet, shook him

him so effectually, that *Palamedes*, looking up to him, "Thou felon Esquire, said he, why shouldst thou attempt to rouse me from my deep cogitations?" "*Palamedes*, replied *Gouvernail*, this is no time for thinking; behold here! *Tristan* is come to challenge you." "Ah, *Tristan*, exclaimed *Palamedes*, was it not enough for thee have rivalled and over-reached me in *Ireland*? Wouldst thou now deprive me once more of my beloved *Yseult*, when she is my lawful prize?"

THE two Knights were too brave, and too incensed against each other, to spend their time in idle expostulations. They instantly came to blows, and *Yseult* saw from the window the fiercest combat between the two most valiant Knights that ever broke a lance. She did not wait for the issue, lest it should have proved fatal to her dear *Tristan*; but rushing out between the two combatants, she staid their fury; whilst she addressed *Palamedes* in these words, "You who pretend to so much love for me, sure cannot refuse to do what I shall desire." "Oh speak, fairest of all your sex! your commands I shall implicitly obey." "Hear then the boon I crave; quit the field instantly, and hie thee to the court of King *Arthur*. Commend me to his Queen, and tell her, there are but two Knights and two ladies worth notice, she and I, her lover, and my *Tristan*. I charge you further never to appear where I may be, except it is in *England*." *Palamedes*, with tears in his eyes,—"Oh lady, says he, you shall be obeyed, I have sworn it; though by your request you have deceived and cast me off; do not, I beseech you, turn your heart entirely from me!" "*Palamedes*, answered the Queen, hear me! may I never rest in peace, or taste the sweets of mortal joy if ever I am false to my love for *Tristan*."

PALA-

PALAMEDES with a heavy heart departed, whilst *Yseult* re-entered the tower, where *Tristan* followed her : being weary he unarmed. They were by themselves ; the spell-fraught potion had lost nothing of its virtue So taken up was *Tristan* with the thoughts of his happiness that he was tempted to elope with *Yseult* : but a long night, sound sleep, and, above all, honour recalled him on the morrow to a better way of thinking, and more worthy of a true and loyal Knight. He returned with *Yseult* to *Cornwall*.

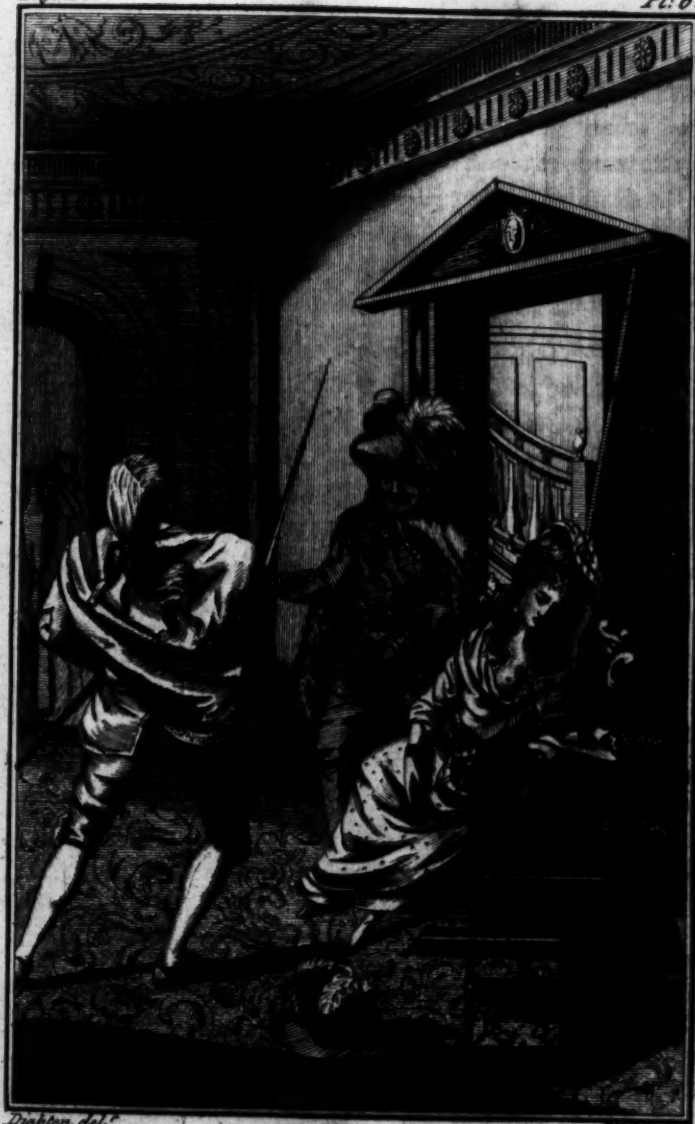
MARCUS pretended a great deal of gratitude for the services done him by his nephew ; but his heart was cankered with all the venom of "green eyed" jealousy. Prudence and love seldom meet together. One day *Yseult* and *Tristan* were tête-à-tête in the King's apartments ; *Andret*, a wicked and cowardly Knight, peeping through the key-hole, saw them sitting together near a table with a chess-board ; which, says the historian, was of no service to the two lovers. *Andret* lost no time, but running to *Marcus*—"You are, said he, the most vilified of all Kings, and the most contemptible wittol if you suffer him to remain in your kingdom who estranges from you your wife."—"And who is the traitor ?"—"Why, your very kinsman *Tristan* ; it is long since I suspected him, and would have informed you before ; but was in hopes that he would mend. This very instant, if you step to your own chamber, there you will find them dallying together." The King waited for no further information ; but hastening to his apartment, he broke the door open with such a force that he wrenched it from its very hinges. *Tristan* started from his seat, and endeavoured to effect his retreat, but
in

in vain: *Marcus* was now in the room, and running sword in hand to his nephew, exclaimed in a furious tone: "*Vassal**, thou hast brought me to disgrace, and seduced my Queen, † DRAW, CAITIFF, DRAW! I CHALLENGE THEE! *Tristan*, wrapping up his arm in his mantle, seized a sword that happened to hang in the room, and was soon able to drive before him his uncle, who called lustily to his *Cornish* Knights for assistance; but they all loved or feared *Tristan* too much to obey their Sovereign's summons. *Marcus* took to his heels; but his nephew overtaking him, struck him to the ground with the flat of his sword. Then returned to *Yseult*, who had fainted during the affray, and remained still motionless. Her trance, however, could not withstand the reviving caresses of *Tristan*, who, fearing lest this quarrel with his uncle should be attended with some bad consequence, by the advice of the Queen and his faithful *Gouvernail*, assembled his friends, and with them retired to *Morais* forest without the gates of *Cintageul*, where *Marcus* held his court. The hopes of seeing his dear *Yseult*, made him tarry there a long time, nor did he lose the least opportunity of vexing his uncle, who dared not to shew himself without the city walls.

THE high Barons of *Cornwall* recalling to their minds that *Tristan* had delivered them from the disgraceful

* The word *Vassal*, was used as a word of contempt by those Knights who were stiled Lords; and it was accounted a real disgrace for a gentleman to be called *Vassal* by a person who was not in reality his Lord Paramount.

† See the Plate.

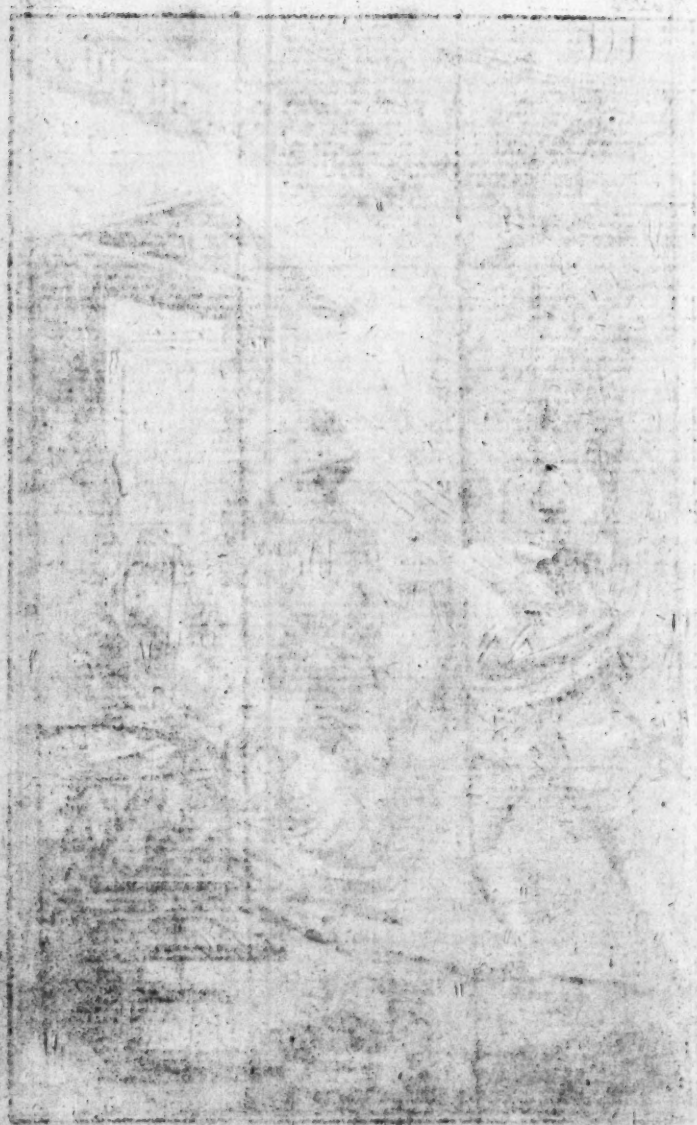


Dighton del.

H. Wallis sc.

*Draw Caitiff, Draw,
I Challenge Thee.*

Published as the Act directs May 20.th 1780.



[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly a signature or date.]

tribute which they used to pay to the King of *Ireland*, insisted, with *Marcus*, upon his sending for him to court. *Yseult* sent him word by *Brangien* to return, but to be upon his guard lest he should experience some new treachery from the King. *Marcus*, who was all deceit and hypocrisy, dissembled with his nephew, and welcomed him in a manner as little expected as it was sincere.

TRISTAN, by his valour and prowess in chivalry had made himself some enemies; but the most inveterate of them all was a base *Cornish* Knight, whose brother our hero had killed in a tournament. Not daring to resent it like a man, he was resolved to make more sure of his revenge by wounding *Tristan* in the tenderest part. This unworthy Knight brought to court a young damsel, who pretended to have an enchanted horn made of ivory. She applied to the King, and said to him: "My liege, this horn I hold is most wonderful, and will help to find out such ladies as have infringed the marriage vow, and been faithless to their Lords. I beg your Majesty will order the trial in the following manner: let the horn be filled with wine and given to the ladies to drink. The true and loyal wife will not lose a drop; but the adulterers will spill the whole contents on her cloaths."†——The fair *Yseult*, who had some reason to think that she was not mistress of sufficient dexterity to

† It is evident that *Ariosto* borrowed from this passage the episode of the enchanted cup. He, as well as *Boccacio*, has made free with several other incidents of this romance, which was composed 200 years before the time of those *Italian* authors.

drink the wine *clean off*, was much alarmed, and *Tristan*, who knew how far her fears were well grounded, not chusing to be present at the dangerous trial, retired from *Cintaguel*, recommending *Yseult* to the care of his friends, in case the Queen should not prove a *clean drinker*, and thus be exposed to the King's resentment.

THE next day *Marcus* called together all the married ladies of his court, with the Queen at the head of them. The noble dames talked loud of their virtue, complained much of injurious jealousies and suspicions; in short, started every objection that might now be urged by the modest women in this refined age, were they in the same case, in order to avoid taking the hazardous test. They were right: for all the ladies were awkward, and every one of them flattered more or less. The *Cornish* Lords, whether from policy or pride, affected the most stubborn incredulity, and all to a man rose against the King, saying to him!—"Your royal consort you may put to death if you will or can, but our wives we shall not harm for so trifling a cause."—"How, replied the King, do you not see clearly that they have brought disgrace upon ye?"—"It is more than we either know or believe. The horn is the contrivance of some wicked necromancer; and once more we say it, punish your consort if you dare; your conduct shall be no rule for us. The King, who tenderly loved *Yseult*, and encouraged by the passiveness of his Barons: "well, my good Lords of *Cornwall*, said he to them, since you excuse your ladies, I freely acquit mine; and look on this horn-trial as delusive and fallacious."

TRISTAN,

TRISTAN being apprised by his friends, that peace and tranquillity was restored at court, returned to *Citanguel*: but the perfidious *Andret*, ever on the watch to do some mischief to the noble Knight, rightly foreseeing that he would not fail to renew his private conversations with *Yseult*, laid a snare to entrap *Tristan*, and fixed it by *Yseult*'s bedside, as the most likely place to answer his treacherous purpose. There it was that he artfully concealed several sword blades, so disposed as to maim the legs of the bold adventurer who would dare to approach the bed. *Tristan* cut his leg in a very dangerous manner; but one small evil is often unheeded, when a greater bliss engrosses our sensations. It was some time before he perceived his wound, which the beautiful *Yseult* instantly dressed, and nearly healed with a balmy kiss. As the day approached, *Tristan* took leave. The Queen rose to shut the door after him; when, lo! she shared the same fate with her lover, and the sharp edge of the concealed weapons tore off the skin of the alabaster pillars that supported nature's most beauteous edifice; *Brangien* alarmed, ran to the assistance of her royal mistress, stopped the blood, and put the Queen to bed. Neither *Yseult* nor *Tristan* dared to complain of this accident: but *Andret*, who easily perceived that his infernal plot had succeeded, took care to inform the King, whose jealousy was now wounded up to a pitch of madness. He set so many spies to watch the two lovers, that *Bafyle*, kinsman to *Andret*, soon found an opportunity of surprising them together, in a situation that made it impossible for *Tristan* to escape, so that they were both seized. The Queen was shut up in a tower, and *Tristan* confined to a dismal dungeon.

THE King directed *Tristan* to be tried by the *Cornish* Barons, who passed sentence of death upon him. The day was fixed, as well as the place for execution; which was to be on a rising ground that stood about a mile from town. *Gouvernail* had called his friends together, and was prepared for a rescue; but *Tristan* needed no foreign assistance. He had hardly walked out of his cell into the open air, than, collecting all his strength, with a mighty jerk, broke his chains, knocked down two of his keepers, and, wresting the sword from a third, retreated to a church: *Andret* pursued him at the head of the guards, who attacked him altogether, *Tristan* would have dispersed, by his undaunted courage, the cowardly crew, but unfortunately his sword broke, and he was obliged to retire in great haste to the top of a belfry which stood close to the sea, and there commending himself to the fair lady of his thoughts, he cast himself head foremost into the waves, and then, swimming with all his force, reached the foot, and soon, by climbing up, the top of a rock.

ON the other hand, *Yseult* was in a situation little short from despair. She was already consigned to the barbarous wretches, whose office it was to put her to an ignominious death. One of her maids of honour found means to escape, and, knowing the place where *Gouvernail* and his friends laid in ambush, she gave them the alarm. They all flew to the Queen's assistance, and having slain her guards, carried her off in triumph; first to the church, and then to the tower, where they were told that *Tristan* had successively retired. They searched it all over in vain. But how clear-sighted is love? *Yseult*, notwithstanding the distance, saw him lying

lying on the rock. She pointed him out to her deliverers, and some of them taking to a boat, went after *Tristan*, and brought him safe, to the inexpressible joy of *Yseult* and his friends. —“ Lady, said *Tristan*, I rejoice much at seeing you in perfect safety, and since Providence has united us once more, let us henceforth, never part.” —“ I wish for nothing more, replied the Queen, for I had rather starve with you, than live in abundance and plenty with any other man.”

THE lovely pair were too sensible of the unavoidable fate that awaited them at *Cintaguel*, for them not to look out for a safe asylum. They found what they wished for, in the most remote and unfrequented part of *Morvins* forest. Here they spent a few months undisturbed: but King *Marcus* set a price on their heads, and promised so large a reward, that, though they were much beloved, yet some mercenary wretches bestirred themselves so effectually, that our lovers were at last discovered. The King was one day informed by his spies, that *Tristan* was gone a hunting with *Gouvirnail*. Upon receiving this intelligence, he put himself at the head of a strong party, and, having found *Yseult* alone and defenceless, he had her conveyed back to her former prison. It seems that the Queen's frequent conversations with *Tristan*, only served to heighten her charms; for her royal consort felt all his wrath forsake him at the sight of her, and instead of those bitter reproaches she had some right to expect, *Yseult* heard him talk of nothing but love; and she found in him not a furious and brow-beating husband, but a submissive lover, who loaded her with caresses; which however we may suppose were more unexpected than welcome.

MEANWHILE the ill-fated *Tristan*, after having chased a kid for several hours, without being able to come up with it, had laid himself down, and worn out with fatigue, fell into a profound sleep. The son of one of the guards, whom the Knight had killed the day that had been fixed for his execution, had constantly watched ever since an opportunity of avenging his father's death. Finding him in this place, he let fly a poisoned arrow, which wounded *Tristan* in the left arm. The hero awaked with the pain, ran at his murderer, seized him, and dashed his brains against a tree. Then taking out the arrow, discovered the danger he was in from the venom. But the knowledge and experience he had of *Yseult's* skill, dispelled his fears: Alas! he hoped in vain. At his return to the place where he had left the Queen, a young damsel, drowned in tears, acquainted him with what had happened during his absence. These heavy tidings made him desperate. He would have attempted his life; but love stopped his guilty hand. Yet death seemed to him unavoidable. The pain occasioned by his wound grew insupportable, and the poison made a quick and alarming progress. *Gouvernail* found means to procure an interview with *Brangien*, who advised him, since it was impossible to call in the Queen's assistance, to go to *Lower Brittany*, where he would find another *Yseult*, daughter to King *Houel*, and distinguished from the former by the surname of *Lily-banded*, and no less skilled in surgery, than her name-sake the Queen of *Cornwall*. *Tristan* followed this advice, and was received with great cordiality by the King, who, pleased with his good mien, and princely appearance, entrusted him to his daughter's

ter's care; but mighty love recommended him still more powerfully to her notice.

THE beautiful hands, which had begot *Yseult* her surname, were highly busy in dressing *Tristan's* arm; an office they performed with a very meaning slowness, which *Tristan* understood, and was pleased to observe. The very touch of her finger was delightful to him, and a salutary heat, thrilling through his veins, dispelled the deadly chill occasioned by the envenomed dart, and gave him reason to think that his cure would be the work of *lily-banded Yseult*. He was not deceived, for a few days restored him to his health and vigour. About this time, a powerful Lord, who waged war against *Hoel*, routed the royal army, and laid siege to the capital. The King, who could get no assistance from his Barons, fell into a state of despondency; from which he was roused by *Gouvernail*, who without mentioning his master's name, told the King that he had, in the person of the stranger, the bravest Knight the world could produce. *Tristan* was then busy in testifying his gratitude to his fair preserver; but he no sooner heard of the King's request, than he called for his horse and armour, and, at the head of a small party, sallied out, defeated the enemy, killed their leader, and re-entered triumphant into the capital. The King, mindful of so important a service, and knowing by *Pheredin*, his son, that his deliverer was the renowned *Tristan*, offered him his daughter in marriage. This honourable, but unexpected proposal, threw our hero into the greatest perplexity. The first *Yseult* was still uppermost in his heart; but, to the fair and beautiful hands of the second, he owed his life. He recalled to his mind the pleasures he had enjoyed with the former, the
great

great and many proofs he had of her love, and the very recollection tortured him with remorse, at the injuries he had done to his royal uncle. The principles of honour and probity, which he had imbibed from his youth, were not erased from his mind, but, only hushed for awhile by the enchanted draught. He wished to bid an eternal farewell to his illicit amours, and resolved to seek, in an union, sanctified by all the laws of God and men, for that happiness, for which an honest man is the more calculated, as he can best feel the satisfaction of conscious innocence. This last consideration acted so forcibly upon our hero, that he readily consented to give his hand to *Yseult*, and led her to the temple of Hymen. Love, displeased at this infidelity, took on him a severe revenge. They entered the nuptial bed; but the image of the Queen of *Cornwall*, acting on *Tristan* as a powerful ægis, deprived him of his faculties; so that he could hardly find strength enough to apply a cool *brotherly* kiss on *Yseult's* coral lips, before he sunk into a profound sleep. Yet, such was the innocence of virgins in those halcyon days, that she rose the next day a maiden-bride, without knowing that her charms had been wronged.

TRISTAN, as our readers may well imagine, kept his misadventure a profound secret, and of *Yseult* it may be said, that she, not knowing what she had lost, "was not robbed at all;" and therefore had no ground to complain. *Gouvernail*, who was ignorant of the accident, pleased himself with the hopes, that a handsome wife would make his master forget a mistress, who, though more beautiful, was absent, and married to another. *Tristan* remained a whole twelvemonth with his father-in-law; *Yseult* con-

tinued

tinued in her ignorance, and all the subsequent nights were as harmless as the first.

LET us now return to the court of *Cornwall*, where the news of *Tristan's* marriage was received with the greatest joy by *Marcus*, whilst they plunged a dagger into the bosom of *Yseult*. She could not dissemble her grief, and, shutting herself up with her faithful *Brangien*, she gave a loose to her tears and complaints. Alas! cried she, how couldst thou, *Tristan*, find in thy heart to betray her who loved thee better than life? Woe is me for my mishap! Whilst others enjoy their blissful loves, I am deprived of mine. Thus forsaken, alas! 'twould be kind for death to take me to herself. Then recollecting the friendship which Queen *Genievre* had ever shewn for her, she resolved to make her acquainted with her misfortunes. This Queen of *England* was in love with *Lancelot of the Lake*, and the great King *Arthur*, who ruled over so many Kingdoms; that renowned Knight, the worthy Chief of the *Round-table*, shared the fate of the petty, insignificant King of *Cornwall*. *Yseult* knew it, and it is a received opinion, that women think to ease their love-sick minds, by talking confidently of their woes to each other. She therefore wrote a letter to *Genievre*, to inform her Majesty with the excessive love she bore to *Tristan*; how ill she was requited, her forlorn condition, and concluded by asking her advice.

QUEEN *Genievre* imparted to *Lancelot of the Lake*, the news she had received of *Tristan's* knightless * behaviour.

* This word, though obsolete, is very expressive; it refers to any action unworthy of a Knight, witness the following passage from *Spencer's Fairy Queen*:

Lancelot took fire, and laid a plan to punish the traitor for so base a conduct; but wrath and indignation gave way to sympathising pity, when, by the report of a Knight of *Lower Britanny*, he understood that *Tristan* had left *Houel's* court, a prey to melancholy and deep rooted sorrow, and forsaken *Lily-banded Yseult*, to run in search of new adventures: a circumstance which convinced him that *Tristan* was sorry for what he had done. The fact was, that the King of *Leonois*, more than ever enamoured with *Yseult the fair*, (this is the *Cornish* Queen, distinguished from *Houel's* daughter) had ordered a fishing boat to be built, on which he meant to embark in his way to *Cornwall*.

ONE day, as he was on board with his wife and her brother *Pheredin*, on a fishing party, a violent wind arose, which forced the boat into the open sea. For three days they continued to be the sport of that treacherous element; till, at last, they were driven on an unknown shore. They landed, and having penetrated a little way up the country, they met with a Knight, on foot, and unarmed, who begged them, as they tendered their lives and freedom, not to proceed further, as they were in the dominions of *Narbon the black*, whom he represented to them as the most wicked and formidable of all men; adding with all, that, having presumed to encounter him in single combat, he was become his bondsman, and had no hopes of recovering his liberty. *Tristan* swore to set him at liberty, and upon a nearer

—“ Arise thou curs'd miscreant,
That hast with *knightless* guile and treacherous train
Fair knighthood foully shamed.”

inspection,

Inspection, knew him again for a Knight, whose wife had been very free of her favours to *Marcus* and himself. *Segurades*, for so was he called, recollected *Tristan* instantly, and said to him: Sir Knight, of all men I should hate you most; but I forgive you, and wish for no greater revenge than your having dared to come within the pale of *Narbon's* Lordship. Thou art right, replied *Tristan*, such base revenge well becomes a *Cornish* Knight:—Yet, I dare engage, that the same man who relieved thy dastardly countrymen from the *Irish* tribute, will be able to set thee free.

SEGURADES was endowed with a good heart, and, forgetful of the trifling injury he had received from *Tristan*, sincerely admitted his undaunted spirit, begged our hero's pardon, offered to be his guide, and conducted him and his company, for that night, to a lady widow who lived in the neighbourhood. They were received with peculiar distinction, and treated in a very splendid manner. The lady shewed her guests into a chapel, where stood a beautiful monument: alas, said she, this tomb enfolds the remains of a relation of mine, *Menion* by name, a junior companion of the *Round-table*, who fell a victim to *Narbon's* treachery. Here lies he buried in complete armour, according to the custom of the *English*, with a wreath of pearls over his head, as being a younger Knight.

On the morning, *Tristan* was awakened by the sound of the horn. It was to notify an entertainment which the giant *Narbon* was to give that day; and, that it might be carried on with more éclat, all his vassals were summoned to be present under pain of death. *Tristan* had neither horse nor arms. He set off on foot with his

confort *Yfeult*, *Segurades*, *Pheredin*, and their hospitable hostess. They soon came to a plain, where the giant, who thought himself an over-match for any man at cudgelling, had divided his captive Knights into two different bodies. The one composed of the Knights of *Nargales*, (*North-Wales*) the other of those of *Logres* (*England*). A Prince of the latter country joined this troop, his name was the *Amoral of Wales*, a companion of the *Round-table*. "Well, said the unwieldy monster, this is one slave more added to the rest." The *Amoral*, armed with a shield and a quarter-staff, as all the other champions were, challenged, and overcame all the Knights of *Nargales*. The Giant thought he was an opponent worthy of his notice, attacked, and soon put it out of his power to resist. *Narbon* loudly complained, with insulting pride, that he could not meet with his match. *Tristan*, who had hitherto remained a quiet spectator, whispered to *Segurades*, "Now is my time to appear, and I am in hopes to kill that proud, conceited Giant. As soon as you see him fall down, let the words be, RESCUE and LIBERTY."

TRISTAN advancing toward the spot that had witnessed the *Amoral's* overthrow, took up his quarter-staff, and dared the giant who aimed several precipitated blows at him. Our hero parried them all off with great dexterity, but never offered to act offensively. They fought for a full hour, and *Narbon*, surprised at his adversary's adroitness, contrasted by his seeming timidity, said to him:—"And who art thou that art so dextrous in avoiding, and so backward in returning blows!"—"I am *Tristan* of *Leonois*, son to *Meliadus*, and ne-

phew to the King of *Cornwall*."—"So much the better; for I have ever bore deadly hatred to thy race, and since we are met, be death alone the end of our combat,"—This was what *Tristan* wished for. He accepted of the challenge, and stood for some moments longer on the defensive; but at last he pressed his enemy, and at last with a blow falling full on his head, he laid the giant dead at his feet. He then wrested a sword from one of *Narbon's* guards, and, together with *Segurades*, thundered out the given word: RESCUE and LIBERTY. The prisoners who formed the two parties united together, and gratefully kissed the hands of their deliverer. The liegemen of *Narbon*, free from his iron yoke, professed themselves ready to swear allegiance to the conquering Knight. *Tristan* declined their proffered submission, and, full of admiration for the *Amoral of Wales*, recommended him to their choice: but he also refused the sovereignty. *Tristan* thought this a good opportunity of making amends to *Segurades* for former injuries, and seeing on a stool, covered with crimson velvet, the Count's coronet, he ordered it to be brought to him, and placed it on the head of the *Cornish* Knight, who, falling on his knees, swore allegiance, and did homage to his worthy benefactor.

TRISTAN and his beauteous consort crossed the sea once more, and returned to *Lower Britanny*, where they remained some time. Full of his love for the fair *Ysult*, of *Cornwall*, and unable to withstand the pleasure of speaking his amours; our hero unbosomed himself to his brother-in-law *Pheredin*: acknowledging that he was so irresistibly swayed by his attachment to *Ysult the fair*, and by the force of the magic draught,
that

that he was insensible to the charms and accomplishments of *Pheredin's* lovely sister. He then gave his brother-in-law so exquisite a description of the Queen of *Cornwall*, that the young Prince longed for an opportunity of seeing that paragon of beauty and perfection.

ABOUT this time, a young lady came to *Houel's* court, She was wrapt up in a veil, and for some days watched *Tristan*, 'till finding him alone, she whispered to him these few words:—"Heaven protect you, Sir Knight." He soon knew her by her voice, to be the faithful *Brangien*, and, removing her veil, embraced her with all the warmth of friendship. Upon his enquiring how her fair mistress did—"Alas! answered *Brangien*, very ill does she fare, ever since she has heard of your marriage; nor will she ever be comforted, 'till she sees you again, and here is a letter which she sends by me." *Tristan* took it up eagerly, kissed it, and read the few lines that follow, written in all the energy of love and grief.

"SWEET and most beloved!—Oh! hasten to thy *Yseult*, lose no time; or be assured that death must soon be the potion of her, who loves thee too well for her quiet and peace of mind. Restore me my *Tristan*, O love! or let me die quickly!"

TRISTAN had no sooner perused this short but pathetic note, than he resolved upon his departure. He told King *Houel* that a lady had brought him news from *Leonois*, which required his presence in that kingdom, and begged *Pheredin* might be permitted to accompany him. This was readily granted, and *Brangien* having been presented by *Tristan*, was graciously received.

She

She soon endeared herself to *Iseult*, who opened to her all the secrets of her heart. *Brangien* found by her innocence and sincerity in answering some matrimonial questions put to her, that *Tristan* had not fully completed the measure of his guilt. *Brangien*, *Pheredin* and *Tristan*, took their leave, embarked and sailed for some time before the wind: but a violent storm arising, they were driven and wrecked on the coast of *England*, happily no lives were lost. At some distance from the shore, our travellers entered a large forest, and, by the sound of a bell at a distance, they were guided to an hermit's cell; who informed them that they were now in the forest of *Arnautes*, where the *Lady of the Lake*, requiting with the basest ingratitude, the love of *Merlin*, who had taught her all his secrets, had seized the sage in his sleep, enchanted and confined him in a tomb, impervious to those who might have attempted his rescue,, leaving him only the freedom of speech. This lady having fallen in love afterwards with King *Arthur*, had inveigled him to the forest, and now kept him in her palace, spell-bound, and by a magic potion, deprived of his memory. The *Anchoret* added, that all the Knights of the *Round-table* were out in search of their Sovereign, and that no country or spot in the world was so famous for great and surprizing adventures as *Arnautes* forest. This latter part of the hermit's intelligence was music to the ear of the brave *Tristan*, who ever rejoiced at the opportunity of increasing his fame. They left the cell, and continued their way in the forest. The first encounter of *Tristan* was with the *Amoral of Wales*; not knowing each other at first, they fought furiously for some time; 'till the *Amoral* retreating

treating to take breath, lifted up his beaver, and our heroes ran into each other's arms. They journeyed on together, and passed by a small rivulet, shaded by a lofty siccamore tree. There they saw a surprizing monster. Its feet resembled those of the deer, the tail was that of the lion, with the body of a leopard, and the head of a serpent: from the latter issued a kind of barking, but so loud and shrill, that the yelping noise of twenty curs was not equal to it. *Palamedes*, the *Saracen* Prince, seemed by enchantment bound to give it chase. *Tristan* and the *Amoral* stopped him; but he unhorsed them both, and continued in pursuit of the monster.

THE *Amoral* and *Tristan* parted company, and the former met with the brave *Meleagant*. The *Amoral*, who was in love with the Queen of *Orcania*, began to extol her beauty, proclaiming her the fairest of her sex, without exception. *Meleagant*, the ill-favoured lover of Queen *Genievere*, but no less jealous of her honour, offered to dispute for her the palm of beauty. The two Knights were engaged in a bloody combat, when *Lancelot of the Lake*, the favourite of Queen *Genievere*, claimed from *Meleagant* the honour of fighting for her. He instantly attacked the *Amoral*, who kept retreating, and at last made himself known as a Knight companion of the *Round-table*. We have before observed, that these worthies were not permitted to assail each other, but upon some personal quarrel. The two companions embraced and complimented each other on this happy meeting. The *Amoral* informed *Lancelot*, that *Tristan*, was in the forest, a piece of intelligence which was the more welcome to *Lancelot*, that he had particular orders

orders from his royal mistress to seek out for that brave Knight.

TRISTAN, who had now reached the thickest part of the forest, was overtaken by *Treu*, King *Arthur's* Seneschal, who asked him what countryman he was; upon his answering that he was from *Cornwall*, *Treu* did not let pass this opportunity of shewing his wit, and jeering *Tristan*; the *Cornishmen* being held at that time in very little esteem. *Tristan* humoured the joke, and in order to confirm *Treu* in his error, refused to make head against several Knights whom they met with in the way, but agreed to accompany and spend the night with them at a neighbouring monastery, where the good *Tristan* submitted to be their sport, and put up with their railleries. On the morrow, the Seneschal gave instructions to his friends to go and lay in wait for *Tristan* in a bye road, at a little distance, promising himself great sport from the pannick terror which would work upon him, when called upon to tilt with them. *Tristan* finding that his companions were gone, put on his armour, and mounted his horse, he had not gone far, before he met the Seneschal in company with three more Knights of *Arthur's* household. They offered him combat, but with apparent timidity he declined for sometime, 'till seeming to be roused by the sarcasms of the Seneschal, he grasped his lance, and taking his career, beat them down one after the other, and leaving them to rise as they could, begged them to remember the dastardly Knight of *Cornwall*.

AT about half an hour's ride from the spot where the four witlings had been so roughly handled, our hero met with a young damsel wringing her hands, and cry-

ing to him, O Sir Knight, follow me with all speed, if you would prevent, as by your order you are bound to do, foul murder and most cruel treachery. *Tristan* hesitated not a moment, but the lady judging by his armour that he was a *Cornish* Knight, expressed in the most provoking language, how little confidence she placed in his bravery. As they approached a tower, they saw a Knight lying on the ground, whilst three blood-thirsty villains were endeavouring to tear his helmet, in order to cut off his head. *Tristan*, at the first onset, killed one of the ruffians, and the prostrate Knight being now disengaged, dispatched the second, whilst *Tristan* completed the victory by slaying the third. The Knight, thus rescued from his murderers, took off his helmet. His hoary beard and majestic mien made *Tristan* suspect that this was King *Arthur*. He was not mistaken, and would have fallen at the monarch's feet, but *Arthur* took him up in his arms, and by a close embrace, endeavoured to testify his gratitude, but could not prevail on *Tristan* to make himself known. At this very instant, the lady who had brought *Tristan*, ran up to *Arthur*, took off his ring, and arming herself with a sword, ran up to another damsel who was endeavouring to retreat after the discomfiture of the three assassins, overtook her, and at one blow struck off her head. This was the end of King *Arthur's* enchantment, who now recovered his sense and memory. He begged his unknown deliverer to follow him to court; where he promised to reward, in the best manner, so important a service. This *Tristan* declined, and only engaged to accompany the venerable Prince 'till he could commit him to the care of some other Knight. An opportunity

portunity soon offered; for *Arthur* seeing *Hector Des Mares*, brother to *Lancelot of the Lake*, coming towards him, the King told *Tristan* that this was the stoutest and most dexterous tilter of all his household. Our hero, desirous to try his skill against so powerful an opponent, ran towards him, and at the first onset brought him to the ground. Whilst the dismounted Knight was rising; "Sire, said *Tristan* to *Arthur*, I leave your Majesty in the hands of a good and brave champion and bid you both farewell." *Arthur* and *Hector Des Mares* were lost in amazement at the unknown Knight's surprising strength and courage. They spoke of him at court, where they arrived that very day, in the highest strain of praise and admiration. Meanwhile, *Tristan* returned to his companions, and, meeting in the way with the *Amoral*, desired him not to discover who he was, at the court of King *Arthur*, to any one but *Lancelot*, whose friendship and esteem *Tristan* was ambitious to deserve and obtain.

Our hero, with *Brangien* and *Pheredin*, embarked a second time, and, in a few days, were landed safe in *Cornwall*. *Yseult's* trusty confidant carried *Tristan* to a strong castle belonging to *Dinas*, Seneschal of *Cornwall*, who received him with the most sincere demonstrations of joy; promising not only to conceal him from every eye, but to stand by him to the last, in case any violence should be offered to him. The author adds, that he even whispered to him the promise of procuring him an interview with *Yseult*. *Pheredin*, who was not known in *Cornwall*, had a free access at court. This proved, alas! to him a fatal privilege. *Yseult*, to be adored, needed but to be seen. *Pheredin* could

not resist her all-subduing charms. Honour, friendship, and love, rose such a conflict in his tortured breast, that he fell dangerously ill, and, thinking his recovery impossible, he could not refuse to himself, the sad comfort of informing *Iseult*, that he died the martyr of his love for her. The Queen, naturally compassionate, and, in hopes of preserving the life of so promising a youth, made him an answer couched in terms so gentle and mild, that it revived the expiring Knight, and soon restored him to his wonted health and vigour. Unluckily, by the carelessness of *Pheredin*, *Iseult*'s answer fell into the hands of *Tristan*. Fired with jealousy, he would have punished his presumptuous rival with instant death, had not *Pheredin* escaped by a timely flight. Disappointed in his revenge, *Tristan* mounted his horse, and, after having wandered about *Murois* forest, he at last laid himself down by the side of a fountain, and there remained for several days without touching any food: his face tanned with the scorching heat of the sun, and greatly disfigured, whilst his over-burthened mind was a prey to desponding melancholy. Unable to struggle against a world of woes, *Tristan* was nearly expiring; when a young damsel happening to pass by, was moved with sympathising pity at his distressful situation. She pulled him repeatedly by the arm, and at last awaked him from his reverie; but only to complain in heart-rending accents of her importunity. "Ah damsel, says he, how cruel it is in you to disturb me! retire, and let me die in peace!" The lady, seeing that all her persuasions would avail nothing, and recollecting that *Tristan* was very fond of music, ran for her harp, and began to play so sweetly, that our despond-

desponding Knight recovered by degrees from his trance. A flood of tears eased his oppressed heart: He breathed more freely, and, stretching his hands out to her; "Most excellent damsel, cried he, who comest to comfort a wretch who hath no wish but for instant death, didst thou ever hear the solemn dying dirge?"—"Never, Sir Knight."—"Well, reach me thy harp, and thou shalt hear the mournful lamentation." Then taking the instrument, he tuned it, and sung the following ditty, a thousand times interrupted by his sighs and groans.

T R I S T A N'S L A M E N T A T I O N.

"Of songs when young an ample store
I made, while love inspir'd the lay;
But now each joyful strain is o'er,
My soul in sorrow melts away.

O Love! thou sweet delusive boy!
Whose high behests I still obey'd;
O thou! the source of life and joy,
A victim see by thee betray'd.

So once, the pitying simple swain
A serpent foster'd next his heart:
But lo! restor'd to life again
It made him feel its deadly dart.

Adieu, thou sweet tormentor, hear!
Whilst at my parting hour I cry,
Adieu to *Tristan* ever dear,
Forget me not—For thee I die!

And

And when at length my spirit's flown,

O let some monumental stone,

To every passing pilgrim tell:

"*Tristan* is dead—who lov'd so well!"

Of Knights thou noble paragon!

Gentle as brave, of high renown,

Oh courteous *Lancelot* fulfill

Thy friends last words and dying will.

My lance and trappings all complete,

Be thine, so brave in beauty's cause;

My friend, in every martial feat,

Make all revere fair *Yseult's* laws.

O Lord! whose pity here I crave,

From purging fires my spirit save;

Nor other flames but those of love,

May I, sweet Saviour, never prove."

THUS ended *Tristan's* solemn dirge. He wrote the words down, and gave them to the lady, entreating her to present them to *Yseult*, and shew the ditty to no one else except *Lancelot of the Lake*.

YSEULT, meanwhile, gave herself up to sorrow and despair for the absence of her beloved *Tristan*. She soon was informed, that her unguarded answer had occasioned his flight. Grieved to the heart at the dreadful effect, produced by so innocent a cause, the Queen thought to remedy the evil by sending a second letter to *Pheredyn*, by which she forbade his ever coming into her presence. *Yseult's* tender heart soon repented of this rash and useless severity; for it availed nothing in regard to her lost *Tristan*, and proved the death-warrant

for

for the unfortunate *Phereas*, who retired to an hermitage, where he languished some time and died.

BRANGIEN was dispatched in search of *Tristan*, but she sought for him in vain. His body was now emaciated, and his senses impaired to such a degree, that he enjoyed only some lucid intervals; during which the charitable damsel, who would not leave him, persuaded him to take some nourishment. Her harp's tuneful strains never failed to attract *Tristan's* attention, and suspend the agonies of his mind. Sometimes he would take up the instrument, and alternately praise and curse love, as the cause of all his woes. He compared that god to a rose, which, though entrenched within a thorny fence, had charms enough to make us overlook the danger, and mind nothing but the pleasure of cul-ling the odorous flower: or to a beautiful morn; whose benign and chearing influence lays open the treasures of Flora, and invites the feathered choirs to warble their loves in notes most harmonious; but often ends in a dreary storm. Such was the change, alas! the heart of *Yseult* had experienced, and the thoughts of her supposed inconstancy, made *Tristan* relapse into his former melancholy.

WHILST *Brangien* was in quest of our desponding Knight, *Yseult* vented also the most tender complaints; no less skilled than *Tristan*, in the art of playing upon the harp, and equally swayed by the tenderest passion, she would often tune her melodious voice to the moving sounds of that instrument. One day *Marcus* stole softly into her apartments; she was then singing some verses which she had just composed and set to music. Full of her love, and only intent on her favourite theme, she
did

did not perceive that the King was in the same room, and thus began her tender lay.

“ My voice once sweet, in grief is drown’d,
My harp returns a languid sound;
O god of love! thy joyful strains
Are only made for happy swains!

Near thee, what raptures fill’d my breast,
When oft’ I told love’s tender tale;
What melting airs my harp exprest,
What chearful songs awak’d the vale.

While far from thee so hard I fare,
Canst thou in peace or pleasure dwell?
Say, do’st thou feel no tender care,
Absent from her, who loves so well?

HITHERTO the King could not determine with any certainty, who might be the object of her moving complaints; he only surmised that they were addressed to *Tristan*, but his name had not been mentioned; his suspicions were soon confirmed, when *Yseult*, after having wiped off the starting tear, concluded her song as follows:

Ye mossybanks, and shady bow’rs,
Oft’ witness to my blissful hours;
When TRISTAN only charm’d my heart,
Ah, witness now its bitter smart!—

MARCUS could not contain himself any longer; but, advancing towards the Queen, he cast on her a most menacing glance. *Yseult*, who, by dint of sufferings, was grown callous to misfortune, no ways dismayed at his

his furious approach.—“Thou hast overheard me, said she to him, be then convinced of my hatred for thee, and love for him.—Yes, tyrant! yes, I adore *Tristan*. Alas! he perhaps is no more! but I will not survive so true a Knight. This hand, this feeble hand shall strike the wished-for blow, and save thee the trouble of being the executioner.” The King, who sincerely loved *Yseult*, trembled lest she should put her threats into execution; he called to his assistance *Dinas*, his Seneschal, whom he knew to stand high in the Queen’s esteem, recommended her to his care, bidding him to watch her narrowly.

BEING left alone with *Dinas*, *Tristan*’s best friend and trusty counsellor; *Yseult* gave a loose to her complaints:—“Alas! *Dinas*, said she, my *Tristan* is no more! Why wouldst thou force me to live?”—“But, gracious Queen, what certitude have you of *Tristan*’s death; if he should still exist, and be informed that upon a bare surmise you have fallen a voluntary victim to love and despair, does your Majesty suppose that so true and ardent a lover will be able to survive the loss of all that he holds dear?”—This consideration alone could suspend the dreadful effects of *Yseult*’s melancholy. But some days after a report prevailing that *Tristan* was dead, the Queen stealing away unperceived by *Dinas* and *Brangien*, ran to her closet, and taking up a sword which *Tristan* had there concealed, she unsheathed the deadly weapon, and discovering her snowy bosom, would have at one blow put an end to her misfortunes, had not King *Marcus*, whose love for *Yseult* daily increased, though ever so ill requited, rushed from behind the area, where he had

hid himself in order to enjoy the pleasure of hearing her voice, and took her up in his arms, before she could fulfil her desperate purpose. He then left her once more to the care of *Brangien* and *Dinas*, charging them to keep a better watch, and not leave the Queen one instant to herself. Yet all the diligence and attention of those two trusty servants would have availed little, had not chance brought to court a Knight, who gave *Yseult* the most positive assurances that *Tristan* was still amongst the living. This, indeed, revived her broken spirits; but at the same time that this welcome news reached the Queen, some busy meddling impostor gave *Tristan* to understand that *Yseult* was more inconstant than ever. The shock was too much for him; he maddened at the thought, and in his rage, tore up the trees by the root, and meeting with some shepherds, seized by force on their provisions, and knocked on the head whoever dared to oppose him in his wild phrensy. He also fought, and stifled in his naked arms, a monstrous bear. Yet he had some lucid intervals which he improved to give his assistance to the oppressed, and redress their grievances. The shepherds took compassion upon *Tristan*, built him a hut, and treated him with the greatest kindness. They soon had occasion to congratulate themselves for having shewn him so much humanity.

ONE day, *Taullas*, a huge and barbarous Giant, who lived on the confines of the kingdom of *Cornwall*, came "striding valleys wide" into *Marois* forest, and drove before him the affrighted shepherds, who cried out for assistance as they fled. *Tristan* rushes from his hut, breaks a young pine tree, attacks the Giant, and, having

put by several tremendous blows, struck the monster with all his might across the legs, and brought him to the ground; then seizing on the Giant's well-tempered sabre, cut off his head, and gave it to the shepherds, who carried it in all haste to *Citangeul*, in order to be presented to the King. *Marcus* was struck with wonder at so brave an exploit; for *Taullas* was accounted the most formidable Giant that ever infested the kingdom of *England*: but his surprize was increased at hearing that a madman had done the mighty deed. He set out with all his train in search of our hero, who was so altered and disfigured, that neither his uncle nor any of his courtiers knew him again. He consented however to go to *Citangeul*, the King engaging that the greatest care should be taken to bring about his recovery, if it was in the power of medicine to effect it. *Tristan*, from the palace-gate, saw *Yseult*; he screamed, and covered his face with his hands. The Queen knew him instantly, and could not refrain from testifying her joy at so unexpected an event. As for *Marcus*, seeing that it was his nephew, he considered nothing but his piteous condition, and was the first to recommend him to the care and skill of his royal consort.

THE presence of his beloved *Yseult*, and the certitude he now had of her constancy, more than all the art of physic, restored him to his pristine state, and *Marcus* relapsed into his jealous fit. *Andrei* was ever on the watch, yet the author tells us, that our lovers were lucky enough to meet where he was not. *Dinas*, the Seneschal, favoured their loves; and, under various disguise, introduced *Tristan* in *Yseult*'s department. But their happiness was soon disturbed by the jealous King, who

banished the Prince out of his dominions, forcing from him an oath never more to appear in *Cornwall* without leave. In vain did all the *Cornish* Barons unite in their request in favour of a hero who had done so much for them. *Marcus* was deaf to all their entreaties, and *Tristan* the next day went on board the ship that was to convey him to *England*.

A PROSPEROUS gale swelling the sails, *Tristan*, after a few hours passage, landed in *Arthur's* kingdom. In his way to that Prince's court, he met and fought with *Dinadam*, a worthy Knight, whom he unhorsed, and made his friend and companion, by declaring to him who he was. They travelled in company, and came to a bridge guarded by two *British* Knights. *Dinadam* made up to them, saying, "that another Knight besides himself wished to tilt with them."—"One indeed I see, answered one of the *British* worthies, but the man in your company is unworthy of that name, since he bears on his helmet the disgraceful crest of *Cornwall*." *Dinadam* took his career, and was thrown from his horse by his opponent. *Tristan* advanced in order to revenge the cause of his friend; but the two *British* Knights turned their backs upon him, and, seeing that he persisted, they galloped away, crying to him—"Good *Cornish* Knight, do not force us to such disgrace: it would be a foul one indeed were our armours to receive a single touch of thy lance." *Tristan* could not help smiling at the mistake, and went in pursuit of them, knowing that they were two of the stoutest Knights of the *Round-table*, *Hector Desmaris* and the renowned *Boort*: in the interim, *Driam* and *Blimberis*, *Hector's* companions, happened to pass by, *Tristan* instantly ran at them, unhorsed them both, and set off

with

with *Dinadam*; leaving the four Knights to wonder how a dastardly son of *Cornwall* could have discomfited two of them. However, they were near guessing at the truth, for they said to each other, that had they not known that *Tristan* was love-bound at *Cintangeul*, they would have looked for him in the strange Knight. It would prove an endless task were we to follow *Tristan*, and recount his numberless exploits. The good *Dinadam* often wounded in his company, began to repent himself of having associated with so venturesome a Knight, and very jocofely complained of the danger there was in following so rash a leader; not that *Dinadam* wanted courage, but his bodily strength did not keep pace with his native bravery: so that, tired at last with daily overthrows, he parted from our hero; who, hearing that the perfidious *Lady of the Lake* had placed thirty Knights in ambush, in order to surprise and slay the great and worthy *Lancelot*, attacked and defeated them all; killing most of them, and forcing the rest to an ignominious flight. Some days after, meeting with *Palamedes*, they fought until night parted them. *Lancelot*, being informed of the wonderful atchievements of the supposed *Cornish* Knight, concluded that he could be no other than *Tristan of Leonois*, and from that instant resolved to go in quest of him.

LET us now return to the court of King *Marcus*, where the fair *Iseult* was a prey to grief and melancholy on account of the absence of her beloved *Tristan*. A young, but discreet damsel, niece to *Brangien*, was dispatched to *England* with a packet for our hero: but she long sought for him in vain, till one day *Tristan*, fatigued with a long and useless pursuit after a Knight whose name was *Breus the Merciless*, alighted near a

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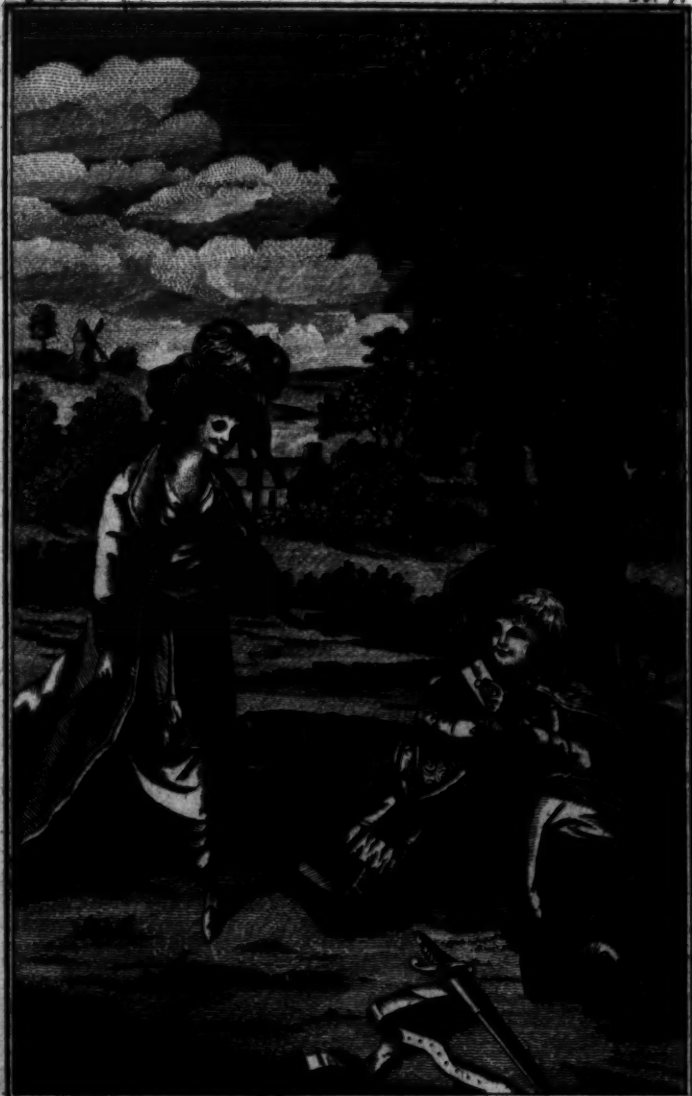
fountain and fell asleep. The young lady coming that way, saw the vigorous *Passabreul*, his faithful steed, and instantly descried the Knight, who was so lean and altered that she hardly knew him again. She awoke *Tristan*, and gave him *Iseult's* letter, which he took with a lover's eagerness, kissed the seal, and clasping it to his heart, exclaimed, THIS IS COMFORT INDEED †! He then begged the lady to defer her departure till after the magnificent tournament which King *Arthur* had ordered for the next day, and conducted the welcome messenger to *Perfides*, a brave and hospitable Knight. On the morning they all set off together for *Lramalos*. In their way thither *Perfides* challenged a Knight, by whom he was unhorsed, as well as *Tristan*, who not being upon his guard was easily conquered. *Dinadam*, who joined them soon after, though a great admirer of *Tristan*, could not help rallying him on the occasion, and told him that that expert tilter was his rival *Palamedes*. Our hero, who esteemed *Palamedes* as a man, but hated him for his presumptuous love for *Iseult*, promised himself to take an ample revenge at the first meeting. He had an opportunity that very day at the tournament; where, after having overcome all his opponents, he twice unhorsed him, but could not proceed further against him, the laws of tournament not permitting the Knights to fight it out to the last. King *Arthur*, charmed with the unknown warrior's courage and dexterity, came down from his balcony, in order to embrace and reward so much bravery: but our modest hero, content with having so well acquitted himself in the presence of *Iseult's* fair

inspired by the same spirit of gallantry and valor as the great hero of the story.

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† See the plate.

messenger,



D. H. del.

W. J. sc.

This is comfort Indeed. ^E

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messenger, stole away with her unperceived and returned to his tent. He had just entered it, when an Esquire informed him that a Knight, whom he knew not, was at a little distance, rending the air with the most pitiful moans. *Tristan* ran to his assistance, and did all in his power to comfort him; and though he knew him to be *Palamedes*, he had him carried to his own quarters, where they supped together and went to bed.

SUCH was the noble manner in which those brave Knights of yore treated each other, and such the lessons of generosity which the worthy author of this romance gave to the people of quality of his time. The history of *Tristan of Leonois* seems particularly calculated to elevate the mind to that superiority of sentiments which alone is the criterion of true nobility.

The joust was renewed the next day. *Tristan* appeared in an armour different from that which he had on the preceding day, in order not to be known; but he should have also fought in a different manner, for, by seeing him exert himself with his usual bravery, the King and Queen were easily convinced that this was the same Knight, who, the day before, had deserved the prize. *Arthur*, who after *Lancelot of the Lake* and *Galeard*, passed for the best Knight of the *Round-table*, having secretly armed himself, came into the list and fought with *Tristan*, who had no little trouble to get the better of so valiant an opponent. The King, then calling to *Lancelot*, desired him to defend the honour of the *Round-table*. *Tristan's* lance was broke; but the rule was, that a Knight, in such case, should fight with his sword, opposing only his shield to the lance of his adversary. *Lancelot* made so desperate a push at *Tristan*,

that his spear went to pieces, and the point entered deep into the arm of our hero; who, in his turn, gave *Lancelot* so violent a blow on the head, that he cleaved his helmet and wounded him. *Tristan* judging by the blood that gushed from the wound that the Knight could not continue the fight, left the lists, and retired as secretly as he had done the day before.

DINADAM, who was known to have been the whole night with the brave stranger, being asked by *Arthur* who he was, made no difficulty to tell his name. The King, who wished to reward so much merit, and knowing that *Marcus* had banished him from *Cornwall*, resolved to fix him at his court. All his Knights declared unanimously, that a more noble companion they could never have, and swore to *Arthur*, to spend a whole year in quest of him, and not to return 'till they had found and seen him installed a Knight of the *Round-table*. A messenger was dispatched by Queen *Genivere* to *Tristan's* tent, where they found only the lady in tears; for *Tristan*, lest he should be known, had left her and disappeared.

The lady was brought to court, and owned to the Queen, that the Knight who had gained the double victory was *Tristan*. *Genivere*, suspecting that she had been sent by *Yseult*, made several enquiries concerning her, and praising the Queen of *Cornwall* for her constant attachment to *Tristan*, Alas! said the Lady, "Your Majesty lives in all comfort and happiness, whilst my noble mistress is wretched and forsaken." As she spoke these words she cast a significant glance on *Genivere* and *Lancelot*. The Queen smiled;—"never shall I rest contented," said she, till I bring together the two most con-

stant

stant couple (meaning herself and *Lancelot*, *Tristan* and *Yseult*) that ever were celebrated in the annals of love. You may now return to *Cornwall*, my good damsel, and tell your royal mistress that *Genievre* preserves for her the most sincere friendship:

Some of the Knights of the *Round-table* who were in quest of *Tristan*, not knowing that he had been banished by his uncle, thought that the kingdom of *Cornwall* was the best place to seek for him. *Yvain*, *Gaheriet*, and *Treu*, the Seneschal, set out for *Cintageul*. Their arrival struck terror into the dastardly minds of the *Cornish* Knights. Those of the *Round-table* discovering their mistake, and seeing that their search would be fruitless, staid only a few days to plague *Marcus*; and, as they heard that he was obliged to go to *Sanson's* island to celebrate the anniversary of *Tristan's* victory over *Morehoult*, they followed and challenged him there. In vain did *Marcus* endeavour to rouse the courage of his Knights, by putting himself at their head; they were all thrown from their horses at the first onset.

DINAS, Seneschal of *Cornwall*, the good and complaisant friend of *Tristan* and *Yseult*, was so delighted to hear the foreign Knights so loud in *Tristan's* praise, that he gave them every day the most splendid entertainments. The good Seneschal, who was so ready to promote the pleasures of his friends, did not neglect his own. He had a most magnificent country seat inhabited by one of the handsomest women that any country could boast of. *Dinas* thought her as true to him as she was beautiful; but the Knights of *Cornwall* were not by fate decreed to enjoy such happiness.

One morning, going to the house, he found all the gates and doors opened, and no-body there but an old servant, who told him that his lady had eloped with a stranger, and carried away with her his two favourite pointers. *Dinas* being informed which way they were gone, set off after them, full speed, and, having overtaken them on the plain, assailed his rival, and was about to sacrifice him to his jealousy, when the Knight represented to him, that it was folly in them to expose their lives in a quarrel, the decision of which should be left to the lady, whose constancy or fickleness must determine the matter. *Dinas* thought there was no danger in submitting to her choice, but he had too good an opinion of her and himself, for she no sooner was left to her option, than she took the other Knight by the hand, and bid *Dinas* farewell. Meanwhile the pointers, knowing their master, staid by him, and the lady mistaking them, obliged her new lover to go back and demand them in her name. The Seneschal was surprized at her impudence, but only resented it by shewing the greatest contempt for her and her paramour. "Thou mayest have them, said he coolly, if they are not more faithful than the wretch who sends thee; call the pointers, if they follow they are thine." The Knight called them in vain; they wagged their tails at their master, and snarled at the other*.

THE three Knights having no further business in *Cornwall* returned to *England*, and by the way called

* This agreeable tale has been since copied by several writers, such as *Boccacio*, the Queen of *Navarre*, *Bonaventure Des Perriers*, and other authors, who are all, by several centuries, posterior to the *English Knight*, Sir *Lucius du Gua*, the historian of our hero.

on an old acquaintance of theirs, the Lord of *Aras*. He acknowledged to them that *Dinadam*, *Palamedes*, and *Tristan* were his prisoners; the latter was very ill, and had no hopes of ever being set at liberty by the Lord of *Aras*, two of whose sons he had killed in the last tournament. But generosity was ever the badge of ancient chivalry; the Lord of *Aras* went to *Tristan's* bed-side, and said to him;—"You have embittered my old age by depriving me of my two eldest sons, but your crime, if it may be so called, was involuntary, and I will no longer detain, in an inglorious confinement, one of the best Knights the world ever produced; and who will, perhaps, condescend to be the protector of the only son I now have: from this moment you are free, my Lord, go where glory and conquest await you"

TRISTAN was moved at this extraordinary instance of magnanimity, and mingling his tears with those of his noble host, he promised to cherish young *d'Aras* as if he were his own son; then, taking to his horse, he left the castle that very night, and thus gave the slip to the three companions of the *Round-table*. He took his way towards *North-Wales*, and opportunely came to the rescue of *Palamedes*, who was set upon by ten ruffians. *Tristan*, as soon as he had released his rival, challenged him to deadly combat. "God and honour forbid, said the *Saracen* Prince, that I should accept of such challenge on the very instant that you have exposed your life to preserve mine; yet I feel, but too well, that our quarrels can never end but by the death of either of us; therefore, name the day and spot where we may meet with our seconds." *Tristan* agreed, and the rendezvous was given for that day seven-night, near *Mer-*

lin's cave. Our hero failed not to be the first at the appointed place, where seeing a Knight in complete armour coming towards him, concluded that it was *Palamedes*; with couched lance he made up to him, and was received with equal vigour and bravery. They struck each other with such force, that they fell both to the ground as well as their horses. *Tristan*, in the full persuasion that this was *Palamedes*, took to his sword and renewed the combat on foot. It was bloody and obstinate, and after a full hour's engagement they retreated a few paces in order to take breath, and wipe off the blood that flew in purple streams from their numerous wounds. Before they engaged for the second time, *Tristan* found out his mistake; for the other addressing him in these words, "Sir Knight, you are the bravest champion I ever met with; but since you seem determined to fight it out to the last, I think we should know each others name, that the conqueror, whoever he be, may lose no part of the glory that awaits him." Our hero knew by the sound of the Knights voice that it was not *Palamedes*: "Sir, says he to him, the courage you have shewn makes me alter the resolution I had taken of keeping my name a secret; I am ready to tell it you, provided you oblige me with yours." "You perhaps may have heard, answered the other, of one *Lancelot of the Lake*, he stands before you." "Ah! Sir *Lancelot*, exclaimed *Tristan*, I should have known you by your prowess and intrepidity; you are the very man whose friendship and esteem I most desire: I am *Tristan of Leonois*, and here I give you up a sword which never will be drawn but in your service." *Lancelot*, at these words, presented his own by the hilt; they both fell
on

on their knees, then raising each other they embraced, and maintained for some time the generous strife who should yield to the other; till *Lancelot* insisted upon *Tristan*'s exchanging swords with him. They sat down, and began to converse about their loves; but with that discretion which *formerly* was accounted honourable and praiseworthy. Alas! Sir *Lancelot*, said *Tristan*, well may you boast of love's kindness to you, since the favourable god has strewed your way with myrtle and the choicest flowers, whilst I am outrageous Fortune's wretched sport, far from her I adore." It seems that men could blush in that golden age, for *Lancelot*, sensible that his friend alluded to Queen *Genievre*'s avowed penchant for the Lord of the Lake, crimsoned at the thought, and lest *Tristan* should farther wound his delicacy, said to him, "Ah, worthy friend; the rose for its being encompassed with thorns loses nothing of its bloom and perfume; the thorn you now feel. May love grant that you soon gather the rose:"—then changing discourse, *Lancelot* acquainted *Tristan* with the desire of *Arthur* and his royal consort to have him at their court, and the oath that bound the Knights of the *Round-table* to employ a whole year in quest of him. Our hero's modesty would have made him stand out, but his friendship for *Lancelot* determined him to set out in his company for *Lramalot*; they met in their way with several Knights of the *Round-table*, who, religious observers of their oath, would not enter the city, not having completed the time of their voluntary banishment. These were amazed to see the other two travelling in seeming harmony whilst their armour was died all over with blood, but they had soon the best reason to rejoice, for *Lancelot* discovering himself, told them, "Good Sirs, the quest

is over, behold *Tristan* of *Leonis*." They paid him their respects, and went on together to court; where *Lancelot* taking off his helmet, said to the King, who advanced to embrace him; (for Kings in those days knew the value of a brave soldier) "My Liege, here is *Tristan*, who comes to release our companions from the oath they had taken:" at these words the presence chamber echoed with repeated applause. Queen *Genièvre* entering, *Tristan* would have prostrated himself at her feet, but *Arthur* prevented it by clasping him in his arms.

All the Knights companions surrounded them, and *Arthur* required a boon of *Tristan*; the latter hesitated, as he dreaded every sort of engagement lest it should protract his separation from his adored *Yseult*. But at last, unable to withstand the pressing solicitations of the fair *Genièvre*, and of his friend *Lancelot*, he granted the King his request; which was, to remain at the *British* court as one of the household, and a companion of the *Round-table*, which *Tristan* promised to do. Great was the joy of all the *British* worthies. The three noble brothers, *Gauvain*, *Yvain* and *Gaheris*, nephews to King *Arthur*, were foremost in testifying their satisfaction; and loudly exclaimed, that *Arthur* could now boast of having the two worthiest and most renowned Knights that ever graced the royal board. The King ordered the holy relicks to be brought, and on them *Tristan* was sworn a Knight of the *Round-table*, and conducted by his companions to the place where it stood.

The great and skilfull *Merlin* had exhausted all the secrets of his art in the constructing of that table. Thirteen seats were placed round it in honour of the thirteen apostles. Twelve only of these could be filled up, and only by the bravest and truest Knights. The thirteenth

teenth represented that of the execrable traitor *Judas*. It was called the perilous chair, ever since a rash and presumptuous *Saracen* had dared to set himself on it; when, on a sudden, the floor gave way, and the miscreant was swallowed up and consumed by devouring flames.

By means of the spell, an invisible hand traced on the back of the seat, the name of the candidate who deserved to fill it, and who must have proved himself superior, in every respect, to the companion whom he was to succeed; otherwise, whoever presented himself was instantly repelled by an unknown force. This was the trial those brave champions underwent whenever an election was become necessary by the decease of any of the worthies.

Of the twelve honourable seats, that of *Morebault* of *Ireland* had remained vacant ever since his death; which had happened ten years before in the manner it has been already related: nor had his name been erased from the time of his being overcome by *Tristan*. *Arthur*, taking the latter by the hand, led him to the empty seat. A celestial harmony was heard as he advanced, and the ambient air sweetened by the most fragrant perfumes. The name of *Morebault* disappeared, and that of *Tristan* was seen most resplendent and conspicuous. Now it was that our hero's modesty was put to a hard trial; being obliged, when once seated, to give a detail of all his achievements, which as usual was taken down by the clerks.

WHILST *Tristan* filled up so gloriously his brilliant destiny at the court of King *Arthur*, the *Cornish* monarch was torn by all the furies of torturing jealousy at *Citangul*. He could not look on his Queen without recollecting

lecting that *Tristan* alone was the object of her love. This thought drove him to madness; he meditated the blackest revenge: and as a villain never puts any great interval between the plan and the execution of a crime, *Marcus* resolved to go in disguise to *England*. Having assembled his Barons, he told them that he had vowed a pilgrimage which would last some months, and made them swear allegiance to the treacherous *Andret*, a friend and counsellor after his own heart. Not willing, however, to leave *Yseult* behind, he appointed two young ladies and *Brangien* to wait on the Queen, and with her set off upon his expedition, having only retained in his train two Knights of his household. On his arrival in *England*, he entrusted one of the latter, named *Perthelay*, with his intentions, which he declared were to watch an opportunity of way-laying *Tristan*, in order to surprize him unawares, and murder him; requesting the Knight to bind himself, by an oath, to give him what assistance he might require to effect the bloody purpose. *Perthelay*, not only rejected the proposal with becoming indignation, but loaded the King with the bitterest reproaches, for having laid down a plan big with so much complicated villainy. *Marcus*, dreading lest *Perthelay* should expose him, and thus defeat his designs, drew his sword, and killed the virtuous Knight on the spot. *Amans*, brother to the deceased, furiously assailed the murderer, but *Yseult*, with her ladies, arriving at this juncture, parted the combatants. *Amans* charging the King with foul treachery, summoned him to appear and answer for the same before *Arthur*, his Lord Paramount. *Marcus*, rather than run the risk of being discovered, promised to meet *Amans* at *Lramalot* within six days, provided he would

would engage not to make him known at court; to this the Knight consented, and instantly left the King; who having this disagreeable business upon his hands, left *Iseult* and *Brangien* in a nunnery, recommending them to the care of the Lady Abbess, and went off alone; making in his way several enquiries concerning *Tristan*.

MARCUS had hardly lost sight of the abbey, when he met with a Knight, and knowing that the custom was in *England* for Knights to tilt wherever they met, prepared himself to receive the other; but *Dinadam*, (for this was no other than that bantering Knight of the *Round-table*) though always ready to take a challenge, never gave one: this *Marcus* construed into a proof of pusillanimity, and *Dinadam*, seeing him dressed after the manner of the *Cornish* Knights, took still a worse opinion of him. As they were travelling the same way, they bowed to each other, and joined company. The *British* worthy gave the King an account of the brilliant reception of *Tristan* among the noble companions of the *Round-table*, and by praising his friend, wounded the envious *Marcus* to the quick. *Dinadam* asked him some questions in his turn; "On my word, Sir Knight, says he, long had I given up all hopes of seeing a *Cornish* Knight come to this kingdom; it is not a fit place for them, unless they are blessed with sufficient patience to put up with being the butt of every one's taunts and raillery: you seem to me well qualified for the purpose, and pray, brave Sir, could you tell me any news concerning the most contemptible and dastardly monarch; how fares the cowardly King *Marcus*? No doubt he lives in better cheer since the banishment of his nephew *Tristan*."

The *Cornish* monarch, who was no less passive than cautious, did not seem to pay much attention to the Knights sudden attack; prudence suggested to him, that, by resenting the abuse, he must either fight, or make himself known; two things which he dreaded equally: he resolved, therefore, to put up calmly with the affront, and *Dinadam*, seeing that he was so resigned, spared him not. One morning as they came to a retired part of the forest, *Dinadam* saw at a little distance a few tents and armours suspended to a tree; these he knew instantly to belong to six of his Knight-companions of the *Round-table*.—"Ah, Sir Knight! exclaimed he, addressing himself to *Marcus*, woe is me, if you do not assist a wretch who is now exposed to all the furies of his bitterest foes! The arms that you see hanging on yon tree, belong to six of the most valiant Knights, my sworn enemies; but I so firmly rely on your approved valour and courtesy, that I am resolved to attack them without loss of time.—Heaven forbid you should be so rash, Sir! consider the danger that awaits us if we dare to challenge such champions—I have said it before, and I know them to be as brave as any of the *British* Knights; but I repeat it, with such a second as you, I bid them all defiance." So saying, he galloped towards the tree, and with his lance, beat down some of the shields: the noise it occasioned brought out the six Knights, and *Marcus*, seeing that the match was by no means equal, put spurs to his horse, who, as if partaking of his master's fear, soon carried him out of sight. *Dinadam* made himself known to the six champions, and told them his adventure with the

Cornish

Cornish Knight, and they all promised themselves great sport with the pusillanimous wretch.

DINADAM set out with them, and, as chance would have it, took the same road through which *Marcus* had scoured away in his fright. Towards the evening, they saw coming towards them, a page of King *Arthur's* and *Daguenet*, who, though a Knight, was looked upon only as the King's jester. They learnt from the page, that he had just met a foreign Knight, who proposed to tie at a neighbouring monastery; and by the description, *Dinadam* concluded it could be no other than the *Cornish* worthy, and desired *Daguenet* to slip on the armour of *Blioberis*, one of the six Knights mentioned above, who being wounded, was forced to travel on unarmed. *Daguenet*, though weak of body, was bold and courageous: he remembered with exultation, that he had once led to the feet of King *Arthur* two *Cornish* Knights, whom he had overcome in single combat, and scorned to decline the proposed encounter. *Dinadam*, after having given his companions their cue, and desired them to wait in a cross road which he pointed out, galloped full speed after *Marcus*, whom he overtook, just as the King was entering the Abbey gates. The monarch was rather vexed and disconcerted at the re-appearance of *Dinadam*: the more so, as he was in hopes that the six Knights had rid him for ever of so troublesome a companion: and was very inquisitive to know how he had been able to escape from his enemies. *Dinadam* answered, that, deceived by the armours, he had mistaken the owners, who proved to be his most intimate friends and acquaintances: but that he had taken so great a liking to him and his company, that he had

left the other gentlemen abruptly to follow after him. Being master of a most impenetrable dissimulation, *Marcus* received this compliment with seeming gratitude. They supped together and went to bed. The next morning, the King of *Cornwall* would have set out alone for *Lramalot*: but not knowing his way, he was obliged, very much against his inclination, to accept of *Dinadam's* company, who offered to put him in the right road.

Our readers will easily guess, that the malicious Knight took care to lead his victim to the spot where his friends were in waiting, to have their share of the sport. As *Dinadam* went along, he reviled his companion for his want of courage, in the adventure of the preceding day. *Marcus*, stung to the very heart with the cutting raileries, plucked up spirits enough to challenge *Dinadam*, who positively refused to engage a *Cornish* Knight who had betrayed so much cowardice; As he said these words, *Daguenet* made his appearance in an offensive posture, challenging the Knights to single combat. *Marcus* shewed great good manners and civility, by insisting that *Dinadam* should break the first lance. But he declined it on the same principle, alledging, that *Marcus* being a stranger, had a right to claim the honour, adding that it was the more desirable, as he knew by the armour, that this was the renowned and formidable *Lancelot of the Lake*. The very name sounded like the dead warrant to the ear of the affrighted King, who, seeing *Daguenet* making towards him, and crying out to him and *Dinadam*, cowardly Knights to the joust! to the joust! Strongly influenced by the principle of self-preservation, galloped away as fast as

his

his horse could carry him. Meanwhile, the six Knights and their 'Squires made their appearance, hissing and hooting after the run-away Knight, calling out to him, O vile coward, wretched, dastardly *Cornish* fool!

MARCUS running from one danger fell into another; for the *Amoral of Wales* meeting him as he fled with his lance couched, thought he was prepared to tilt with him, and received the woeful King so warmly, that he flung him at several yards from his horse, and continuing his way, returned to his companions, who made very merry on the *Cornish* Knight's discomfiture. Unfortunately, the story had reached the capital, and *Marcus*, at his entering *Lramalot* was saluted with the hisses, groans, and hooting of the populace.

AMANS arrived the same day, and true to his promise, he accused the *Cornish* Knight, without disclosing his name, of wilful murder. He was supported in the charge by two ladies his relations. *Arthur* ordered the duel for the next day. According to the usual custom of those kind of trials, *Amans* swore to the truth of his accusation: but *Marcus* refused to take any oath, and had the good fortune to kill his accuser. The two ladies, as practised on such occasions, must have been burnt alive: but one of the judges, recollecting that the conqueror had refused to take his oath, the decision of the matter was referred to the great and wise King *Arthur*. *Marcus* and the two ladies were carried before him. The former, conscious of his guilt, and awed by the presence of his Sovereign, confessed that he really had committed the murder that had been laid to his charge. *Arthur* could not contain his indignation: yet, considering that *Marcus* was a King, he contented himself

self with confining him to the palace, ordering that *Amans* should be interred with great pomp, and the two ladies retained in the train of Queen *Genievre*, as maids of honour.

We cannot help pausing here a while, before we speak of *Neult*, in order to observe how careful our author is in bringing about incidents to excuse the weakness of the fair Queen, which otherwise might cast an odium on his heroine. He not only represents her as being under the irresistible influence of the magic draught, a circumstance that must plead strongly in her favour with the most rigid censors: but he describes the King her consort, as a cruel, perfidious, and cowardly Knight, and above all very ridiculous, so that all who wish well to *Tristan* and *Neult*, may, if not approve, at least be reconciled to the latter's revenge.

THE beauteous Queen continued in the nunnery with her faithful *Brangien*, waiting for her savage Lord's commands, and wishing still more to hear from *Tristan*. Her favourite occupation was to walk out in the forest, and there, seated by a cool crystalline stream, to accompany herself upon the harp. As love inspired the lay, *Tristan* was the burthen of each song. One day, as she was thus entertaining herself, she was overheard by *Breus the Merciless*, whose name we have already had occasion to mention. This was one of those Knights, a disgrace to their order, and to human nature: as his abandoned morals and wickedness fully justified the surname of *Merciless*: being equally formidable to his own sex, by his superior strength of body, and to the fair by his incontinent brutality. He heard the melting accents, hid himself, and soon distinguished the two ladies

ladies. At such a sight his flinted heart was moved,
not to soft desire; he was not calculated to enjoy that
bliss. It was a blood-thirsty vulture viewing a gentle
dove, on which he hopes to prey. *Yseult* soon took up
the monster's whole attention, who meditated on the
means of getting her into his power, whilst the Queen
sung the following couplets.

“Whate’er I hear, I think or view,

Recalls my *Tristan* to my mind:

And nature, to my wishes true,

Each moment with attention kind

Portrays, in colours gay and bright,

The image of my faithful Knight.—

Thou lovely man!*

My dear *Tristan*!

Like a mild lamb, the shepherd’s care,

Near me he throbs with gentle fears:

But when honour bids to warfare,

Fierce as a lion he appears.

What hardy Knight, or haughty fair,

Could stand his bold or winning air?

Now, like some timid dove he lies;

And mildly bears the lovers chain.

Now, like the bird of Jove he flies,

To snatch the laurel from the bloody plain.

Let love or glory lead the way,

Tristan, thou’rt sure to get the day!

* These two short lines are the burthen of the stanza.

As, with spring's genial influence fraught,
 The beauteous lilies deck the plain :
 So in my heart, as yet untaught,
 Of love he rais'd the pleasing pain :
 On me then joy and pleasure smil'd,
 When first his looks my soul beguil'd :
 The burning heat of summer skies,
 Portrays in sight his glowing breast ;
 Yet one soft glance from beauty's eyes
 Can calm the storm and peace impart.
 Oh may'st thou still unconquer'd prove,
 In war triumphant as in love."

BREUS was on horseback ; but, fired with lustful transports, quick as the darting kite, he alighted to fall on his prey. *Yseult* and *Brangien* took themselves to flight : but the former was the chief of his pursuit, he seized and dragged her along, and, as she fainted, carried her off in his arms towards the place where he had left his horse : but the poor animal frightened at their noise had run away. A Knight, covered with a very plain armour, passed by, while *Brangien* was rending the air with most piteous screams. In vain did the inquisitive Knight endeavour to get some information through her means, she was too full of her grief to find the power of utterance. Yet the stranger seeing a woman lying motionless at a small distance, compassion filled his breast, and he ran to the spot, in order to see whether he could give her any assistance. This was *Yseult* ; for *Breus* having dropped his precious burthen, had gone in quest of his horse whom he had overtaken, and now was returning in full confidence. *Brangien* renewed

rentwed her shrieks at his approach; and the stranger, out of mere humanity, flew to the fair damsel's rescue. *Breus*, who saw him coming towards him in a threatening posture, conceived that this would soon fall a victim to his own imprudence. Fortune however forsook him, and he was beat from his horse at the first onset. For fear of worse consequence, he feigned to be dead, and, whilst the Knight with *Brangien* were endeavouring to raise *Yseult* from the ground, *Breus* got up again, and taking to his steed disappeared in an instant.

MEANWHILE, *Yseult's* deliverer gently raised her head, and put by the loose hair that hung about her face. He stared at her for some time, screamed, and fell senseless by her side. *Brangien*, who returned at this instant, gave her first care to her mistress, whom she, after much trouble, recalled to life again. The first object that struck *Yseult's* wondering eyes, was the Knight in complete armour lying by her. She was told by *Brangien*, that this was her deliverer. Thinking him dead and killed in her cause, she gave a loose to the tears of pity and gratitude. Upon a closer inspection, they found that the stranger was still alive: assisted by her trusty companion she unlaced the helmet. Readers! and ye who feel, or have felt the power of mighty love! ye alone, can judge of her situation, when she discovered the well-known, the admired features of her adored *Tristan*. Words would be too faint to describe such scenes.

THE received custom of the *Round-table* was, for a younger companion to seek adventures during ten days after his reception. The other Knights had leave to follow him in disguised armours, and provoke him to

the joust, but not to a serious combat. This law had prevented *Tristan* from being present at his uncle's duel with *Amans*. Our hero had met with, and overcome the best champions of the *Round-table*. His friend *Lancelot of the Lake* went in quest of him, armed with a light and brittle lance, in order to yield him out of compliment, an easy victory. *Lancelot* came on the very spot where the two lovers were felicitating each other on their recovery. Seeing *Tristan* pressing to his breast the hand of a stranger, he suspected his fidelity to the Queen of *Cornwall*, and told him, half in joke and half in earnest:—"So so, sweet Knight, it seems you delight in soft encounters, and I heartily give you joy."—As *Lancelot* spoke in a feigned voice, *Tristan* did not know him at first, and rising hastily from the ground, whilst *Yseult* and *Brangien* returned towards the nunnery.—"This interruption, Sir Knight, says he, is neither seasonable nor courteous. We shall soon see who you are, and whether you are as brave as you would appear to be witty and smart." So saying, he grasped his lance, and mounted his horse. *Lancelot* could very well disguise his voice, but not his exquisite shape, noble mien, and the manly graces with which he wielded a lance, and managed a horse: so that at the first vaulting *Tristan* found whom he had to cope with.

THE two Knights approached each other. Our hero seeing the lance of his adversary broke at the first stroke in a thousand pieces, instead of pushing at him, lifted up his own.—"How, says *Lancelot*, do you despise me so far as not to push your lance against me."—"Dearest Sir, replied *Tristan*, the blow aimed at a friend recoils upon the giver. Now that you are un-

armed,

armed; come with me, and pay your respects to Queen *Yseult*." *Lancelot* was doubly happy in that his friend knew him again, and was blessed with the company of the fair *Yseult*. The two heroes alighted and flew into each other's arms. *Tristan* led him to the Queen, whose hand *Lancelot* offered to kiss on his knees, but she raised and embraced him as *Tristan's* most valuable friend.

THEY went on together to the nunnery, where our author hints that they passed the evening very cheerfully, relating their respective adventures, and talking of the beautiful *Genievre*. On the morrow, *Lancelot* took leave of *Yseult*, who desired much to be remembered to *Arthur's* fair consort, and tell her how much she longed to visit her at *Lramalot*. *Tristan* had three days more to spend in his search; but can one think of seeking for any thing more, after what he had found? And is there a reader who will not absolve our hero for giving to love and *Yseult* three days, which could add very little to the glory he had already acquired? Yet, how swift the hours when spent in such a company! *Yseult* and *Tristan* had only valued the three days at a few minutes; but *Brangien* who had not the same reason to forget how the time went, prudently admonished *Tristan*, that the ten days being out, he must go to give an account of his exploits, and that, in order to avoid suspicion, it would be proper to wait on *Marcus*, who was then a prisoner at large at *Lramalot*. Our hero could start no reasonable objection. *Yseult* embraced him tenderly, gave him his sword, stooped even to buckle on his spurs, and, had it not been for the remonstrances of *Brangien*, would have been obliged to do the same over again.

TRISTAN, towards the dusk of the evening, reached the capital, and saw no one that night but *Arthur* and *Lancelot*. The Knight gave an account of what had happened to him, not forgetting his encounter with *Lancelot*; and the latter gave him a malicious and significant smile at hearing him talk of no other exploits than those of chivalry. Early the next morning, the King having concealed *Tristan* in his closet, had *Marcus* brought before him: "King of *Cornwall*, said he, I will not upbraid you with your crime; let that be the work of your own conscience: but here, in the presence of these noble Knights, I request a boon." What could *Marcus* refuse to his paramount who forgave him so generously his doubly forfeited life; both as a murderer, and as having infringed all the laws of honour and chivalry by fighting against *Amans*, and refusing to take the usual oath? He readily granted the request; "Then, says *Arthur*, I require you to bury in oblivion all your animosity against your nephew, *Tristan* of *Leonois*; and to hold him henceforth for a deserving kinsman, and the best Knight in Christendom." This he solemnly promised, and *Arthur*, having caused the grand relicks to be brought in, had him sworn upon them: then calling *Tristan* out of the closet, presented him to *Marcus*: they embraced; but our hero, says the author, did not renounce from his heart to deserve a little more of his uncle's ill humour; and the latter was even with him, by not giving up the thoughts of being revenged on him in a manner equally consonant with his cowardice and jealousy.

ALL the Knights of the *Round-table*, who were acquainted with the character of *Marcus*, trembled at the consequence

consequence of so hasty a reconciliation; an ominous foreboding gave *Lancelot* the most alarming anxiety. He took the King of *Cornwall* apart; and, with that superiority which virtue and courage give over a groveling wretch, denounced the most exemplary vengeance against him, if he ever offered to deprive his noble friend of life or liberty. The fair *Genievere* had a conference with *Tristan*, in which she gave him to understand, that his love for *Isolt* was no secret to her, and she made none of her attachment to *Lancelot*. She at the same time put a letter into his hands for the Queen of *Cornwall*, by which she desired her to repair to *Lramalot*, in case *Marcus* should attempt to renew his persecutions. On the other hand, King *Arthur* said to our hero; "My dear *Tristan*, you are now of my household, and one of the companions of the *Round-table*; your uncle is so unworthy of having you at his court, that it really grieves me to see you leave my kingdom: but on the first complaint you have to exhibit against him, come back to your friends; and be assured, my brave and beloved Knight, that *Arthur* will ever glory in making one among them."

Marcus and his brave kinsman set out the next morning early: the merit of the latter forced a tear from every eye. The horror which seized each generous mind at the bare mention of the former's name, and the love which *Tristan* had so well deserved; made the ladies of *Genievere's* court wish secretly that the handsome Knight might long and with impunity continue to wrong his detested uncle. The two travellers arrived that very evening at the nunnery, where the tender and wretched *Isolt* was forced to bely her sentiments, by giving to

the

the husband a reception which the lover alone could claim from her heart.

JEALOUSY, it is said, drives away sleep. *Marcus* had no rest, and was up before the sun. As he was fauntering about the dormitories, he met with an ancient nun, who had been rather too inquisitive about *Tristan*, during his first stay with *Yseult*. This Nun is represented in the true character of those female anchores, very talkative and mischievous. Through motives of envy or malice, or perhaps both, she told the whole affair to the King of *Cornwall*, and was so particular, and dwelled so long on her story, that *Marcus* left her abruptly, to revolve, in his treacherous mind, some means of being effectually revenged; yet fear prevailed even upon his jealous rage: he dared not attempt anything against his nephew whilst he remained in King *Arthur's* dominions; but promised himself to give a free scope to his hatred when he had him once in his own kingdom. The very thought was ecstasy to him, and smoothed his contracted brow; so that he appeared before *Yseult* and *Tristan* with unruffled countenance, and carried dissimulation so far as to treat our hero, for some time after his arrival in *Cornwall*, with the greatest, and, to all appearance, most sincere friendship. Time and opportunity shewed him soon in his proper colours; for by means of *Androt* having surprized *Tristan*, he had him confined in a dungeon, loaded with heavy and disgraceful irons. In vain did all the *Cornish* Barons unite in one request to obtain his liberty; the perfidious King, for once, was resolute, as are all weak and despotic princes in a bad cause.

GOVERNAIL, that grave and faithful mentor of *Tristan*, spoke, but to no purpose, in favour of his pupil; by representing to the King how impious it was in him to infringe the solemn oath he had taken at *Lramalet*. Convinced that whatever he could urge would be in vain, he set off for *Leonois*, in order to inform *Tristan's* subjects of their King's captivity, and return at their head to his rescue. A few days after his departure there arrived at *Cintageul*, a young Knight of the *Round-table*, named *Perceval*. He was no sooner apprised of the confinement of his noble companion, and heard of the oath taken by *Marcus* whilst in *England*, than he forced his way into the presence-chamber, and addressed himself to the Monarch: "Felon and forsworn Prince, says he, why hast thou confined thy Queen, and put thy nephew in irons?" *Marcus* answered in a manner suitable to his haughtiness and usual brutality. The Knight, fired with resentment, assailed the King; flung out of the window *Andret*, who attempted to take his master's part, and having brought *Marcus* to the ground, held him down till he had given up the keys of *Tristan's* dungeon; then running to the prison set him free, and they together went to deliver *Iselt* from the tower, where she had been confined, and set her at liberty.

THE King, whom *Perceval* had locked up in his apartment, was not sufficiently beloved by his subjects; nor were these brave enough to be induced either by the insult offered to him, or the groans of *Andret*, who had been much hurt, to oppose the bold *British* Knight. The Barons of *Cornwall* were called together, and required to oblige their monarch to keep more religiously the oath by which he had bound himself in regard to *Tristan*.

Perceval,

Perceval, after having obtained a solemn promise from the *Cornish* Lords to support the Queen and our hero against their own Sovereign, threatened them with the most exemplary vengeance from King *Arthur* and his worthies, if they should fail in giving *Tristan* all the support he might want against his uncle's barbarity; he then kissed the hand of the fair *Isolt*, swore an everlasting friendship to her lover, and set out in quest of those adventures which have rendered his name so famous in the annals of the *Round-table*.

TRISTAN and *Isolt* lived for some months unmolested in the greatest harmony. They often took the diversion of stag-hunting, and their halt was constantly at the pleasant and commodious seat of *Dinas*. Meanwhile *Andret* had recovered from the bruises he had received by his fall, and this severe correction only served to increase his animosity against *Tristan*; but the house of *Dinas* was so artfully contrived, that he long toiled in vain to surprize our lovers. One day, as he was reconnoitring the place with all the care and attention his malice and the hopes of being revenged could suggest, he saw a lofty pine-tree, from whose top he could command the whole prospect of the gardens. Armed with a bow and arrows he climbed it up, in order to be there concealed, and watch his two victims, who he doubted not would come back after the hunt. Fortune seconded but too well his treacherous views. *Isolt* and *Tristan*, after a turn or two in the garden, retired to a delicious bower, which hid them from every eye but those of their most inveterate foe. Without suspecting the least treachery, *Tristan*, taking *Isolt* round her lovely waist, was about to sip the ambrosial perfume of her coral lips, when

when *Andret* let fly an arrow with so true an aim, that the sharp weapon pierced through *Tristan's* shoulder, and slightly wounded that of *Yseult*. Our hero felt no pain but that which was occasioned by the Queen's wound. Not doubting but that they were discovered, they retreated to a subterraneous passage which led to *Yseult's* apartments; and, as they retired, a second arrow grazed our hero's throat. After this narrow escape he got safe to *Dinas*; who, being informed of the accident, removed his noble friend to the house of one of his tenants in the forest, on whose unshaken fidelity he could safely depend.

ANDRET's malice was not fully satisfied by this cowardly attempt; his next care was to acquaint the King with the transaction. *Marcus*, as jealous as ever, but not daring to shew openly his resentment against the Queen, contented himself with speaking to her of her wound with all the bitterness of sarcastic irony. Perhaps he would have done worse against *Tristan*, but all his enquiries proved fruitless; nor could he, by the most seducing offers of reward, discover the place of his retreat. He had soon after a far different cause for being vexed at his nephew's disappearance. A powerful King, named *Helias*, having heard that *Tristan* had been banished the kingdom of *Cornwall*, and not knowing that he was since returned, thought this was a favourable opportunity to attack *Marcus*, whom he hated, and had long wished to have in his power; and setting himself at the head of a numerous army, laid waste the country, and fought his way as far as the capital, where the cowardly *Cornish* men, whom he drove before him, soon gave the alarm. *Marcus* assembling together as many

of his subjects as were at hand, resolved to make head against his enemy. *Dinas*, equally fit for the field of *Venus* and *Mars*, fought with the utmost bravery at the head of the van; but being ill supported was obliged to give way and shut himself up with the King in *Cintageul*, which was instantly besieged by *Helias*.

THUS situated, *Marcus* and *Dinas* disposed every thing for a vigorous defence; but the former, judging that his resistance would avail him little, soon fell into a state of despondency. *Dinas* recalled to the monarch's mind all the services he had received from *Tristan*, and what he might expect from his valiant nephew in this critical juncture. The King begged *Dinas*, if he knew where *Tristan* was, to acquaint him with his situation, and entreat his assistance. This was all the Seneschal wished for; a trusty messenger was dispatched, and easily prevailed on our hero to comply with the King's request: but, as his wound was not entirely healed, and he could not bear his armour, he wrote to his uncle, desiring him to hold out, and expect to see him within six days. Ten of the best warriors of *Cornwall*, who had refused to take part in the quarrel of their contemptible Sovereign, hearing that *Tristan* intended to go to his assistance, joined him; and our hero, at the head of them, falling on the enemies rear, fought his way to *Helias*'s quarters, unhorsed him twice in the action, and after having slain all that opposed him, entered triumphant into *Cintageul*.

THE next day, *Tristan* sent a herald to *Helias*, to challenge him to single combat. The condition was, that the latter, if conquered, should evacuate the kingdom of *Cornwall* with his troops; and, if conqueror, the

the *Cornish* King to become his tributary. *Helias* was too valiant a Knight to reject such a proposal; but he further required, that *Marcus*, together with *Yseult* and the *Cornish* Barons, should be present on the spot where the duel was to be fought, to remain entirely at his direction, in case he should overcome *Tristan*. This being agreed to, the champions met at the appointed place of rendezvous on the next morning.

TRISTAN's natural bravery was increased by the consideration of his fighting to prevent *Yseult*'s captivity. After a long and obstinate contest, fortune declared for our hero, who thus saved a second time his uncle's dominions from subjection and disgrace: but *Marcus* had a soul impervious to the feelings of friendship and gratitude. A few days after *Tristan* had brought him triumphant into *Cintageul*, he was by him deprived of liberty, and his victorious hands felt once more the weight of the galling chain: fortunately, his deliverer was at hand. *Gouvernail* had easily persuaded the people of *Leonois* to take up arms in defence of their King. The old warriors who had served under his father *Meliadus*, were the first to summon their liegemen; and *Gouvernail* at their head, invaded the kingdom of *Cornwall*. *Dinas* refused to repair to the King's standard. The Barons and the people rose all in a body against a Prince, whose perfidious conduct had brought this new calamity upon his subjects. They surrounded the palace and seized on the King's person; whilst a party of them flew to *Tristan*'s prison. Now was the time that Providence had marked for the punishment of the *Cornish* King, and his prime minister *Andret*. The latter was torn in pieces by the enraged

populace, and the former cast into the dungeon where he had confined his nephew; then entreating *Tristan* and *Yseult* to lead them, the Barons went to meet *Gouvernail* and his army, who greatly rejoiced at seeing their beloved King. Our hero thought it would be ungenerous in him to return to *Cintagul*, and having called the Barons together he begged them to entrust *Dinas* with the government of the kingdom during his uncle's imprisonment, which was to last at their discretion; binding them by an oath not to attempt any thing against the life of *Marcus*.

Our author, before he proceeds further, takes care to repeat in this place the many apologies which *Yseult* might urge in her defence; we shall only beg our readers to recollect them, and especially the uncontrollable effect of the *enchanted draught*. The Queen followed *Tristan* into his kingdom of *Leonois*, from whence they soon after set off for *England*, resolved for the sake of decency to live there very retired, and acquaint no one with their arrival, except their noble and trusty friend *Lancelot of the Lake*. Before he left *Leonois*, *Tristan* amply rewarded the care and services of *Gouvernail*. Our hero had long observed that something more than mere friendship subsisted between *Brangien* and *Gouvernail*. The loss which the former had sustained on *Yseult's* wedding night, seemed to be the only obstacle that prevented their union; but *Gouvernail*, who had given the advice, and had even admired this heroic mark of her attachment to her mistress, found it an easy matter to over-rule *Brangien's* scruples, and set her above those niceties. *Yseult* and *Tristan* called the two faithful servants, joined their hands, and assembling together his Barons, he
made

made a pathetic speech, in which he highly commended the birth, wisdom, and courage of *Gouvernail*; dwelled on the personal services he had received from him; and, as a reward, charged his Barons to swear allegiance to *Gouvernail*, and henceforth acknowledge him for their Sovereign. After having given this extraordinary proof of gratitude, *Tristan* with the fair *Yseult* embarked and landed safe in *England*.

THEY travelled on towards *Joyeuse-Garde* castle, a seat belonging to their friend *Lancelot*. As their minds were at ease, their hearts content, and having no fear nor anxiety, they sat down, and *Tristan* sung the following lines addressed to his fair companion:

I.

How happy must his moments prove,
Who travels on with thee and love;
How sweetly glides the live-long day,
While love and *Yseult* lead the way:
Devoted to thy charms divine,
With thee my days unclouded shine.

II.

When'er thy image I behold,
A painful pleasure fills my breast,
And in my heart this truth's impress,
(By love in gentle whisper told :)
'Twas thus that first, with looks benign,
Fair *Yseult*'s eyes gave life to mine.

III.

Thou lefst me with the morning light,
Dost thou not long for sleep's kind power?
Lo! these soft banks to joy invite,
(Thou lefst me with the morning light;)
Wer't but t'enjoy sleep's calm delight,
Oh, join me in yon shady bow'r.

As

As they entered the forest that led to *Lancelot's* feat, *Tristan* learnt, with some surprize, that King *Arthur* had stayed there a few days, and intended in his way back to *Lramalot* to entertain himself with the jousting of his Knights. *Yseult* would fain have persuaded *Tristan* to leave the forest; but it was too late, for they had been seen, and *Arthur* sent *Treu*, his Seneschal, to enquire who the two strangers were. *Dinadam*, in hopes of having an opportunity of indulging his sarcastic humour, followed the Seneschal, and as he came near enough to be heard, said to the stranger; "What ho! Sir Knight, are you frightened at a little tilting? But tilt you must, or give up your lady to a better Knight." *Tristan* knew *Dinadam* at once, and could not help smiling under his helmet at the mistake; but in order to humour the joke, he affected to appear intimidated; and to the Seneschal's enquiries he answered, "That he was a poor Knight, bereft of all but his horse and armour, and that the lady was his sister, going, much against his will, to take the veil in the neighbouring nunnery." To this *Treu* replied, "Are you then ignorant of the laws of chivalry in this kingdom?—No stranger, if in armour, is suffered to pass without being called to the joust; therefore prepare to meet me." *Dinadam* did not lose this occasion of bantering the strange Knight by jocosely insisting that he had a right to begin, as he had spoke first. *Tristan* seemed very unwilling to engage; but at last he said to them: "Knights of King *Arthur*, it would be very discourteous in you to force me to leave my sister by herself; however, since you will insist upon it, I shall conform with the laws, provided you solemnly engage to guard her courteously in case I should come off conqueror,

queror, and be obliged to encounter any more of your companions; for well I know, that *English* Knights are ever ready to joke, and noble maids to conquer." This request being readily granted, they prepared for the joust.

THE better to carry on the farce, *Tristan* handled his arms with all the awkwardness of a novice. When they engaged he received the lance of *Treu* on his buckler; it was thrust with such force, that the Seneschal's lance went to pieces, and himself to the ground. *Tristan* alighting took him by the hand, and presenting him to *Yseult*; "Fair and dearest sister, says he, behold! this conquered Knight shall watch over you." Then taking his career once more to encounter *Dinadam*, he received his lance as he had done with *Treu*, dropped his own, and, taking up *Dinadam* from the saddle, with his right arm laid him on his horse's neck, and vaulting quickly, set him down by *Yseult*, telling him: "Well, Sir Knight, what think you of this manner of tilting? Now be true to your word, and keep my sister safe; for I see your companions making this way."

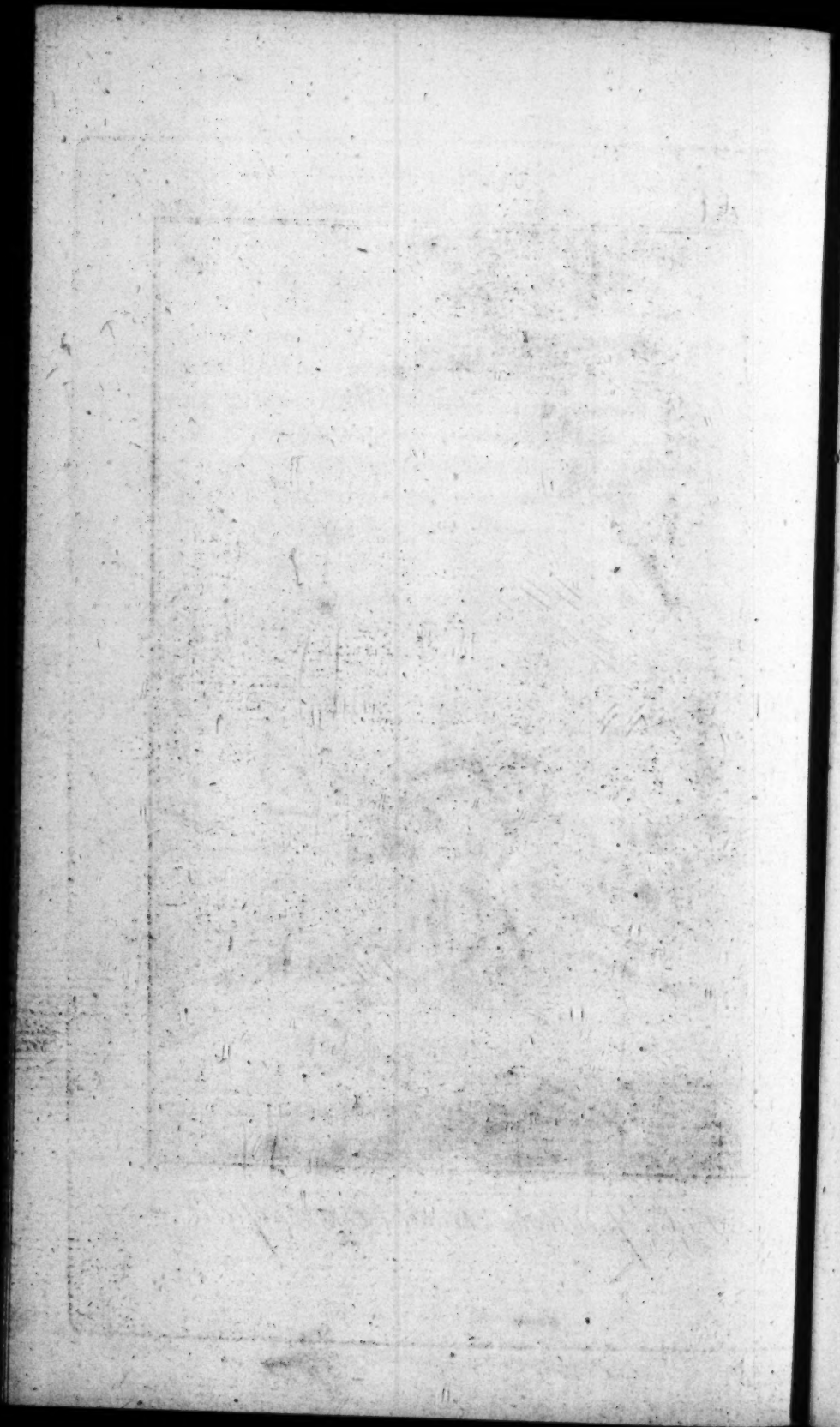
THIS joust proved an agreeable pastime to King *Arthur* and his beauteous consort, and they laughed heartily at the manner in which *Dinadam* had been taken up; but more so when they saw him with *Treu*, holding the reins of the lady's horse. Several of the Knights had advanced to the spot, among them was the renowned tilter *Bliomberis*. "How comes it, Sir Knight, says he to *Tristan*, that you have not attempted to strike with your lance." "Sir, replied *Tristan*, I foresaw that I should have greater occasion for it, against so powerful an assailant as you are; stand on your defence for I challenge

lenge you." *Blomberis* promised himself to make him soon repent of his rashness; and, for that purpose, made a thrust at him with a force that must have unhorsed any man but *Tristan*. The latter returned the compliment to better purpose, for he brought him to the ground without breaking his lance. "Go you, Sir, says he, to guard my sister; for such is the condition of this joust." *Arthur's* three nephews and ten other Knights met with the same fate, and the good King seeing that he was nearly left alone, entreated *Lancelot* to vindicate the honour of the *Round-table*. "My Liege, whispered *Lancelot* to the King, none but my worthy friend *Tristan* is capable of these exploits; but this I shall soon know, for he loves me too well to offer to fight me in earnest; therefore please to observe us well:" then, coming up to *Tristan*, "Sir Knight, says he, I shall soon know who you are, it is *Lancelot* who calls to you; "So much the better, returned the other, I cannot provide a better guardian for my sister." They took their career, and ran at each other. As they came close they feigned to have missed the thrust: but by chance *Lancelot's* horse stumbled over the broken spears that strewed the place, fell under his rider, who, according to the laws of tournament, was by this accident obliged to yield. *Tristan*, tendering his hand to *Lancelot*, whispered to him, "DEAR LANCELOT, 'TIS FOR YSEULT THY TRISTAN CONQUERS THEE;*" and then leading him to *Yseult*: "Gentle Knights, says he to the rest, you now are free, commend me to your King. This last gentleman, and the second I have conquered, will do to go a day's journey with my sister and me."

* See the plate.



'Tis for Yseult, thy Tristan bids the Yield.



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DINADAM, who was the Knight whom *Tristan* had chosen to follow him along with *Lancelot*, grumbled about the last tilting, saying that it had not been fair: "Peace, said *Lancelot*; I own myself fairly conquered by the stranger, and if thou darest deny it; know that he has strength enough to run away with thee under his arm." *Dinadam* had not a word to say, but he entertained some doubts about this affair; knowing full-well that *Lancelot* would have asked for the sword, and not have given up the point so easily, without some cogent and secret reasons for it.

TRISTAN and his company took their way to *Joyeuse-garde* castle, where *Yseult* and *Tristan* made themselves known to the great joy of *Dinadam*, who falling at *Yseult*'s feet: "Fair Lady, says he, well may I be permitted to kiss the hand of that sister whom I have so well guarded." *Lancelot* tarried two days with his friend, and then set out with *Dinadam*, leaving the happy couple in full possession of the house.

PALAMEDES having been informed that his rival had left *Leonois*, and set off for *England*, followed *Tristan* there; and, having changed his armour so as not to be known, met him at last within a few yards of *Lancelot*'s feat. The most furious combat ensued; it lasted several hours, and was so obstinately supported on both sides, that the two rivals armours were covered with the blood that gushed out of their respective wounds. *Yseult* being apprised of the danger her *Tristan* was in, ran out to part them. They no sooner saw her, than the two combatants retreated from each other; ran to lay their swords at her feet, and instantly fainted away; their blood still continuing to flow. *Yseult*'s first care was for

Tristan, who recovering his senses, refused to be attended if *Palamedes* was not so: *Yseult* had them both carried to the castle where they soon recovered. The Queen of *Cornwall*, who had obtained from *Palamedes* a promise not to appear before her except in *England*, easily wrought upon that faithful and obedient lover to receive *Tristan* into the number of his friends, and effected a sincere reconciliation between the two generous rivals. The *Saracen* Prince spent a few days at the castle, but the trial was too hard, and he could not bear to be a daily witness of their happiness, nor think of disturbing of it, after he had sworn everlasting friendship to *Tristan*. "Happy man, said he to him one day, you justly deserve the brilliant destiny you enjoy: May I soon end my wretched life, and may you and the fair *Yseult* honour my memory with the tears of friendship:" having thus said he took leave, and went in quest of the most perilous adventures. Yet though he courted death with wishful eagerness, he lived long and ever constant to his first amours.

ARTHUR and Queen *Genievre* longed to enjoy the company of *Tristan* and *Yseult*, and resolved to pay them a visit at *Lancelot's* seat. One evening *Dinadam*, who had often been rallied by the Queen, and wished to be revenged, came running in hastily and panting for breath to tell her, that two strange Knights had surprised *Tristan* unarmed, and seized him; that he must have shared the same fate, had he not fled with all speed to apprise her of the danger she must think herself in now that *Tristan* was far from her. This intelligence greatly alarmed the Queen, whose dread was increased by the appearance of two strangers completely armed. *Dina-*
dam

dam ran hastily, as if in a fright, and hid himself behind the Queen's chair; but what was her joy when the two Knights had taken off their helmets, to see in one of them King *Arthur*, and her *Tristan's* friend *Lancelot* in the other: Queen *Genievre* followed soon after, and these noble guests spent a few days at the castle in the greatest festivity. The author gives some hints of private suppers between *Tristan* and *Iselt*, *Genievre* and *Lancelot*; but we shall pass over this little piece of scandal, to talk of the pious and truly commendable undertaking which King *Arthur* had planned a long time before.

WE have already said that the *holy grail* was supposed to be the cup made use of by the Lord at his last Supper. *Joseph* of *Arimathea* had brought it into *Europe*, together with the lance which *Longinus* had thrust into our Saviour's side on the cross. These relicks, for many generations, had remained in the keeping of *Joseph's* descendants. Whoever was entrusted with them was obliged to live in a state of continence and celibacy, and the least trespass against chastity would have exposed the guilty to the most imminent danger. A King surnamed *Pêcheur*, lineally descended from *Joseph*, was then in possession of the precious and sacred treasure: but, having had one day the imprudence to look rather wishfully at a handsome woman who was come to prostrate herself before the holy relicks; the lance fell on his arm, and occasioned a wound which kept bleeding for the space of fifty years without intermission. *Merlin* had foretold this accident; adding that the King's wound was never to be healed; and that the virtues inherent to those sacred remains would become beneficial to all

christians without exception, when there should come a true and loyal Knight more strictly chaste than King *Pécheur*, and who could approach the sanctuary, and lay hold of the hallowed relicks, without being struck dead at the very instant that he would attempt to carry them off. The descendant of *Joseph* and the neighbouring princes were afraid of losing the *holy great*, and though it was a difficult matter, as it has since been, to find a Knight who could unite in his person the gift of unspotted continence, and the renown of a brave warrior: yet such a one might start at last; in dread, therefore, of this phenomenon making its appearance, those princes constantly kept on foot a formidable army for the defence of the holy relicks and the royal keeper.

OUR valiant hero was very little calculated to achieve this grand undertaking, he must have paid with his life for so rash an attempt; but the enrolling himself under King *Arthur*'s banner, and fighting against the allies of King *Pécheur* was one way of atoning for his sins: he therefore partly resolved within himself to engage in this religious enterprise, which *Arthur* had determined upon on account of the following adventure happening to him in *Darnantes* forest. Having strayed a great way from his guards, he stopped at the place where *Merlin* was entombed, and whose voice nevertheless continued to deliver oracles: the good enchanter spoke to the King in these words.—“ King *Arthur*, thou hast been from thy childhood and shalt ever be dear to me; the time is now come to go in quest of the *holy great*; King *Arthur* hear me! The man who will perform the mighty deed is born: nay, he has received from thy royal hands the order of knighthood.”

The

The *British* King treasured up in his mind the words of *Merlin*; but could not recollect who this extraordinary mortal might be: nevertheless, giving an implicit faith to the infallibility of the prophecy, he from that hour began to prepare for the grand expedition. *Tristan*, in compliance to the King's request, and considering the vow he had made of leading henceforth a life of repentance, put his hands between those of *Arthur*, and took the usual oath; but alas! the most disastrous misfortunes, the recital of which must wound every compassionate reader, put it out of his power ever to perform the solemn vow. It is natural to suppose that the first step to be taken was to break every connection with *Yseult*; an effort which cost many bitter tears to him and his fair mistress: But as it was a duty incumbent upon him in consequence of the oath which he had taken, *Tristan* acted with his usual honour and magnanimity. King *Arthur* dispatched instantly a messenger to the court of *Cornwall*, with a letter to *Dinas*, requesting *Marcus* to recall his Queen. This circumstance leads the author to give an account of what had passed at *Cintageul* since the revolution that had taken place in the kingdom.

DINAS, the Seneschal, who had never swerved from the duties of a true Knight and faithful subject, had accepted the regency in hopes that *Marcus*, humbled by his late misfortunes, would repent himself, and at last become worthy of the crown which he had disgraced by his past conduct; judging that the wished-for time was come, *Dinas* called the Barons together and requested them to grant him a boon; this they could not refuse to a man who had won their hearts by his wisdom and
3 affability:

affability: he was desired to name it, and the regent asked that the King might be set at liberty and restored to his pristine dignity. *Marcus*, who still preserved for *Yseult* the tenderest affection, was easily prevailed upon to comply with this part of *Arthur's* request; but refused to see his nephew, giving the *British* King to understand that the presence of *Tristan* would only serve to renew that hatred and animosity, which he wished to bury in oblivion, and expose him once more to relapse into his former errors. This was a reason of which *Yseult* and *Tristan* felt the whole force as well as *Arthur*; who ordered a ship to be prepared, appointing *Dinadam* to go with the Queen to *Cornwall*. The parting of those two faithful lovers was affecting beyond the power of words to express. *Tristan*, seeing that nothing at the court of *Arthur* could bring either comfort or peace to his distracted mind, and that the necessary preparations for the quest of the *holy greal* went on but slowly; resolved to leave *Lramalot* and embark for *Lower Brinnany*, where, as our readers may remember, he had left the other *Yseult* his lawful and beauteous consort. He arrived at the court of *Houel* his father-in-law, who then was ill of a disorder which in a few days brought him to his grave. *Tristan* was welcomed by *Yseult* with all the tenderness of conjugal affection; he received her caresses and returned them with gratitude: he had for her the greatest esteem and most sincere friendship, but his love was all for the fair Queen of *Cornwall*; and the maiden-wife rose from *Tristan's* side as chaste and innocent as ever. "Alas, exclaims the author, it was the other *Yseult* who had shared with *Tristan* the fatal draught."

SOME

SOME hours before his death, King *Houel* called all his family together, and entreated *Tristan* by the love which he at one time bore to *Pheredin* his eldest son, to take under his protection the young prince *Runalen* who was to succeed him. This was an useful precaution, for the old King had hardly closed his eyes for ever; when some of his vassals, and, at their head, *Urnois* Earl of *Nantes*, potent in arms but equally famous for his perfidy, refused to acknowledge *Runalen* for their lawful lord and sovereign. The young King and his valiant brother-in-law assembled an army, and having routed that of *Urnois*, laid siege to his capital; where the Earl defended himself vigorously, but was at last killed by *Runalen*, and *Nantes* taken by storm. A strong and well fortified tower was the only place that held out against the King's victorious arms. *Tristan*, who thought nothing could resist a cool and deliberate intrepidity, attempted to scale the wall; but *Lestoc*, the bravest Knight of *Lower Brittany*, who commanded the garrison in the tower, standing on the battlement, hurled down a massy stone, which, falling on *Tristan's* head, wounded him desperately, and felled our hero to the ground. *Runalen* arrived at that instant on the spot, and calling to *Lestoc*: "*Urnois* is no more, said he, wilt thou acknowledge me for thy King." *Lestoc*, coming instantly down, presented his sword by the hilt, and swore allegiance to *Runalen*. The latter knowing the value of the worthy Knight, gave him the command of his army and flew to the assistance of *Tristan*.

THE wound which he had received was deep, and had occasioned a great effusion of blood; but *Yseult's* skill in surgery made *Runalen* hope that the life of his friend

friend might be saved. His fair consort would let no one approach her dear *Tristan*. The latter was all gratitude for the care she took of him, and began to feel for *Yseult* of *Britanny* those tender emotions which he had never experienced before but in the company of the fair Queen of *Cornwall*. One day as she was reflecting with inward satisfaction on the progress she had made in the cure of *Tristan*, she leaned her head over his, and kissed the wound on his cheek; a balmy heat thrilled through his veins and reached his heart. This instant completed the triumph of *Yseult* of *Britanny*, but was fatal to her Lord: the wound festered and threatened to baffle the skill of his desponding consort. In this alarming condition, *Tristan* was reminded by an old servant that *Yseult* of *Cornwall* had cured him in *Ireland* when his case was still more desperate. *Tristan* called his lady to him and informed her of the first cure effected by *Yseult* at a time when he was intirely given over; adding that with her Permission he would send for her, not doubting but she would come to his assistance: she readily consented, and *Tristan* sending for a celebrated navigator whose name was *Gefnes* gave him his ring.—“My friend, said he, shew this ring to the Queen of *Cornwall*; tell her how I am situated, and that I humbly request her assistance: if thou can’st prevail on her to come, let thy sails be made of snowy canvas; if *Yseult* should refuse, let them be black, for then *Tristan* must die.”

THE author tells us that *Yseult* of *Cornwall* had, during the interval, listened to the advice of a pious personage, and was no more the slave to that over-ruling passion which had consumed her breast. We are also informed that *Tristan*, being at the point of death, had confessed his

his sins, repented for his youthful errors, and was become a perfect convert; so that what they now felt for each other was a most tender friendship, whose sweets are equal if not superior to the delusive pleasures of love, and will often produce similar effects. This was here the case, for *Marcus* being absent when she received *Tristan's* message, she instantly embarked with *Gesnes* for *Lower Brittany*.

MEANWHILE *Tristan's* wound grew worse every day, and as he could not be carried to the sea shore, as he had been for some days after the departure of his messenger, he desired a young lady, god-daughter to *Yseult* of *Britanny*, who had been brought up under his care, to go every morning on the mole, look towards the coast of *Cornwall*, take notice of the first ship bound from that place, and let him know the colour of her sails. But alas! what an alteration a little knowledge made in the disposition of *Yseult* of *Britanny*; she thought it was now her interest not to suffer her Lord to lie under any fresh obligation to the Queen of *Cornwall*, by whom she had been so materially injured: she therefore directed the young lady to tell *Tristan* that she had seen one with black sails.

A FAVOURABLE gale brought at last in sight the ship from *Cornwall*, and although the whiteness of her sails dazzled the eyes of *Yseult's* god-daughter; yet, cruelly obedient to her commands, she reported to *Tristan* that they were black. The heavy tidings went to his very heart:—"Ah sweet Lady of *Cornwall*, exclaimed he in all the agony of grief, to God I commend me; never more shall we meet: Heaven protect you—adieu," he said, smote his breast, and died.

It was a received custom at the death of a Knight to have it instantly proclaimed by a herald in all the principal streets. The Queen of Cornwall was just landed when she heard these grating sounds: *The brave, the most illustrious Knight and flower of chivalry, the mighty Lord TRISTAN is no more!* Unable to support herself, she desired to be carried to his apartments; but how sorry the sight! His lifeless corpse laid out on planks was the first object that struck her affrighted eye. She falls on the cold remains of her beloved Knight: she clasps her hand to his breast, and wishes to feel the palpitation of that faithful heart that never beat but for *Yseult* the fair; but she wishes in vain! His noble spirit is for ever fled. *Yseult*, at this fatal discovery, imprints a tender parting kiss on his pale lips, and sighs her soul away. "Oh ye whose blessed fate it is to love and be loved, with wreaths of flowers deck their tomb: As for ye who are strangers to the blissful pain that lovers feel: ye who may be said to have but half the existence that is enjoyed at full by the feeling part of mankind, avant! Your cool and unconcerned look is too prophane to gaze on so moving a picture."

Two letters were found fixed to the hilt of *Tristan's* sword; one directed to the Bishop, the other to King *Marcus*: in the former he gave a full confession of his past errors, expressed in the most humble and penitent terms: it contained also a request to the prelate, by which *Tristan* desired his body might be sent to *Marcus* with the sword and letter. The good bishop resolved to fulfill in person the last will of the deceased prince, and had the bodies conveyed on two magnificent state-beds;

and put on board a ship wherein he embarked and sailed for *Cornwall*.

MARCUS who, as we have observed before, was from court when *Yseult* his Queen set out for *Lower Brittany*, was so enraged at his return to hear of what he thought another elopement, that he was ready to sail for *Britanny* at the head of a numerous army, when news was brought of the ship's arrival from that kingdom, with the two dead bodies on board. At first the King of *Cornwall* gave orders for the boat to sail back instantly, and leave the port of *Cintageul*; saying that he would never suffer the body of *Tristan* to be buried in any part of his dominions. The prelate only begged he would permit a servant of his deceased nephew to present his Majesty with the sword and a letter directed for him by his late master. The *Cornish* King felt some emotion at the sight of that tremendous weapon which had freed his kingdom from the *Irish* yoke; but the letter completely disarmed him: it was couched in terms so submissive and contrite for his past offences, and disclosing the mystery of the magick draught, that *Marcus* exclaimed with all the expression of heart-felt grief;---“Alas the day! Oh cruel, cruel nephew, why didst thou not disclose to me the fatal secret?” He then ordered the bodies to be carried to his chapel, and there to be interred with all the funeral pomp and honour due to their remains. They were put into two rich coffins, and deposited in the tombs which had been prepared for them.

GOVERNAIL, who heard of this fatal catastrophe, came from *Leonois* to drop a tear of friendship and gratitude on the monument of his pupil and benefactor. It is reported that there grew a beautiful hawthorn ever-

green from *Trifian's* tomb; it ran along the chapel wall, and entered deep into the place where *Iseult* was buried. *Marcus* had it cut three times, but wonderful to tell, it was the next day as fine and blooming as before. *Gouvernail*, to perpetuate his regret for so irreparable a loss, with trembling hand and aching heart, traced, on their tombs an epitaph, the sense of which is nearly as follows:

Within this tomb, two royal lovers laid,

Whose tender souls with purest fires did glow;

Receive the rites a faithful servant paid:

For them his tears shall never ceasing flow!

'Gainst their virtue the magick powers combin'd.

But Heav'n, in pity to their luckless flame,

By death's cold hand the powerful spell o'ercame,

Chang'd not their hearts; but their passion refin'd.

C A R A M A N T A.

A LOVE ROMANCE.

By Madame DE VILLEDIEU.

If any one of our readers has hitherto neglected to peruse the introduction to the Romances and Novels published in this collection, as superfluous or unconnected with the main story; we invite him to deviate for once from that rule, in favour of the following narrative.

FAR be it from us to maintain that no writer, unless he has been weak or phrenetic in love can write any thing to the purpose on a love subject; this would be
a censur

a censure as severe as it is unmerited: a compassionate and feeling heart for the miseries of those who have fallen a victim to that passion is a sufficient requisite: just as a spectator, standing safe on shore, but moved at the piteous prospect before him, will be able to give a pathetic description of a storm or shipwreck; yet it must be confessed, at the same time, that the affrighted passenger on board would draw the picture with a far greater energy of pencil: this would strike you with horror, that with sympathising pity for the mariner's distress; but would equally warn you of the dangers attending a seafaring life.

MADAME DE VILLEDIEU, in her love adventures, did not stop to mere theory; she has wrote near twelve large volumes of romances and novels, containing incidents and situations which vye with each other in point of novelty, and the interesting stories to which they lead; and it may be said that her heart dictated the stile, whilst the history of her own life furnished the subject of most of her writings. Our readers will be convinced of it by the following account; which, notwithstanding its being true in every respect, bears a great similitude with those fictions which distinguish a novel from a plain narrative of facts.

MARIE CATHERINE DES JARDINS, born at *Alençon* in the year 1640, was daughter to the Prevost of the *Maréchaussée* * of that city. Her mother had lived several years at court with a lady of the first distinc-

* The commanding officer of a troop of horse that patrols the roads.

tion; and no doubt imbibed in the capital the prevalent taste for romances, the reading of which she looked upon as an essential part of her daughter's education. The latter, as she grew up, relished the maxims they contained; and soon wished for a hero to put in practice the lessons which she had learnt from her favourite authors. She found in a young kinsman all she could desire; we cannot exactly say how long they spun out the text of their romantic loves; but it ended like many others of the kind in the complete undoing of the heroine.

OBLIGED to fly from her parents, she went to *Paris*; and, recollecting the name of the lady with whom her mother had lived as a companion, boldly ventured to fly to her for protection. She had recourse to all the arts which youth, beauty, and eloquence can command. The good lady was moved, and after having given her a mild but serious lecture on her unwarrantable conduct, she provided every necessary accommodation to hide from a censorious world the too visible consequence of *Catherine's* faux pas. When this troublesome business was over, she was received in the house, and, by her patroness, introduced to her acquaintance as a young lady of wit and very promising genius. Mademoiselle *Desjardins* soon justified the good opinion which the world had conceived of her talents. She opened her literary career by publishing some poems, dramatic pieces and romances: her success was rapid, her reputation as an author daily increased, and her personal charms began to be the theme of every lover's praise.

AMONGST

AMONGST a world of admirers, she singled out an officer named *Villedieu*, whose natural and acquired accomplishments recommended him to her particular notice. The young soldier addressed her with that manly confidence which is peculiar to that profession; but he met with several obstacles in his way: some raised by the prudent, and experience-taught *Desjardins*, others, and perhaps more difficult to overcome, by the vigilance of her kind and respectable patroness. Nothing but marriage could prevail on either, and though *Villedieu* had some very good reasons not to proceed quite so far; he thought proper to keep them to himself, and received at the altar the hand of Mademoiselle *Desjardins*. The regiment which *Villedieu* belonged to was garrisoned at *Cambray*, and his furlough being expired, he had orders to join his corps. His new bride, whom he carried there in triumph, became an object of admiration to all ranks of people, in a city where her name and literary reputation were equally known and respected. It is not recorded whether she gave the preference to any of her suitors in particular; but certain it is, that she disobliged one of them. This was one of her husband's fellow officers, a man whom nature never framed, nor education polished for a lover. Jealous of *Villedieu's* happiness, and provoked by his lady's severity, he resolved to wound the former in the tenderest part, and thus be revenged on a rival who had given him no other offence, than to have found his way to a heart on which he himself could make no impression. He was master of a secret which was known perhaps to several of his fellow officers,

but the latter had kept it to themselves, either through prudence, or by motives of humanity. A jealous man is deaf to both, and the revengeful lover published to the world what he knew of *Villedieu's* prior engagement to a lady who was still alive. The report soon spread and reached the husband's ears. It was easier for him to be revenged on the malevolent author, than to justify himself. *Villedieu* fought, and was killed on the spot. His death shewed only that he dared fight even in a bad cause; but did by no means clear him from the charge of bigamy brought and proved against him. This fatal discovery threw the young widow into a very awkward and embarrassed situation; being left unprovided, and, as it were, without a name, she returned to *Paris*, and as the world had treated her so ill, resolved to turn all her thoughts to spiritual things, and applied for that purpose to *Harley de Chavalon*, the then Archbishop of *Paris*. If we are to give credit to the scandalous chroniclers of that time, a *fair penitent* was ever entitled to a kind reception from this indulgent Prelate. He interested himself warmly in favour of *Mademoiselle de Villedieu*, and placed her in a nunnery near *Conflans*. But it was the fate of that unfortunate lady to be the victim of false suspicions, and ill-grounded jealousies. One of the Nuns had a brother in the service, who had been a witness to the success our heroine had met with at *Cambray*, as well as to her love-intrigues in that city. He related the story to his sister, who took care to divulge it to the whole female sanhedrim. The Abbess begged the Archbishop would rid her of a boarder who had wrote novels,

and amongst them one intitled *the follies of Love*; and the other *the Picture of human Frailty*. The prelate might have asked the over-nice Lady Abbess how she came to be so well acquainted with the titles and merit of those works, and whether it was better to read than write novels? But the Archbishop knew the Nuns too well. He foresaw, that after such discovery, there would be no peace for Mademoiselle *de Villedieu* amongst those termagant saints: he therefore hinted the matter to her, and she retired to the seat of one of *Villedieu's* sisters, who kept an excellent house, where people of the first rank and abilities of both sex thought it an honour to be admitted as visitors. This lady, whose name was *St. Romain*, received her sister-in-law with the greatest cordiality; and Mademoiselle *de Villedieu* spent a few years with her, admired and cherished by all those who frequented the house. A man of the first rank and quality, but in very indifferent circumstances, made one among the visitors at Mademoiselle *St. Romain's*. He paid his addresses to her sister-in-law, and a marriage was agreed upon. Old age is subject to various infirmities, and want of memory is not the least of them. The Marquis of *Chate*, (so was he called) who was rather stricken in years, forgot that he had another wife in the country; and Mademoiselle *de Villedieu*, now Marchioness *de Chate*, was at the end of the year brought to-bed of a boy, to whom the Dauphin and Mademoiselle *de Montpensier* stood sponsors by proxy. The child died a few days after; but its birth was fatal to our heroine. The christening made a noise; the first and real Marchioness and her family took the alarm, and this second marriage of our fair author was as

ill-fated as the first; for the very same reason. The Marquis, either owing to shame or remorse, broke his heart, and Mademoiselle *Desjardins* was thus twice a widow, without being once what may be termed a lawful wife. Unable to bear the taunts and sneers of a malicious world, she left *Paris* and retired to her native place.

THE first man who had convinced her of her frailty, her once beloved kinsman, lived on a small estate which he had near *Alençon*. They saw each other, and a recollection of former joys made them think they should meet with new ones in an honourable union. As he bore the same name, Mademoiselle *Desjardins*, by marrying him, lost only a denomination to which the law gave her no title. They had not spent many weeks together, before they were convinced that the hymeneal torch badly supplies the parching flame of love. *Desjardins* soon perceived that his wife had lost great part of those charms, which, in the prime of life, had captivated his youthful heart; whilst she in her turn became sensible of the great difference there is between being young, and the mere remembrance of having been so. Her mind had laboured under so many anxieties, so severe had been the trial and difficulties which she had undergone, that she had lost that brilliancy of style, and that luxuriant fancy which are so remarkably conspicuous in her first productions. In order to rekindle that vivid flame of genius, which it is not in the power of art to keep up, when nature ceases to administer the proper fuel; she had recourse to means which do not always prove successful to men, and seldom so to those of the fair sex, who dare

dare to employ them. She became a votary to *Bacchus*, and called in the aid of *Champaign* and *Burgundy*. Her husband joined her in the copious libations which she offered to the god of wine. But the time comes when even pleasure loses its relish ; the juice of the grape was thought too weak and unsavory ; nothing now could serve her turn but those baneful drugs, which, under the specious name of cordials, have proved so fatal to those who make an immoderate use of them. Her constitution was impaired, and she soon after died in the forty-third year of her age.

PRINCE *Evander*, under the name of *Cleophilus*, and the humble disguise of a shepherd ; from motives which will appear in the sequel of this story, had retired to *Legæum*, a small town in *Arcadia*, where it was his good fortune to meet with the poet *Theocritus*, and *Simas*, a faithful servant of the rightful heirs to the throne of *Arcadia*. To them he made no secret of his illustrious birth, and acquainted them, that his being informed that *Caramanta*, the Queen of that country, was to be present at the games to be celebrated in honour of the god *Pan*, was the occasion which induced him to settle at *Legæum*. The good and virtuous *Simas* readily promised to order matters so, that the Prince might not be involved in the dangers to which this imprudent step seemed likely to expose him. " But, my Lord, said he, if the confidence you are pleased to repose in me, may excuse my freedom, give me leave to ask you by what prodigy it happens, that the Prince, who for above four years has been thought dead by every

every one in *Arcadia*, should now be seen at the very gates of the capital of that kingdom, where reigns the son of a tyrant and usurper?" "It is but just, my dear *Simas*, replied *Cleophilus*, that you should know the particulars of a life which I commit to your friendly care.

"You may well remember, that *Orchomenes*, my grandfather, who twenty years ago swayed the sceptre of *Arcadia*, having lost his former Queen, daughter to the King of *Argos*, by whom he had an only son, *Evander*, my father, took to his second wife *Arcastra*, relict of the reigning Prince of *Stimphale*, and mother to *Palans*, whose son is now the tyrant of these realms. You know also, that the ambitious *Arcastra*, abusing of her ascendancy over *Orchomenes*, had traduced my father, and rendered him so hateful to the weak King, that he not only banished him from his presence, and obliged him to seek at the court of *Argos* for an asylum against the persecutions of his cruel step-mother, but on his death-bed disinherited him, and adopted in his stead *Palans*, son of *Arcastra*, and the late Prince of *Stimphale*.

"Soon after my father's retreat to *Argos*, he lost his consort; and the unfortunate Prince having been killed by a poisoned arrow, and thus failed in the attempt of recovering his crown, I was left an orphan before I was eight years of age, and without any other support than that which I owed to the generosity of the King of *Argos*; who, being himself engaged in an expensive war against the King of *Elis*, could not assist me in supporting my claim to the kingdom of *Arcadia*. He had me brought up at his court with *Tessander* his son, and the Princess *Caramansa* his daughter. But, how wide the difference between the brother and sister! *Caramansa*

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was not only a perfect beauty, but her mental accomplishments, even at that age, exceeded all belief: She was not above twelve years of age when she first uttered those wise sayings which made all the *Greeks* imagine that she was endowed with the gift of prophecy. *Teffander* was the very reverse; envious and intractable by nature, he took so great an aversion to me, that all my endeavours to please were lost upon him.

“ I shall not enter into a detail of the rise and progress of my love for *Caramanta*, it was already deeply rooted in my heart; when I mistook it for that tender and brotherly affection which I owed to the children of my benefactor. I did not remain long in my error; and a war which broke out between the King of *Argos* and the usurper *Palans*, convinced me of the nature of the sentiments which I entertained for her. The necessity of parting from *Caramanta* was so painful to me, that even the hopes of returning more worthy of her, could not allay the grief which I felt at leaving the Princess. We fought, and victory declared in our favour; I had the good fortune to save *Teffander*'s life: but this circumstance, far from inspiring him with gratitude, only served to increase his spite and hatred against me. At the end of the campaign I met *Caramanta* with such transports, as convinced me that I loved her more than a mere sister. Methought her eyes gleamed with new lustre, her air seemed more lively than before; in short, I thought I should have died through excess of love and joy.

“ In order to celebrate his victory, the King of *Argos* ordered a magnificent tournament, and the prize to be given to the conqueror by the Princess *Caramanta*. On the appointed day, the King, his beautiful daughter, and
all

all the ladies placed themselves on scaffolds erected for their better accommodation. *Tessander*, having entered the list with his followers, at one gate; I came in at the other, leading my champions dressed in a manner nearly similar to those of the Prince; and placed myself by him; not willing to tilt with *Tessander*, lest I should incur his displeasure. My armour was silver, but plain; my shield, of the same metal, represented the blind goddess, holding a plate of steel and a graver, which she offered to the god of love, with this motto, *Whatever you please*: To give the Princess to understand, that however ill I had been treated by fortune, it was in the power of love to better my destiny, whenever it pleased the mighty deity. That *Caramanta* might more fully comprehend my meaning, I whispered to her as I passed along: "You see, Madam, that fortune alone is not to blame; it is in the power of love to counteract her malice.

"*Tessander* was the first to take his career. He fought with advantage against two *Argian* Knights, and a third had just yielded to him, when a stranger made his appearance. He was mounted on a black steed: his armour of polished steel, was set with precious stones; and he had for device on his shield a Cupid in the attitude of hammering fetters on an anvil, with this motto:

Of these I shall a sceptre make,

And having obtained leave to enter the lists, he made up towards the place where *Tessander* waited to receive him, and they began a joust which ended disgracefully for the Prince; his assailant having received the thrust of *Tessander's* lance on his shield, without so much as being moved, struck at him with such force that he

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was unhorsed, and so stunned by the fall, that his Esquires were obliged to bear him away from the lists. The intrepid stranger made an easy conquest of those whom he fought after this exploit. He was about to be proclaimed conqueror, when, rushing with impetuosity from the post I occupied, I cried out to him, "It is with me, brave stranger thou must contend for a prize to be given by *Caramanta*." Four lances we broke without either of us gaining any advantage; at last, laying hold of the fourth, pushed at him with such force, that by the shock he fell to that ground where he had sent so many *Argian* Knights. A general shout proclaimed my victory; but, whilst I was preparing to go towards the ladies scaffold, another stranger approached the lists, and requested leave to be admitted, and try his skill against the conqueror. The guards refused it, as contrary to the laws of tournament to admit any Knight, dressed in plain armour, and no better equipped than the stranger was; I gave orders, nevertheless, for him to be let in. He ran against me with great impetuosity and seeming anger; it appeared evident that he was not actuated by the love of glory; as our joust resembled a bloody duel between two furious rivals. This unaccountable rage made me not spare him, and gave me great advantage over an enemy who fought with more petulance than courage. I made so desperate a thrust at him, that I beat to the ground the enraged tilter, who fell above ten yards from me. He set up an hideous groan, and the lace of his helmet being broke, every spectator beheld with astonishment the well-known features of the Prince of *Argos*. I was seized with horror at the sight, and ran to help him up.

up. "Am I then so unfortunate, said I to him, as to dispute any thing against so revered a friend; believe me, my Lord, the crime is fortune's not mine; it never shall be said that *Evander* contended willingly for a prize which you pretended to. No, my Lord; I give up all claim which may give offence to the son of my benefactor." *Tessander* could not contain the transports of his rage, and darting at me a most furious look, "Avaunt, said he, preserve thy trophies as thou canst; thy laurels shall soon fade, and I hope that a sword shall better answer my purpose than that brittle lance has done." The King overheard these last words with indignation, and having ordered the Prince to withdraw, said to me, "Come, noble *Evander*, thou hast gained more than one victory this day; be it my care to reward thy deserts:" then laying hold of my hand, he conducted me to the Princess; who, with joy sparkling in her eyes, gave me her picture, set round with most costly brilliants. Great search was made after the stranger whom I had first overcome, but he was gone from *Argos*; and I, alas! soon reaped the bitter fruits of my fatal triumph.

"*TESSANDER*, as soon as he could appear in public, informed his father of all that he knew concerning my love for the princess: swearing, that were he to lose his life in the attempt, he would oppose so audacious a design. The King did not chuse to upbraid his son for his want of respect, and only insisted upon his laying down all rancour and animosity; adding, that he would never grant me any thing that might do him the least prejudice: then going to his daughter's apartments, he acquainted her with the conversation which had just passed

passed between him and *Tessander*, and begged her in the mildest terms, to remember that persons of her rank should well guard their hearts against any surprize; being by their birth destined to be sacrificed to the first man whom the political welfare of the state should point out for their husband.

“CARAMANTA, with an aching heart, gave me an account of the whole transaction.—“My father loves you, said she, for he did not so much as hint that he blamed me for my attachment to *Evander*.” “Notwithstanding, Madam, may he not offer you up a victim on the altar of what he calls the titular God of the state?” “And what if he did?—Hear me, *Evander*;—I feel for you as much love as I am capable of: the noble sentiments you have ever displayed from your earliest youth, intitle you to this extraordinary instance of female sincerity: but mark me!—I have duties to fulfil from which I shall never swerve; I shall always remain a passive slave to my father’s will; and were he to bid his daughter to marry *Evander*’s bitterest foe, *Caramanta* would obey.” “How! not even *Palans* excepted?”—“No; none.” Judge, my dear *Simas*, what must have been the tortures of thy friend; I was hurt, and yet could not help admiring her for that generous resignation to her father’s pleasure.

“THE return of the spring summoned all the youth of *Argos* to the field. The King, at his arrival in the camp, fell dangerously ill; but the attention and filial care of his beloved daughter restored him in a few days to his health and our wishes. A bloody battle was fought near the river *Inacus*, and had not Providence sent me to his rescue, *Caramanta*’s father must have lost

either his life or freedom. "How much am I indebted to you, exclaimed he; but be assured that in saving me you have preserved not a friend only but a father; I must and will be yours; and if you really love *Caramanta*, her hand will be the reward of the eminent service you have done me." Could I have found words to express my gratitude, it would have been out of my power to utter them, being almost fainting for loss of blood, occasioned by two deep wounds which I had received in the engagement. The King of *Argos* had me carried to his own tent; nor would he leave me till the surgeons had given him the most positive assurances that my life was not in danger. A truce of fifteen days being agreed upon, I was, by the King's command, removed to a small town where *Caramanta*, had retired under a strong guard. My generous benefactor observing how much I was moved at the sight of the Princess, clasped us both to his bosom, and, in the melting accents of tenderness and benevolence, said to us: "My dearest children! it is for me a bliss supreme to be witness of your mutual transports; make no secret of your love, and be assured, *Evander*, that on the day you can lead her to the altar my *Caramanta* is yours.

"TESSANDER, forgetful of what he owed to the King both as his father and sovereign, inveighed in the bitterest terms against, what he called, a mean and disgraceful condescension; blamed his father's gratitude towards me, as the act of an imprudent dotard; and, in short, carried his insolence so far, that the good old King could not bear it any longer; but losing all patience:—"Go to, said he to him one day, cruel and degenerate son! Go; nor let me see thee more: learn
to

to thy utter confusion, that I not only give thy sister's hand to *Evander*, whose alliance is an honour to us; but I also appoint him in thy stead, to sway after me a sceptre which thou art too unworthy to hold." The Prince's answer deserved immediate death; but mercy more than justice ever influenced the decrees of my royal patron. *Tessander* left the camp instantly, threatening to carry his revenge to the most criminal excess.

"The shock was too much for the good old King; it threw him into a decline, which greatly alarmed us. His physicians prescribed his return to *Argos*, where I was not permitted to follow till a month after his departure. I counted each moment, and every minute of that time was to me a tedious hour; at last I had leave to repair to court. The fair city of *Argos*, the only one I valued since it contained all that I held dear and lovely, already stood before me, and my impatient eye gladdened at the prospect; my faithful steed, as if sharing in my eagerness, had brought me within a few yards of the gate, where they were busy in doubling the guards: I anxiously enquired into the motives of this extraordinary caution. Alas! my friend, that more than father to me, the only man on earth who could make me relish this troublesome life, the good King of *Argos*, was no more. I flew to the palace; the first person I met was my *Caramanta* in tears, whom her women had in a manner dragged out of her father's apartment. "Ah Prince, cried she, as she passed by me, we are undone!" She then told me that her father died in such violent convulsions as gave but too much cause to suspect that some destructive means had

been employed to hasten the end of a Prince, who had lived too long for some designing villains; and too little for the honest and worthy part of his subjects. The Princess added, that a few minutes before he expired, he had made his principal ministers and courtiers engage themselves by oath to forward our union, even at the risk of their lives. I was further informed, that the King had hardly breathed his last, when *Tessander* gave strict orders to guard all the avenues that led to the palace. I thought it my duty to wait on, and condole with him on so heavy a loss: He received me in a manner that shewed me what I was to expect from that barbarous Prince. "My father is dead, said he to me, I now am King, and will be obeyed, My first command is, that you for ever give up all thoughts of an alliance with me."—"King of *Argos*, answered I, the lawful heir to the throne of *Arcadia* is above submitting to the caprice of any man. Fortune, it is true, hath placed us at such a distance; but our birth is at least equal, and my sword would this instant punish your proud and contemptuous treatment, were you not *Caramanta's* brother." The new King was so incensed at my bold, but deserved reply, that he ordered his guards to seize upon me instantly. He was but too well obeyed. They put me on a carr, and, driving to the confines of the kingdom of *Argos*, they enjoined me, as I tendered my life, never to appear again in *Tessander's* dominions.

"DESPAIR was now my only guide. I retired into *Latium*, whose inhabitants had ever shewn the most favourable partiality for my unfortunate and deceased father. As they were then at war with the *Aborigines*, they welcomed me as a Prince who could be of some service

service to them. I was so successful, that in less than three months I was, by their unanimous choice, invested with the command of their army. One day I was told that a stranger, who said he was bearer of a most important message, desired to see me. He was brought to my tent, and I instantly knew him again for one of *Caramanta's* confidential servants. He gave me a letter, which was to the following purport:

CARAMANTA TO EVANDER.

"If fame serve you as faithfully as it has done me since your departure, you must have heard of my present situation, as I have of your exploits. Yet I doubt much whether the advantages which you daily gain in *Latium* will sufficiently compensate for the loss which you are about to sustain here. There is but one *Caramanta*, and it is not in the power of the inhabitants of *Latium* to restore her to your arms, when she once is wedded to *Palans*."

"How is this, cried I, will the traitor *Palans* rob me of my love?"—"Prince, replied the messenger, it is but too true. The two Kings have made a peace, and the marriage of my mistress with *Palans* is the first condition of the treaty." He also informed me of *Tesfander's* voyage to *Arcadia* before his father's death. It was apprehended that he had then engaged to bestow on the vile usurper the hand of *Caramanta*, and great rumour prevailed of the barbarous son having hastened, by poison, the death of the late King his father.

"A THOUSAND schemes, each more impracticable than the other, offered themselves to me, but a moment's consideration convinced me that not one of them

them could be carried into execution. As it was impossible that I should attempt, with any probability of success, to force *Tessander* to recall his word, I resolved to go and lay down my life at *Caramanta's* feet, before the detested union could take place. I secretly retreated from the camp, taking with me a faithful friend of the name of *Turnus*, and a few slaves, with whom I embarked at *Picenum*, on board a merchant ship bound to the island of *Zafentum*. The governor of this place owed his fortune to me, and he engaged, in case I could carry off the Princess, to let me have a free passage in our way to *Latium*.

"THIS promise revived my hopes and spirit, and, without considering the dangers which I was about to court, by daring to appear in *Argos*, where a few days before I had been outlawed and declared an enemy to the state, I set out for that city. That very same night, having stole into the palace without being perceived, I was introduced to the Princess; giving her woman to understand, that I was the messenger whom she had dispatched to *Latium*. But how great was her surprize, when, instead of the servant, whose return she expected, she saw me on my knees by her bedside."

—"Evander here! said she, why will you thus expose your life, and add to my affliction, by bringing the unfortunate Prince of *Arcadia* before the wretched wife of *Palans*?"—"You a traitor's wife!—if ever you loved *Evander*, sure you will not give your hand to his worst enemy. Never, no, never shall *Caramanta* be the consort of a tyrant."—"You talk of preventing this union, *Evander*, as if you had thousands under your command at the gates of *Argos*. Is *Palans* in your power,

or

or besieged by your armies? Have you secured the avenues that lead to this capital? In fine, are you in force sufficient to give laws to *Tessander* in his own palace, and compel him to give you my hand. Alas! my dearest *Evander*, we have no hopes left, and for ever we must part. That chaste and tender passion which was to have been the source of our mutual felicity, will be the torment of our lives. If there is any comfort left for the forlorn *Caramanta*, it is the thought that you will live to cherish and preserve the memory of a Princess, who loved you too well." I offered to carry her off. She started; but after hesitating a few minutes, be it so, said she, lose no time to have me in your power, before I am entirely in that of *Palans*: for if I am once his, remember, Prince, that the husband of *Caramanta*, be he who he may, must be sacred for *Evander*, and his life respected as you tender my esteem and love." Having thus said, she bade me retire. - I instantly mounted my horse, and hastened with all speed to the place where I had left *Turnus*. He assisted me in making every necessary preparation, and my plan would have succeeded, had I not been stayed by a fit of illness, when every thing was prepared for its execution. Alas! whilst a lingering fever wasted my strength, the Ambassadors of *Palans* arrived at *Argos*, and *Caramanta* was married by proxy. She passed under my very window, and the shouting of the inhabitants warned me that I was completely undone, and I have outlived that fatal day! The angry gods did not in pity to my woes take from me a life which must henceforth be an insupportable burthen, since *Caramanta* is the wife of a man who has wrested from my hands a sceptre, which I cannot

attempt to recover, without depriving the Princess of *Argos* of her crown and kingdom.

"I gave strict charge to *Turnus* to return into *Latium* and give out that I was dead, and to spread the same report all over the countries of *Argos* and *Arcadia*. I have been punctually obeyed; and after having wandered for some time, I at last heard at *Syracusa*, that *Theocritus* had retired to *Legæum*, where friendship for him, and an irresistible desire of seeing *Caramanta* once more, were it but to die at her feet, has brought the desponding *Evander*."

THE Prince having ended his narration, *Simas* led him to the spot where the shepherd's had assembled. *Caramanta* soon appeared, mounted on a white steed, and after her *Nicostrates*, and his betrothed, the Princess *Arcaëta*, sister to *Palans*, and grand-daughter to the Queen of that name, who had wrested the kingdom of *Arcadia* from the lawful heir to secure it to her own son. The queen stopped at a rustick palace situate in the middle of the forest, called all the shepherds together, and with the mildest condescension, inquired into the state of their affairs and families. Having observed *Theocritus* among them, she beckoned to him, and, leaning on his arm, went into the palace garden. After a few minutes of common-place conversation, *Caramanta* gently rebuked the poet for the unjust preference he gave to a country life, over the pleasures of a court, where his talents and reputation could not but secure him a most flattering reception. "Madam, replied *Theocritus*, I have found in this little spot so much variety and entertainment, that I need not seek elsewhere for amusement. Our shepherdesses are sensible and polite, the shepherds

kind

kind and hospitable, and there is now one among them the most accomplished man I ever met with." "And pray who is he called?"—"He goes, Madam, by the name of *Cleophilus*, a *Grecian* by birth, whom some secret displeasure has brought to this retreat: I cannot say too much in his praise; and as to his person, judge if it is exceptionable, when I tell your Majesty that he bears the greatest resemblance to Prince *Evander*, and were not the latter dead, I should conclude him to be the real Prince of *Arcadia*, under the assumed garb of a shepherd." "Oh! *Theocritus*, what a painful recollection! Alas! it is long since death has freed the unfortunate *Evander* from the pains which you tell me *Cleophilus* endures. But were he alive, the respect he ever entertained for me, would not permit him to take a step so detrimental to *Caramanta's* reputation, as that of settling in *Arcadia*."—"Love, Madam, would plead his cause; and, were the death of Prince *Evander* "No more of him, I beseech you, *Theocritus*; and, if you would oblige me, let me never hear you mention the name of that ill-fated Prince."

Theocritus was about to reply, when a messenger came to acquaint *Caramanta*, that the shepherds waited only for her Majesty's presence to begin the games in honour of *Pan* and the nymph *Sirinx*. The Queen followed her guide to a flowery mead, situate on the banks of the river *Alpheus*; in the center of the meadow stood the statues of the god and nymph, cast in brass, and supported on a pedestal of white marble. They had erected, on the opposite side, an amphitheatre, where the Queen and her retinue took their places. *Caramanta* was delighted with the manner in which the inhabitants of

Legæum vied with each other to contribute to the entertainment of their beloved sovereign. The shepherd, whose part it was to represent the god *Pan*, attracted every eye. *Theocritus*, standing behind the Queen, whispered to her that this was *Cleophilus*. From that instant; and as long as the games lasted, *Caramanta* did not lose sight of him. When the games were over, she ordered him to be called, and asked him what adventure had brought him to *Legæum*. "The fortunes of a simple shepherd, said *Cleophilus*, in a trembling accent, are little worthy of the attention of so great a Queen. The loss of a favourite lamb or an ewe, devoured by a wolf, are the greatest accidents that can befall a man in my humble station; and what might be thought by me an insupportable misfortune, would appear to you in a very different light."

THE sound of his voice threw the Queen into so great a perplexity that she could not utter a word in reply; but the Princess *Arcastra* addressed the supposed *Cleophilus* in these words:—"Pray, good shepherd, what may be that grief which, though so painful to you, would, you say, appear to us so slight?" "I had a favourite lamb, replied *Cleophilus*, looking steadfastly on *Caramanta*: she was all my delight; but a shepherd has taken it from me. I have been a prey to melancholy ever since that time, and it is with a view to divert it, that I wander from place to place."—"How!" exclaimed *Nicosrates*, can so trifling a loss affect a man to such a degree?"—"Sorrow, rejoined *Cleophilus*, is proportioned not to the thing itself, but to the value we are pleased to set upon it. If that lamb alone was dear to me, am I not as much to be pitied as a lover, who
by

by his rival has been robbed of his mistress? And has not the husbandman, deprived of an acre of land, that served for his subsistence, as much reason to complain as the monarch who should lose a kingdom." *Arcaſta* and *Nicoſtrates* looked at each other, and could not conceive how a shepherd dared to compare the loss of a throne to that of a mere trifle. They were both haughty and supercilious, and their ambition made them wish for a crown, setting the possession of it above all other earthly blessings: nor were they, as the sequel of this story will shew, very scrupulous on the means of reaching that summit of worldly honours.

THIS conversation might have been supported for some time longer, had not the Queen, whose mind was tortured by the most distracting reflections, retired to her apartment, where, being left alone—"Is this *Evander*? said she to herself; surely it is. The propitious gods have restored him to life, that I might see him once more What thought is this I dare to indulge? How! *Evander* in disguise in the same place where *Caramanta* is! *Evander* in the Dominions of *Palans*? Impossible! No, no; this was only a shadow come to make me feel more sensibly the wretchedness of my present situation, and the consequences of a barbarous brother having tyrannized over my affections." In these melancholy thoughts did *Caramanta* spend the sleepless night; and, rising at day-break, went into the forest of *Diana*, with one of her ladies in waiting. To the same spot *Cleophilus* had by chance directed his wandering steps, and met *Caramanta* at the turning of a walk.—"*Evander*, said she in an angry tone, is this the care you have for *Caramanta*'s reputation? If you love me begone."

The Prince was so affected to think that he had given offence to her whom he valued above himself, that he remained motionless, and, leaning against a tree that prevented his fall, could not for some time recover the power of utterance: at last, however, they began a conversation, in which the Queen displayed the most virtuous sentiments, and *Evander* all the love that fired his breast. *Caramanta*, lest they should be surprized, put an end to it in these words: "My honour, Prince, must be dearer to you than your own. Leave this country where we are both exposed to the most imminent danger: do not remain an instant after this interview, if you would have me believe that you have for my commands the respect which you promised ever to preserve. Adieu: and let this be our last farewell." So saying, she rose, and seeing that the Prince was on his knees before her, she gently pressed his head between her hands, and leaning towards him, kissed his cheek, and instantly disappeared; as if the shame of having granted such a favour to any man but her husband, had rendered the sight of *Evander* odious and insupportable.

WHILST the Prince was lost in raptures, which lovers only can feel or account for, a stranger, passing by, asked him if he had seen the Queen: his answer was in the negative, but delivered with so much inattention and indifference, that the stranger, not used to be treated so cavalierly, said to him,—“Who art thou, discourteous shepherd, that dar’st to answer me so bluntly? Art thou so little acquainted with this country, as not to know me for the reigning King of *Arcadia*?” Never did a harsher sound grate the ear of *Evander*. Rage and indignation were so visible in his countenance, that

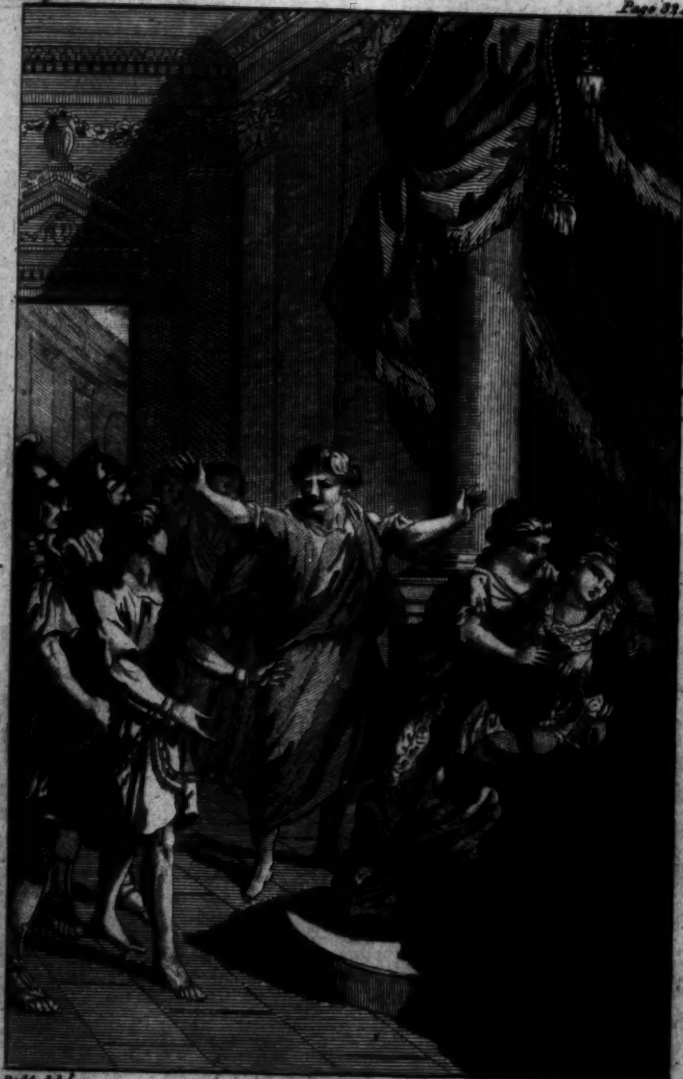
Palans must have perceived the alteration, had he not left *Evander* abruptly to go in search of the Queen. Petrified, as it were, with horror, *Cleophilus* stood some time motionless, at last he broke into the following soliloquy :--and is this my happy rival ! This *Caramanta's* husband, and the usurper of my crown ! He shall die Die !—Have I then forgot the commands of *Caramanta* ? and do they not forbid all attempts that courage or hatred could suggest to me against the tyrant's life ?” Thus a prey to despair, the Prince resolved to quit instantly the forest, and in a few hours to fly from *Arcadia*. As he was following a path which led him the shortest way to the high road, he saw a stream of blood issuing from a bush, and making towards the spot, discovered a dead body mangled in a shocking manner, and not yet cold. But, readers, conceive if ye can his amazement, when, on a nearer inspection, he knew it to be the body of the stranger who called himself *Palans* ! He started back at the sight ; and had not yet recovered from his surprize when the King's guards arrived on the spot. They set up the most piteous groans at seeing their master lifeless, and so inhumanly butchered. Then observing *Cleophilus*, his wild looks, and some marks of blood on his cloaths, they concluded he must be the murderer ; seized upon him, and dragged him in chains to the Palace. The Queen was with *Theocritus* when the guards entered with their prisoner, whom they charged as the principal, or at least accomplice in the murder of *Palans*. The Queen was so wrapt up in the attention she gave to the sad account, that she did not take at first any particular notice of the culprit who stood before her. But a stranger, whom curiosity had brought

brought into the presence chamber, no sooner cast his eyes on the pretended assassin, than he exclaimed aloud, "HEAVENS! 'TIS EVANDER!"*

THE dreadful sound was death to *Caramanta's* every sense—She fainted away; and, whilst her attendants were administering to her the necessary assistance, *Tesfander*, her brother, and King of *Argos*, gave orders to secure the prisoner, and bring to the palace the remains of *Palans*. *Theocritus* and *Simas* retired to consult together on the means of saving their friend from death and infamy; for although the appearances were so strong against him, as to amount almost to a proof, yet they knew *Evander* too well not to believe him incapable of so atrocious a deed. The world did not think so favourably of the Prince. His rooted antipathy against *Palans*--his avowed love for *Caramanta*--his connexions and intimacy with *Simas*, the open and greatest enemy to the tyrant; all to his very disguise deposed against him. *Theocritus*, nevertheless, returned to *Lageum* in order to persuade the shepherds of *Evander's* innocence; whilst *Simas* hastened to *Megara* to solicit the inhabitants to take up arms in defence of the lawful Prince of *Arcadia*. *Nicostrates*, who heard of it, and saw the sceptre within his grasp, resolved to make sure of it by sacrificing *Evander* to his ambition and safety; but the shepherds being informed of his wicked intention, surrounded the palace, routed the guards, and so terrified *Nicostrates* that he went out at a back door, and retired to the province of *Tymphale*, a principality belonging to the family of *Palans*.

WHO could have thought that *Evander's* life had any misfortunes now to dread? *Nicostrates* had no forces to

* See the Plate.

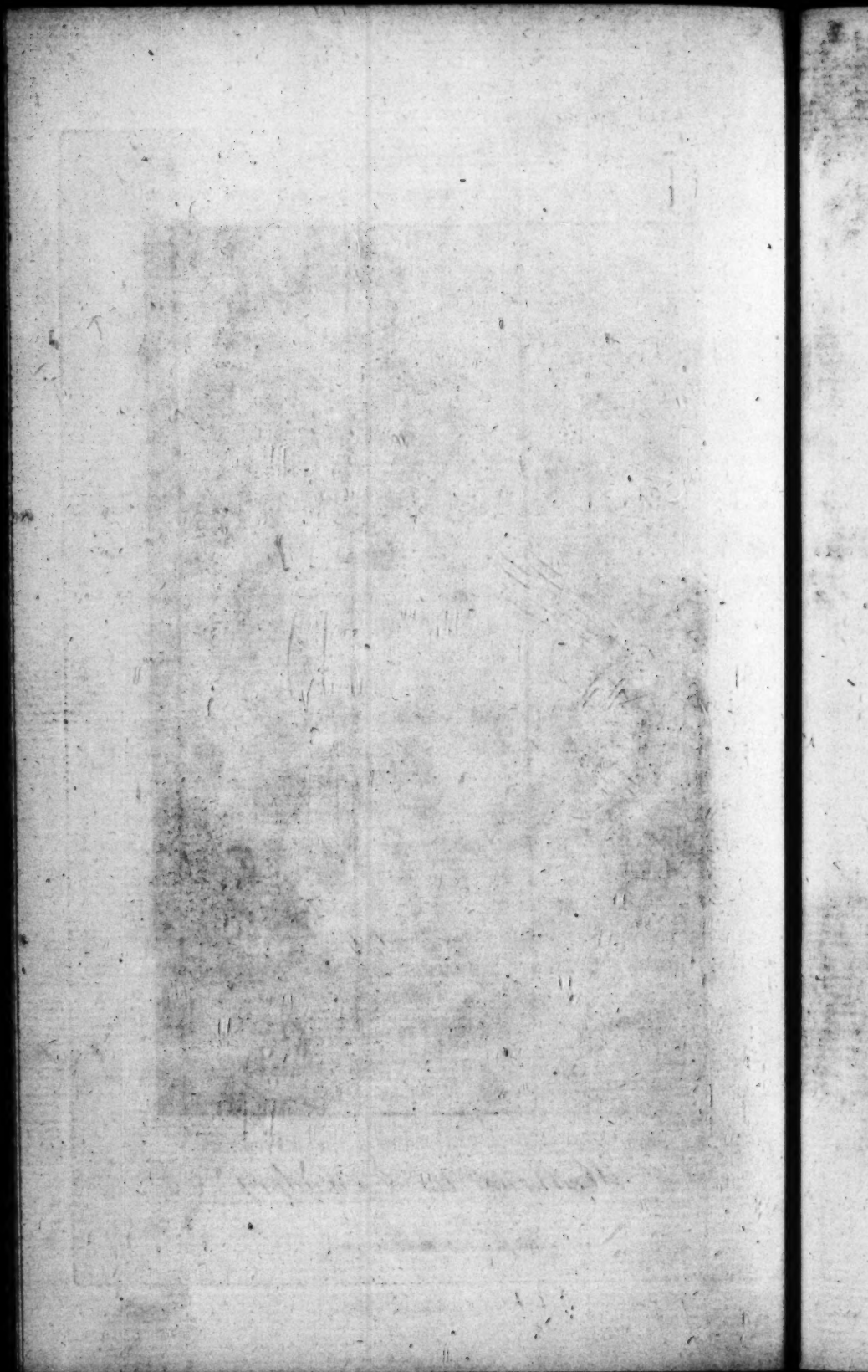


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Heavens! 'tis Evander!

Engraved as the scene in 17th July 1760.



oppose him; the very guards set over the Prince were ready to side with their prisoner: *Megara* was opened to him, and the people asked aloud for their lawful sovereign. *Caramanta*, the virtuous and nobly-minded Queen, is the only one that opposed the general wish. She feared lest a malevolent world should suspect her of being accessary to her husband's murder: at her commands *Evander's* friend retired, and she shut up herself in her own apartments to lament on the sad duty which her honour and rigid virtue bade her to fulfill. Had *Theocritus* been present, his eloquence and persuasive arguments might have awakened *Caramanta's* tenderness, and for a moment silenced her delicacy; but he was then busy in defending, at *Laegum*, the cause of *Evander*, against the friends of *Nicostrates*. A stranger, who had heard his speech, accosted him, and asked, in the Latin language, if his name was not *Theocritus*, the confidential friend of *Evander*. "That Prince's friendship, replied the poet, reflects too great an honour on *Theocritus* for him not to avow it, and confess himself an unshaken and zealous friend to *Evander's* cause." "If so, worthy *Theocritus*, assist me in saving the life of that noble youth; my name is *Turnus*: the same who accompanied him to *Argos*, when he attempted to carry off *Caramanta*; and who afterwards, in compliance with the Prince's commands, gave out that he was dead; and if you can furnish me with the means of landing some troops in *Arcadia*; I have a body of 3000 men in readiness off the island of *Zasintum*; they are all, as well as myself, willing to lay down their lives to save that of *Evander*."

THEOCRITUS sent word to *Simas* to meet him and *Turnus* on the sea shore, from whence they crossed over

to *Zasintum*; the Governor of which, as we have said before, was a friend to *Evander*. He was told by them, that the kingdom of *Argos* was now in such a ferment, that nothing could be easier than to lead the troops from *Latium*, under the command of *Turnus*, if he would but consent not to molest him in their passage, which he promised. Whilst *Turnus* called his little army together, *Theocritus* sailed towards the gulph, in order to dispose every thing for their landing, and give the necessary orders.

MEANWHILE, the situation of *Evander* grew daily more distressing and critical. In vain had the inhabitants of *Megara* hinted to the Queen, by their emissaries, that if she would consent to admit them into the town whilst it was in her possession, they would restore the lawful Prince of *Arcadia* to his throne, which *Evander* would no doubt share with her. Although she thought him innocent, yet every circumstance combined to make him appear in a criminal light, and that was sufficient for a woman of her nice honour, and who dreaded to be suspected nearly as much as to be guilty, to reject with indignation all proposals tending to save the Prince's life: seeing in him only the man whom the world pointed out as her husband's murderer.

TIMOLEON, a *Syracusan* Prince, was then at court: without having any fixed partiality for *Nicostratus*, he had declared in his favour, and at all events caused a fortification to be erected, in order to protect the town of *Legæum* against the attacks of the *Megarians*. *Timoleon* had a great regard for *Evander*, and an equal esteem for the Queen; to whom he had often given to understand, that although apparently attached to *Ni-*
costratus,

cofrates, he should ever be ready to execute her commands, whatever they might be. One day as *Caramanta* was plunged in a profound melancholy, on account of the arrival of the Ambassadors from *Achaia*, *Sparta*, *Corinthum*, and other cities, who had been requested to send their deputies to pronounce on the supposed crime of *Evander*: *Timoleon* approached and addressed her as follows:—"May I be permitted, Madam, without trespassing upon the respect which I owe to your Majesty, to declare that I am perfectly acquainted with all the extent of the sorrows which wring your very heart. And I beseech your Majesty to believe, that there is not a thing I would not do, or think too hard to give you a moment's ease."—"Alas! Prince, my woes are past all cure"—"Yet, Madam, though it is impossible to recall the dead King to life, something may be done to save *Evander* from a disgraceful death. He is highly criminal I confess; but ambition, and the hopes of wresting from the usurper, a sceptre, to which the Prince alone had a right, may plead, if not in excuse, at least in attenuation of his crime. And who will blame you for having saved the life of a hero, who adores your Majesty, and in *Palans* killed a rival in love and power."—"Hear me, *Timoleon*, that rival did not fall by *Evander's* hands"—"How Madam!"—"Yes, Prince, your esteem is too desirable for me to suffer *Evander* to lose it upon a mere suspicion; he is innocent, and would to heaven it were in my power to prove what I am conscious of, the Prince of *Arcadia* should stand in need of no intercessor."—"What do I hear, Madam, *Evander* is free from guilt, and *Caramanta* will suffer him to perish!"—"Nay more, my Lord, I shall stand his

prosecutrix. It is not enough for me to be guiltless in my own eye, the world must think me so: and as long as the widow of *Palans* will alone be convinced of the supposed murtherer's innocence, he must die as if he were criminal."

TIMOLEON, though he admired this uncommon greatness of soul, did all he could by his remonstrances to bring the Queen to a milder way of thinking: but he argued in vain, and *Caramanta* gave another turn to the conversation, by asking the Prince whether he knew what could have brought her brother *Tessander*, King of *Argos*, to *Legæum*, where he had come *intognito*, and without any retinue, and had since left *Ar-cadia*, without taking any part in the tragical event that had just happened; except giving the necessary orders to secure *Evander*, and bury the late King.—"Love, no doubt, madam, said *Timoleon*, is the occasion of this extraordinary conduct. Any other passion that ruffles the mind of a Sovereign, is always distinguished by some great effect. If he hath received an injury, he arms his subjects, calls in the assistance of his allies, and all the world becomes the witness of the monarch's revenge. Ambition produces nearly the same effect. Love alone, acting upon principles altogether uncommon, is no less extraordinary in its consequence than in its cause; and from the instant that the monarch is tormented with that passion, which is common to the meanest of his subjects, he has recourse to the same means, and is like them the sport of fortune and of love; against whose power nothing can protect him, tho' he can guard against the fatal consequences of any other passion." *Caramanta* thought his remarks well founded,

founded, and desired the Prince to enquire whether the King was still in *Arcadia* or had returned to *Argos*.

WE have left *Theocritus* in the island of *Zasintum*; but before we give an account of his success in favour of *Evander*, it may not be improper to state the motives that had induced him to retire to *Ligeum*. He was son to *Praxoras*, a zealous friend to the freedom of *Syracusa*. *Theocritus*, under the immediate influence of the god of *Parnassus*, gave himself up from his early youth to the study of poetry, and this pleasing dissipation protected him for a long time against the attacks of love and its vile tyranny. But its power is uncontrollable, and sooner or later we must all feel it. *Ardelia*, a freed woman of *Praxoras*, made our poet sensible of this truth. He first discovered the state of his mind by the jealousy which he conceived against his rival *Timoleon*, who was of the ancient family of the Sovereigns of *Syracusa*. *Theocritus* was ashamed of so much weakness, and hoped in vain to conquer it by absenting himself for some time. At his return, he saw *Ardelia*, and felt that absence, far from lessening, had increased his passion for her: but she had now fixed her affection on *Timoleon*.

WHILST our poet was endeavouring to pluck off the arrow which *Cupid* had buried deep in his heart, and *Timoleon* enjoyed his triumph, *Hermocrates*, one of the first Senators in *Syracusa*, fell desperately in love with the beautiful *Ardelia*, and asked her in marriage. But, notwithstanding the brilliant prospect, and the private reasons she had to complain of *Timoleon*, she declined accepting the hand which fortune tendered her to raise her up to a rank which she dared hardly wish, and had

no right to expect. Upon *Praxoras's* lady expostulating with her on so unaccountable a refusal, "Madam, said she, my very birth is a mystery to me, and as long as I am unacquainted with my real parents, I shall not dispose of my hand: nay, not even in favour of *Timoleon*, the only man I love." This answer being reported to the *Syracusan* Prince, he, by a caprice which love can easily account for, thought that girl more worthy of his attention, because he saw that she was not an easy conquest. Love rekindled his ambition, he consulted with his friends, those who had ever been attached to his family, and now longed to repossess himself of the crown, to place it on the head of *Ardelia*.

It is necessary to observe, that the city of *Syracusa* is divided into the upper and lower town, being thus parted by an arm of the sea that flows through its center, the lower part which looks towards the cape *Pasfara*, near the island of *Melitim*, consists of the port, the bastions erected to defend it against the inroads of the enemies, and the tower of *Archimedes*, so named from that celebrated mathematician, who built and used it as an observatory. It was in this town that *Timoleon* kept his usual residence, and, by his interest with the seamen, he had all the shipping at his command. *Praxoras*, who headed the republican party, lived in the upper town, next to the senate-house. This port of *Syracusa* is surrounded by a triple wall, fortified with redouts placed at an hundred paces distance, and shut in with brass gates: nor has it any communication with the lower town, than by means of boats made of the bark of trees, and continually passing and repassing to waft over the inhabitants from one part to the other.

TIMOLEON,

TIMOLEON, at the head of his party, crossed the sea at break of day, and, having made himself master of one of the gates, ran to the house of *Praxoras*, and carried off *Ardelia*, whom he entrusted with a faithful servant, to have her conveyed safe to his own palace, whilst he should accomplish the dangerous scheme which he was bent upon. But all his impetuosity was checked by the cool bravery of *Praxoras*, and the fury of *Theracritus*. The royalists were repulsed, and fled before the republican army. *Timoleon* found it the greatest difficulty to escape back to the lower town, where his first care was to enquire after *Ardelia*, who received him with a mixture of contempt and anger. "I love you, said she to him, but not to the criminal excess of turning a deaf ear to the dictates of honour and gratitude. I insist upon being sent back to *Praxoras*, whose bondswoman I still remain; or, if the situation of your affairs will not permit it, see me safe to the temple of *Diana*, to make one among the virgins who have dedicated themselves to the service of the mighty goddess." *Timoleon*, with great reluctance, complied with the latter part of her request, and returned to the field of battle. For the space of six months the two parties stood their ground, without any material advantage over each other. One day, the republicans having crossed over to the lower town, the two rivals met, and engaged so furiously, that the combat must have ended in a manner fatal to either of them, had it not been suspended by the arrival of an officer who cried out to them to desist, if they would save *Ardelia* from the hands of *Hermocrates*. The two generous rivals were thunderstruck, and had hardly strength enough left to bear

bear the weight of their arms. *Timoleon*, addressing himself to *Theocritus*, "Will your love for *Ardelia*, said he to him, induce you to stay your arm, and permit me to fly to her rescue."—"And you, my Lord, replied the poet, have you regard enough for her to order your people to sound a retreat, and suffer mine to depart quietly and unmolested,"—"It shall be done, and I pledge you my word."—"I ask no more, you are too brave *Timoleon*, not to be generous. I trust implicitly to your candour: permit me to assist you in delivering *Ardelia* from the hands of her ravisher, and whilst I fight against *Hermocrates*, I'll do it as a friend to *Timoleon*. Believe me, let us set off in quest of her, and leave *Syracusa* to the care of the provident gods. I freely give up for the present all thoughts of standing forth in the cause of liberty, in order to save a beautiful maid from the vile attempts of a man whom I know to be the object of her utter aversion: for the same reason, I exhort you to relinquish the too seducing hopes of obtaining a crown, which stands as yet a great way beyond your reach. Hitherto, your claim is not well ascertained, and, supposing that the favourable beginning of your arduous undertaking should make you look on its success as infallible, remember that you will always have it in your power to follow your bold scheme; but that now one day's delay may for ever deprive you of *Ardelia*."

WITHOUT further loss of time, the two rivals embarked on board a ship in the road, and instantly gave chase to that of *Hermocrates*, which was still in fight. After a day and a half's pursuit, they were on the very point of coming up with her, when a violent storm arising,

arising, drove *Timoleon's* ship to the coast of the island of *Creta*, in so shattered a condition, that they were obliged to put into a port to refit.

WHILST they were in this place, *Timoleon* and *Theocritus* went to a temple of *Jupiter*, celebrated for the oracles that were there delivered. After the most fervent prayer, they consulted the god on the fate of their beloved *Ardelia*, and that of their passion for the beauteous maid. The answer was returned in these ambiguous words:

"Let not a favourite error beguile your mind; a longer stay would be useless. Love awaits you on the banks of the river *Megarus*; where, to a great Princess, the propitious god will unite your destiny."

To which of them was the above oracle addressed? Which of the two would have consented to give up *Ardelia* for the greatest Princess in the universe? "To you alone, said *Theocritus* to *Timoleon*, the god vouchsafes an answer, and turns a deaf ear to me: for, having nothing to hope for, I have no reason to expect that the oracle should pronounce on my destiny. As for you, *Timoleon*, you have heard it: a great and fair Princess will comfort you for the loss of *Ardelia*. Ye immortal powers, I interpret your very silence! You scorn, *Theocritus*, enquiring after a woman. My eyes are now opened, and your slighting my prayers shews that I have offended you, by giving up to love a life which should have been spent in the sublime duties of a philosopher.—Farewell, *Timoleon*, be it your fate to find out the long lost *Ardelia*: never shall *Theocritus* attempt again to disturb your felicity." Having thus spoken, he walked out of the temple towards the mole, determined to embark on board of
the

the first ship bound for the *Levant*. *Timoleon* flies after him, begged he would not leave him, and made him consent to accompany him into *Arcadia*, and retire to *Legæum*, the safest asylum against the persecutions of love and angry fortune.

We shall now return to the island of *Zafintum*, where we had left *Theocritus* in order to give the foregoing account of his life. Before he would repose any further confidence on *Turnus*, our elegant poet besought him to give him a recital of his adventures, and above all, tell him why, being a *Carthaginian*, he had given out that he was born at *Latium*.

“ My father, replied *Turnus*, was *Albius*, so justly celebrated for his learning. *Bellus*, King of *Carthage*, called him to his court to superintend the education of Prince *Pigmaliou* his son. My mother, who accompanied him, was then far advanced in her pregnancy, and I was born a few weeks after her arrival at *Carthage*. I had the honour to be brought up with the Prince; not as the son of his tutor, but as a friend. When *Pigmaliou* became of age, he was married to the beauteous *Perselides*, Princess of *Numidia*, to the great joy of the *Carthaginians*, who rested all their future hopes on the extraordinary accomplishments of their young Prince. Two years after their marriage, *Perselides* was brought to bed of a daughter—would to heaven she had died in her cradle! It was about this time that the angry gods visited in their wrath the crimes of the wretched inhabitants of *Carthage*. A dreadful monster committed the most destructive havock all along the coast of *Africa*. The terrified *Carthaginians* flocked to the temples in order to consult the tutelary gods. Their answer was :

“ That

“That nothing but the blood of a royal victim could free the country from ruin. Alas! this was renewing among us the savage custom of sacrificing young children, as expiatory offerings in times of public calamity. The people, led by the bloody priests, came to the palace gate, and demanded that the new-born Princess, called after her mother, *Perseides*, should be delivered to them. Her afrighted parent offered to devote herself in her stead; and *Pigmalion*, feeling both as father and husband, prayed to be substituted to the tenderest objects of his care and solicitude. But his offer was rejected as unsatisfactory by the priests, who insisted on the young Princess being instantly put into their hands. Amidst this horrid confusion, a propitious god inspired me; I flew to *Perseides*’s apartment, where laid the new-born daughter of a deceased slave, and as the child was of the same age with the Princess, I took her in my arms, and gave her up to those barbarians, who falsely call themselves the interpreters of heaven’s high will. They were satisfied, the innocent victim fell a sacrifice, the monster disappeared, and the deluded people returned thanks to the gods, who surely cannot delight in blood.

“Apprehensive lest the guiltless deceit should at last be found out; *Pigmalion* ordered me to carry his daughter into *Latium* to my father’s, who, fatigued with the bustling tumult of a public life, had there retired to spend the remainder of his days in peace and privacy. I took shipping with the child and her nurse; but, off the island of *Sicily*, we were set upon by pirates, who, after having taken us, loaded me with irons, and seized upon my young mistress. I was soon ransomed by my father; but my researches after the unfortunate Princess

have been hitherto fruitless. The oracle of *Delphos*, being consulted by me on the occasion, has given me the following answer, which seems to indicate that I have lost her for ever :

Turnus, thy vain pursuit give o'er;
For *Perselides* is no more.
But *Ardelia* thou shalt find,
When fortune's to *Evander* kind.

"*Ardelia*! exclaimed *Theocritus*; and how can she restore to you a Princess who is no more?" "I cannot say, my-Lord, replied *Turnus*; but so far I understand, that *Ardelia* is to give me back *Perselides*, on the very day that will put an end to *Evander's* misfortunes. Hence you may judge how warmly I should interest myself in the Prince's cause."

Theocritus, revolving in his mind every circumstance of *Turnus's* account, and comparing it with what he had heard concerning *Ardelia*, who had been sold to *Praxoras* by some *Arabian* pirates, made no doubt but that she was the very Princess, the object of *Turnus's* solicitude. He imparted to him his surmises on this matter, and they both agreed to go in quest of *Ardelia*, as soon as *Theocritus* should have informed *Evander's* friends of the unlooked for assistance they were to expect from *Turnus*.

As the ship that carried *Theocritus* passed along a chain of rocks, called by the mariners *Strivales*, he heard most pitiful groans issuing from the fatal place. Having ordered some of his men to hoist out the boat, he desired them to row towards the rock and come as near to it as prudence would admit. They soon reached a sandy cape, which, running between the pointed rocks, gave a ready

ready access to that kind of island. *Theocritus* nimbly leaped on shore, followed by the best part of his crew, and, leaving the rest to guard the boat, he advanced towards a wood planted with cypress trees, the likeliest place he thought to find out the distressed object, whose outcries had moved him to compassion. But to his utter astonishment, not a voice could be heard, nor the least noise to disturb the solemn silence that reigned throughout the awful grove, and all over the island. Yet, as he could not have been mistaken, and that the dismal and alarming sound was not the report of an idle dream, he sent his people different ways, telling them where they were to rally; and himself followed a path which seemed more beaten than any part of the forest. He had not gone a great way, before he found himself in a green harbour, shaded all round with lofty cypress trees, and refreshed by a crystalline stream that ran across the plain. The barks of the trees were inscribed with several devices and *Greek* verses, which seemed to be the work of some unsuccessful lover. From one of the boughs hung a slate, which *Theocritus* having taken down, he saw that it contained the last farewell of a forsaken fair, and as he read, he thought he knew the hand.

Whilst he was making this remark, two of his men came to him: "My Lord, said they, we have at last found out the cause of the profound silence that now reigns over this island, those who disturbed it by their outcries, have destroyed each other, and within a few yards distance there lie half a score of dead bodies." *Theocritus* desired to be conducted to the bloody spot.—But what was his astonishment, when the first object that offered itself to him, was the lifeless corpse of *Tessan-*

der, King of *Argos*, brother to *Caramanta*, and next to it the body of *Hermocrates*, the same who had carried off *Ardelia*. He readily concluded that the beautiful slave herself had perished in this island, and that the lines and letter which he had perused, were the work of expiring *Ardelia*. He cursed his ill-fated love as the source of all her misfortunes. "Alas! cried he, in the bitterness of sorrow, had I not endeavoured to rival *Timoleon* in her affection, she might have been happy; nor would *Theocritus* have cause to reproach himself with being the fatal occasion of her untimely end." Wrapped up in these sad reflections, he retreated to the thickest part of the forest, in order to indulge his melancholy undisturbed. Having seated himself, or rather sunk at the foot of a cypress tree, he was roused from his mournful reverie by the voice of a woman, and overheard the following dialogue: "Why should you despond, Madam? why should you think of laying violent hands on yourself? Trust to the provident gods; they cannot, will not leave you."—"And what have I to hope for? have I not seen here the King of *Argos*? and had it not been for his meeting with *Hermocrates*, was I not doomed to fall a sacrifice to *Tessander's* brutality? They are fighting to support their respective claim; but I hate them both, and whatever be the issue of their encounter, nothing short of death threatens me; and if they were to fall by each other's hand, the less evil of the two, we must expect to perish on these barren rocks. But let us even suppose, that by some fortunate event, we were to find our way out of this dreary place, what must become of me? If I return to *Praxoras*, what will be the fate of *Timoleon*? And if I should fly for protection to the latter, I for ever em-

bitter

bitter the life of *Theocritus*. The Prince of *Syracusa* I sincerely love; but I retain for the son of *Praxoras* that esteem and gratitude which can only end with my life; nor would I cause the least displeasure to either. What think you now of the unfortunate *Ardelia*?"

THEOCRITUS, moved even to tears at what he had heard, flew to *Ardelia*, and, falling at her feet, "suspend your grief, fair and generous maid, said he, look upon me no more as an odious persecutor, but as a man won over to virtue by your example, and since you have magnanimity enough to sacrifice your happiness and love to the fear of making me miserable, I ought, and will overcome my weakness for your sake. Live, *Ardelia*, live for your *Timoleon*! never shall I thwart his felicity, since your own depends on it. If love requires a victim, let the wretch who never could please fall a sacrifice, rather than the fairest of her sex, and a Prince whom heaven has marked out for the husband of *Ardelia*." "My Lord, replied the beautiful slave, I know you too well to misdoubt your sincerity; I therefore intreat you to save me from the shame of falling into the hands of *Tessander* and *Hermocrates*." The bare relation of what had passed quieted her fears, and *Theocritus* led her on to the place where he had seen the dead bodies: but they had been taken away, and put on board some ships that waited for that purpose, within a small distance from the rocks, in a creek where they could not be discovered. One alone had been left behind, who, not being quite dead, was carried on board the ship of *Theocritus*. *Ardelia* no sooner saw, than she knew him for her faithful *Antenor*; who, casting his dying eyes on her; "ye pitying gods! ex-

claimed he, I thank ye for having preserved that virtuous maid from the fatal destiny I had prepared for her by my treacherous practices. Grant me just life enough to sue for her forgiveness, and let her into an important secret which she should have known sooner." Then, perceiving that *Ardelia* was drowned in tears—"Oh! thou paragon of sweetness and mercy, continued he, do not add to the keen remorse that now tortures my breast; but hear the confession of a penitent dying man. Alas! with all my seeming attachment and sincerity, I have been the worst, the most cruel of your persecutors. You were not above two months old when you fell into my hands, and your nurse having informed me of your birth, I entrusted you to the care of an *Arabian* merchant settled at *Memphis* in *Egypt*. About fifteen years after I visited him, with an intention of taking you back with me; but I found that the villain had sold you as a slave to *Praxeras*, one of the *Athenian* senators. I flew to *Athens*, saw you, and, as if it had not been enough for me to have acted as a monster towards you, I became your lover. Being informed of your having refused to marry *Hermocrates*, I courted his acquaintance, and was the first to advise him to carry you off; trusting to time and chance for an opportunity to seize upon his prey, and make it my own. *Timoleon* pursued us, and the storm that prevented his coming up with our ship drove us to the coast of *Argos*. You were presented to *Tessander*, in whose bosom your all-conquering eye kindled a most ungovernable passion. The fatal discovery drove me to despair, and I feared lest the tyrant should have recourse to violence; I therefore made him acquainted with your real

real name, and illustrious birth; telling him at the same time, that you knew nothing of your high rank and expectations. He thought you then worthy of sharing his throne: but your refusal made him desperate. It was then that I treacherously advised him to seduce you, and, in order to sate his desires without bringing upon him the resentment of the *Argians*, to have you conveyed to a safe and lonesome place, where he might perpetrate his villainy without any danger of being discovered. I knew this fatal island, brought you hither, and left you under pretence of going in search of a better ship than that which I had taken with me from *Argos*. But a propitious god watched over you, and counteracted my most wicked scheme. On my return to *Tessander*, I fell into the hands of *Hermocrates*, who, by rack and torture, forced me to discover the place of your retreat. We landed this morning, and learnt at the same time that the King of *Argos* had put into the island a few hours before us. The enraged *Hermocrates*, thinking that I had betrayed him, stabbed me in several places, and leaving me weltering in my blood, flew to meet his rival in love and villainy. What may have happened since I know not, but with my last breath I bless heaven, who has preserved and rescued from so many and imminent dangers, the daughter of the King of *Carthage*."—He said, and died.

THE account given by the pirate, greatly astonished *Ardelia*, whom we shall henceforth call *Perselides*. She confirmed every particular to *Theocritus*, and rejoiced at being now under the protection of that virtuous man, who nobly sacrificed his passion to her and *Timoleon's* happiness.

happiness. They at last descried the coast of *Arcadia*, and *Theocritus* having dropped anchor in a place where he had nothing to fear from the power of *Nicostrates*, dispatched a trusty messenger to *Megara*, with orders to bring a strong detachment to convey the Princess safe into that city. *Simas* arrived at the head of a considerable party, and with tears in his eyes, informed *Theocritus* that the Prince *Evander* was reduced to the most critical, and he might say, desperate condition. The King of *Elidis* had declared for *Nicostrates*, who, aided by so powerful an ally, had sent private orders to *Legæum*, to bring *Evander* to a speedy trial and execution. A commission was issued out for that purpose, and every thing was now prepared to fulfil the tyrant's commands, whose absence alone had hitherto suspended *Evander's* fate.

THIS unwelcome piece of intelligence obliged *Theocritus* to hurry on the execution of the plan which he had laid to rescue the Prince of *Arcadia*. Therefore, having committed *Perselides* to the care of the party that was to escort her as far as *Megara*, he mounted his horse, and galloped full speed towards the place where *Timoleon* had caused the fortifications to be erected. He accosted the Prince, and the following dialogue took place between them; *Theocritus* speaking first.—“Are you then once more at the head of a party, and is it our fate ever to fight against each other? You, as defending the cause of the tyrant and usurper *Nicostrates*, and I siding with the unfortunate, but rightful heir to the kingdom of *Arcadia*?”——“You mistake, *Theocritus*, and wrong me by so unjust a charge. The Queen alone, I acknowledge for my mistress; and, as to
Evander,

Evander, my opinion of him is such, that I would freely purchase his life at the expence of my own."—"If you really entertain those sentiments, you may, *Timoleon*, serve the Prince's cause at a far cheaper rate. Suffer only the *Megarians* to occupy these entrenchments: let these faithful subjects display successfully their zeal and attachment for their lawful sovereign: thus will you effectually serve the Queen, by doing an act of justice. For their monarch's ransom, the inhabitants of *Megara* will deliver up *Ardelia* into your hands"—"*Ardelia*, did you say?"—"Yes, Prince of *Syracusa*, she is in their power, more worthy than ever of your choice: no more the bondwoman of *Praxeras*, but the daughter of *Pigmalion*, the long lost Princess of *Carthage*."—"Can I believe what I hear, O *Theocritus*? Is it you then, is it my rival that yields up to me so valuable a treasure? Oh speak, noble sir, speak quickly what I am to do to requite so generous a gift: there's nothing I can deem too hard or dangerous to see my *Ardelia* once more."—"Believe me, *Timoleon*, I would not by any means require any thing unworthy of either of us. Only grant me time to sooth the Queen's anger: and if a fatal necessity should oblige us to have recourse to other means, it behoves you to fight in the justest cause." In order to put this plan into immediate execution, they went together towards the Queen's palace.

CARAMANTA was at this instant giving audience to an *Argian*, who brought her the news of her brother's death, and of all that had lately happened; that her majesty might, by a timely application, assert her right to the crown and kingdom of *Argos*. He also told her

the reason of *Teffander's* journey to *Arcadia*, and of his sudden departure: namely, that, being the first time in pursuit of *Ardelia*, he had been drove by stress of weather into a port of that kingdom, had made his appearance at *Legæum*, at the time of the murder of *Palans*; but had precipitately left the court on seeing there his two rivals *Timoleon* and *Theocritus*.

THE Prince of *Syracusa* obtained leave to go and pay his respects to *Ardelia* at *Megara*, and *Theocritus* being left alone with the Queen, displayed all the powers of his eloquence, to convince her of the necessity there was of preserving the life of *Evander*.—"Alas! said *Caramanta*, the measure of my woes is complete. *Evander* is under trial; he must fall: and what aggravates my misfortune, beyond the power even of insensibility to bear, is, that a severe duty compels me to solicit his doom. Such, Oh *Theocritus*! such is *Caramanta's* ill-fated destiny!"—"I must own, madam, that nothing can equal, or even be compared with the hardships of your distressful situation. But give me leave to add, that your majesty dashes with fresh gall, the bitter draught which angry fortune has mixed for you. Were you not a slave to an over scrupulous, and permit me to say, unjustifiable nicety, *Evander's* life would not only be preserved, but you yourself, madam, would plead in his favour: since your majesty is fully convinced of his innocence."—"How is this, *Theocritus*? would you have me then before the judges acknowledge publickly, that, whilst I was married to *Palans*, I held a secret and treasonable correspondence in the heart of his kingdom, nay, within his very palace, with *Evander*, his bitterest foe, who all the world knows loved,

loved, and was by no means indifferent to me? No, no, *Theocritus*, never shall *Caramanta* take so disgraceful a step. Nay, I have this opinion of the Prince of *Arcadia*, that he would scorn a life purchased at the price of my honour. *Evander's* doom is fixed, since his preservation must reflect on me indelible disgrace."—"Well then, Madam, since love cannot plead in your heart the cause of *Evander*, remember at least that you are his Queen, be just, or come down from your throne. You know the Prince's innocence; you ought to perish sooner than suffer him to die. Your majesty talks of honour, but equity is the first law sovereigns should obey."—"Ah cruel man! is it thus you mean to sooth my sorrows; when you are sensible that my heart must break, whilst I obey the imperious call of duty and virtue?"—*Caramanta* could say no more, she fell motionless on her seat, and *Theocritus* retired, after having called in her women to her assistance.

MEANWHILE, *Timoleon*, after having given the first moment to the transports of love, and the joy of meeting once more his adored *Perfelides*, consulted with *Simas* and other friends, on the most proper means to set *Evander* at liberty, and save him from his impending fate. They all agreed that nothing could be done, 'till the arrival of *Turnus*, and his *Latin* troops; as the last failure in so important an attempt, would only prejudice the cause, by provoking the tyrant to hasten the death of the Prince of *Arcadia*.

THE wo-worn *Caramanta* recovering from her trance, gave a loose to her grief. A flood of tears relieved her for awhile: but soon the thoughts of the bloody catastrophe that was to ensue, plunged her into the deepest

melancholy. Her love militated strongly against her rigid virtue, and in one of those instants, where reason is overpowered by the distresses of the mind, she resolved to see for the last time the unfortunate Prince. A faithful servant was her guide to the gloomy dungeon, where *Evander* was stretched on the cold flint; in that composed attitude, equally distant from waking and from a profound sleep, tears trickled down his cheek, and he was heard to say in the most plaintive tone,—“Heavens! is it possible that *Caramanta* should send her *Evander* to the scaffold?” At hearing these words, the Queen gave a shriek, and the Prince, roused from his slumber, fell prostrate at her feet. It was some time before he could utter a single word. At last, in broken accents, he exclaimed—“*Caramanta* here! my Queen, my Sovereign in this dreary abode! I thank thee heaven for this ray of comfort. But, madam, is it to your pity, or the barbarity of my enemies, that I stand indebted for this unexpected favour!”—“You miscale it, *Evander*; I come not here with joyful tidings: alas! I myself bring you your death warrant”—“If so, most adored *Caramanta*, I accept it with thanks! I lived for you alone, you bid me die; I shall cheerfully obey.” *Evander* would have continued, but was interrupted by the hasty return of the servant who had accompanied the Queen. He told *Caramanta* that the Princess *Arcastra* wanted to see her, and seemed violently agitated. As soon as the Queen entered her apartment, thinking that *Arcastra*’s wrath was provoked by the imprudent visit paid to *Evander*, said to her, “Spare your reproaches, madam, I have seen *Evander* it is true, and seen him for the last time: in a few
hours

hours he dies."—"He must not, shall not die, replied *Arcaſta* with great warmth. Let him live. My brother's manes call for another victim. Hear me, deluded Queen, hear me! and learn from what I ſhall relate, the duties of a ſovereign."

"EVERY one knows that my ambition has no bounds, and I glory in it. The firſt paſſion that ſwayed my heart, was the deſire of wearing a crown. *Nicoſtrates* was marked out for my husband: I diſdained his unſceptered hand. He ſuſpected the motive that made me ſcorn his profered love, and ſolemnly promiſed that he would find the means to place me on a throne. It is needleſs, madam, I ſhould tell you in what manner he became acquainted with a native of *Arabia*, who poſſeſſed a great many ſecrets, and knew the property of almoſt every plant; eſpecially thoſe that were moſt venomous. Suffice it to ſay, that he gave ſome of them to *Nicoſtrates*, part of which your brother *Teſſander* took along with him. And, if I may indulge my well-grounded ſuſpicions, he effectually employed the fatal bane to haſten the death of the venerable King of *Argos*.

"A LITTLE time after my father died, and your marriage with *Palans* took place. This circumſtance was death to my hope: I before ſaw only a brother, who ſtood between me and the throne, and I had now to fear leſt an heir to *Palans* ſhould put the crown at too great a diſtance for me to reach it. Thoſe who wiſh the ambitious to be humbled, know nothing of the tortures they experience at the leaſt diſappointment. I could hardly contain my rage. *Nicoſtrates* perceived it, and renewed his flattering promiſes. At laſt the wiſhed-for opportunity

opportunity offered. *Nicostrates*, the next day after the games had been celebrated in honour of the god *Pan*, rising before the sun, took his way to the forest, where, seeing the King at a distance, the villain hid himself behind a bush, and as *Palans* passed by, let fly at him an arrow, which pierced the heart of the wretched Prince. As fortune would have it, *Evander* was seen about the spot, and taken up. The sequel you know. But, Madam, what I have hitherto related is nothing to what follows. *Nicostrates* reigns: my hands have placed on his head a crown dipped in my brother's blood: I have shared in all his crimes, and lo! the perfidious wretch casts me off, and takes to his consort a mean, ignoble shepherdess! you are a woman: my intention can therefore be no secret to you: were you treated as I have been, *Caramanta* would revenge as I mean to do. He will not have me for the partner of his throne: let him look to it: in me he shall find a deadly foe. I had much rather deprive myself of all hopes of succeeding to my father's crown, by discovering to you my own guilt, and the innocence of *Evander*, than to live and die an object of scorn and contempt to the base ungrateful *Nicostrates*."

THE Princess *Arcaſta* had hardly done speaking, when dreadful shoutings and outcries filled the palace: guards, shepherds, and soldiers forced their way to the Queen's apartment. At the first alarm, *Caramanta* exclaimed:—"Alas! *Evander* is no more." But what was her joy and surprize when she saw at the head of the guards the Prince himself, who, entering the closet where the Queen and Princess *Arcaſta* had retired, cast his sword down at *Caramanta*'s feet, saying to her—

"The

"The mistaken zeal of my friends have forced me out of my prison; but such is my respect for your commands, that I come to receive from you that death which I have deserved since *Caramanta* thinks so." "Ah! dearest *Evander*, exclaimed at once the two Princesses, your innocence is fully proved!"

AT this instant *Timoleon* and *Simas*, heading the *Megarians*, entered the Queen's chambers, resolved to defend, even against herself, the life of their noble friend. It was among this prodigious concourse of people, that *Arcaſta* publickly accused *Nicoſtrates*, and acquitted the Prince of *Arcadia* of the horrid crime laid faſſely to his charge. This was no ſooner declared, then a thouſand voices at once exclaimed: *Long live Evander! be our noble King for ever prosperous!* Then the Queen ſtepping forward and kneeling to *Evander*—"My Lord, ſaid ſhe, I know full well that the late King was the uſurper of your crown and kingdom: yet you ſhould now conſider him as a Prince of your blood, treacherouſly murdered by a fell aſſaſſin. It befits you, as a Monarch and relation, to revenge the untimely death of your ſubject and kinfman—whiſt, as the widow of *Palans*, thus on my knees I implore your juſtice." The new King of *Arcadia*, raiſing *Caramanta* from her humble poſture, answered—"Wherever you are, Madam, there is no other ſovereign; and if I comply with your requeſt, it will be as the firſt and moſt faithful of your ſubjects."

A general joy pervaded the whole town of *Legæum*. The *Megarians* attacked the army of *Nicoſtrates* on the front, whiſt on the rear they were ſet upon by *Turnus* at the head of his legions. The rebels were moſt of them put to the ſword, while a few effected their retreat, and, together with their treacherous leader, ſhut themſelves

up

up in his city of *Stimpale*; where he was instantly besieged by the victorious troops of *Evander*. They soon fought their way through every obstacle, and slaying every one that dared to oppose them, arrived at the palace-gate. Here *Nicostrates*, seeing himself deserted by his few attendants, and that there was no farther possibility of maintaining his ground against his powerful assailants, waved his hand from a terrace where he stood, in token of his intention to speak: the enraged multitude could hardly refrain from tearing the tyrant to pieces; but *Evander* at last prevailed upon them to hearken to what *Nicostrates* had to say. "King of *Arcadia*, exclaimed the usurper, learn from my example what thou shouldst have done some years ago, had noble ambition fired thy groveling soul." So saying, he sheathed a dagger in his heart, and fell dead on the spot.

THIS bloody event put an end to all opposition to *Evander's* claim; and both parties united in swearing allegiance to the lawful King of *Arcadia*, who soon after married *Caramanta*, in whose right he was crowned King of *Argos*. The inhabitants of *Latium*, having by the intrigues, and at the solicitation of *Turnus*, elected *Evander* for their sovereign; the latter established there the seat of his empire; where, under his protection and encouragement, the arts and sciences made such a progress, that he was revered as if he had been the son of the god *Mercury*; and that solemn games were instituted in honour of *Caramanta*.

THEOCRITUS, and the faithful *Turnus*, were amply rewarded; and treated by *Evander* more like his bosom friends than subjects; and *Timoleon* was made happy by his union with the beautiful Princess of *Carthage*, who succeeded soon after to her father *Pigmalion*.

T H E
SECRET HISTORY AND LOVE ADVENTURES
O F T H E
L A D I E S O F A N T I Q U I T Y.

THESE romantic novels are in six volumes in twelves; the three first printed in *Paris*, 1726; and the last, *Rouen*, 1732. One *Du Bois*, author of this collection, in order to render his work more interesting, has chosen for his subject the most illustrious personages of antiquity, beginning with the Heathen Gods and Goddesses. His account of the latter is divested of the marvellous adventures told of them by the *Pagans*; to which he has substituted a detail of love intrigues, which, if not better founded on truth, can at least boast of more probability than the fabulous stories of polytheism. He has sometimes employed plain matter of facts, such at least as we can derive from those remote ages; often giving for truths his own conjectures, but oftener borrowed from his fertile imagination. The following historico-novels fill up the three first volumes.

Iö, Priestess of *Juno* at *Argos*; containing the history of *Narcissus* and the nymph *Echo*, that of *Telegone*, and a methologic account of *Isis* and *Osiris*.

Dio, or *Ceres*, Queen of *Sicily*, with the rape of *Proserpine*.

CYBELE, Princess of *Phrygia*, comprehending the adventures of *Daphne* and *Apollo*; *Atys* and *Marfyas*.

VENUS, a *Cyprian* courtesan, with the histories of *Thestor*; *Thenot*. and *Lucipe*; the character of *Alcides*, otherwise *Hercules*; the adventures of *Adonis* and those of *Telephus* and *Parthenopæa*.

ARIADNE, daughter to *Minos* second King of *Creta*, giving an account of *Theseus* and *Medæa*.

SEMIAMIS, consort to *Ninus* the founder of the *Assyrian* empire, containing the history of *Atergates*, King of *Syria*; a sequel to *Semiramis*, entitled *Lamea*; with the adventures of *Zariadis* and *Odatis*.

DORISSA, relict of *Polydectes*, King of *Lacedemon*; comprehending the history of *Lycurgus*, that of *Calciops*, and the amours of young *Ninus* and *Eripbile*.

TARPEIA, in the the reign of *Romulus*, the first King of *Rome*, with the history of *Rhea Sylvia*—*Callisthya*, Priestess of *Juno Messenian*, containing the history of *Epeboles*—*Pasiphilis*, courtesan of *Miletum*, with the story of the Ring of *Gyges*—and lastly, *Archidamia*, Priestess of *Ceres* at *Lacedemon*; containing the history of Prince *Gorgus*.

THOSE that are contained in the three last volumes, bear the titles that follow: *Dorica*—*Sapho*—*Gegania*, under *Tarquinius* fifth King of *Rome*—*Pbia*, under *Pisistrates*, tyrant of *Athens*—*Rhodope*, a *Thracian* slave—*Pbedima*, in the reign of *Cambisis*, King of *Persia*—*Leæna*, an *Athenian* courtesan—*Tullia*, daughter to *Servilius Tullius*, sixth King of *Rome*—*Percale*, daughter to *Chylon*, a *Lacedemonian*; *Anytis*, daughter of *Darius Hystaspes*, third King of *Persia*—*Artemisa*, first Queen of *Halicarnassus*.

ALTHOUGH

ALTHOUGH we think it incumbent upon us to give a full catalogue of the works of such authors as rank with novel writers: it is neither our plan nor intention to give extracts of all their productions; but only of such of them as seemed more worthy of the attention of our readers: for this purpose, out of the above numerous list, we have selected only the principal ones which we have abridged to the following extracts.

Iö, Priestess of *Argian Juno*—She is not represented by our author, as supposed by the methologists, the daughter of *Inachus*, but of *Iäsus*, son to *Triopas*, and niece of *Crotopus*; who, after the death of *Iäsus* his brother, usurped the throne of *Argos*. Lest any one should put *Iö's* claim to the crown in force against him, he made her Priestess to *Juno's* temple. *Iö* was a miracle of beauty, but of a weak and credulous disposition. *Messena*, the eldest daughter of *Crotopus*, who had besides this another daughter and a son, eloped with *Policaon*, a young *Arcadian*, her lover; who carried her into *Peloponnesus*, where he founded a city called after the name of the Princess whom he married. *Crotopus* centered all his affection on his other daughter *Pfamathe*; but she soon after proving pregnant, declared it to be by *Apollo*: the King, who was not easily persuaded out of his senses, had her shut up, and caused the child she brought forth to be devoured by dogs. This piece of barbarity greatly indisposed the *Argians*, who, to a man, believed that the mangled babe was the real offspring of *Apollo*; and, as if fortune had conspired to justify that superstitious notion, it happened that a huge monster ravaged soon after the country far

and wide; devouring children, and laying waste the corn-fields: it was at last destroyed by *Corebus*, a brave youth of *Megara*. This calamity was hardly over when the plague broke out in *Argos*. *Corebus* was dispatched to consult the oracle of *Delphos*; by whom he was directed to take the sacred tripod, and carry it 'till it dropped out of his hands, this happened to him on mount *Geranium*, where he was ordered by another oracle to build a temple on that spot: *Corebus* obeyed, and the plague ceased. *Crotopus* thought himself now perfectly quiet: but *Iö*, who would not be behind hand with her kinswoman, declared that for six months past she had been honoured with frequent nocturnal visits from *Jupiter*, by whom she was big with child. The King dissembled, and seemed to credit the report. Under pretence of protecting his daughter against the rage of jealous *Juno*, he had her closely guarded by a strong party of soldiers.

SOMETIME before she was to lay-in, a *Phenician* vessel of exquisite workmanship, and rigged in a curious manner, entered the port of *Argos*; the people thronged to see it, and the Princess was persuaded to go on board. When she had, for a considerable time, viewed and admired its outward form, the Captain invited her to inspect the inside. Whilst she was visiting it, they weighed anchor, and the ship was in the road before *Iö* could perceive that she had left the harbour. She complained loudly of this piece of treachery; but it was now too late. The Captain told her that she was now in the power of *Juno*, and that he had it in command from the incensed goddess not to suffer *Iö* ever more to return to *Argos*. In vain did the forlorn Princess call for the assistance of *Jupiter*; she fainted away in the arms of

Egina,

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Egina, and soon after sunk into a profound sleep, which lasted for several hours, when, awaking, she exclaimed aloud, that she had seen *Jupiter* in a dream, who not only had promised to assist and protect her, but, having seated her on his car, had shewn her the Kingdom which the son she had by him was to possess in his own right. *Egina* improved this opportunity to entertain her mistress with pleasing narratives.

EGINA gave *Iö* the story of *Narcissus* and *Echo*. The former is not supposed, as in the fabulous accounts of him, to pine away in love with himself: but, that, having seen in the water his own image, exactly resembling that of *Cephisa* his sister, and the object of his incestuous love, who was lately dead; he broke his heart, and died in the arms of *Echo* his flighted mistress, and the constant friend of the late *Cephisa*.

CROTOPUS had ordered his niece to be secretly put to death: but his emissaries could not bring themselves to comply with the barbarous command. They put her into a boat, and set her a drift, the sport of the winds and sea. Meanwhile, *Crotopus* had easily persuaded the credulous *Argians*, that their Princess, notwithstanding the care he had taken to prevent it, had fallen into the power of revengeful *Juno*. In order to pacify the goddess, the King ordered a solemn offering in the temple of *Juno*: whilst the sacred fane resounded with the pitiful moans of the afflicted multitude, a young stranger enquired into the sad cause of this public mourning, and, being told what the melancholy occasion was, he exclaimed in all the agony of heart-felt grief: OH MY DEAREST *Iö*! Then, leaving the people to wonder at this exclamation, he suddenly disappeared,

appeared, flew to the sea shore, and embarked on board a ship that waited his return, and ordered his people to steer for *Phenicia*.

A PREY to sorrow and disappointment, *Telegonus*, so was the stranger named, shut himself up with his confidential servant *Pyrenes*, and gave him the history of *Egypt*, manners, customs, and religion of that empire, being himself a descendant of the *Egyptian* monarchs. He then acquainted his favourite how he had fallen in love with *Iö*, and that improving to his advantage her credulity, strengthened by the pretended amours of *Apollo* and *Psamathe*, he had found his way to her apartment and bed, during a heavy storm of thunder, assuring her that he was *Jupiter* himself come to protect and woo her: that his visits to her in that sacred character had been very frequent, persuading her in the meantime, to keep their intrigue an impenetrable secret, lest she should draw upon her the resentment of *Juno*: that at last, being obliged to return into *Egypt*, he had exchanged rings with her, resolved to return as soon as possible, which he had effected; when, to his unspeakable grief, he had been informed of her departure from *Argos*.

LET us now return to *Iö*; whose boat, by good fortune, gently drove on by the tide and a favorable wind, had brought her safe to an unknown shore; where, having landed, she walked on, 'till she reached a magnificent temple, whose chief priest, compassionating her misfortunes, carried her to the priestess. *Iö* was struck with the perfect resemblance the virgin bore to her supposed *Jupiter*. In a few weeks after, she was brought to bed of a boy, whom she wished to have called

called *Epaphus*. The priestess of *Isis*, for this was a temple consecrated to that goddess, was much surprised, as that name was peculiar to the *Egyptians*. *Io* soon recovered. The care taken of her, and the tenderness she felt for her child, made her cherish a life, which, otherwise, must have proved very disagreeable in a country where she could convey her ideas only by signs, being a perfect stranger to the *Egyptian* language. One day, after a storm, as she was walking along the sea-shore with the priestess of *Isis*, who daily grew more fond of her fair guest, they saw a stranger making towards them. *Io*'s heart beat quick for joy at the sight of a man whose dress proclaimed him a son of *Greece*. She was not deceived: this being no other than *Pyrenes*, the faithful companion of *Telegonus*, he informed the priestess of *Isis*, his master's sister, that the ship they were in having been wrecked, he had every reason to fear that the unfortunate Prince was buried in the deep. *Io* sympathised with her friends afflictions, but she soon had occasion to feel for herself: for *Pyrenes* not knowing her, said, "That his ill-fated master had thus fallen a victim to his love for the priestess of *Juno*."—"I am that very priestess, said *Io*; why talk to me of a mortal for my lover? I who never infolded within these arms but the great and mighty *Jupiter*?"—*Pyrenes* undeceived her, by giving an account of what he had learnt from his master himself. *Io* fainted away at the thoughts of having been thus imposed upon, and whilst the priestess and her women were busy in administering to her the necessary assistance, a man was descried at a distance, swimming towards and endeavouring to reach the shore. The priestess of *Isis* sent some of

her people to his aid: the stranger lands, and proves to be *Telegonus*. Without taking at first any notice of *Id*, whom he supposed lost to him for ever, he flew to his sister's arms. Meanwhile, *Id* having recovered the use of her senses, was ready to sink again at sight of her seducer, who, transported at so unexpected a meeting, soon pacified her by the most tender caresses, and the priestess of *Juno* forgot in the arms of love, an *Hymen*, an impostor which ended in so pleasing a reality.

DIO; OR CERES, QUEEN OF SICILY.

PROSERPINE, daughter to *Ceres*, is supposed by our author to have been carried off, not by *Pluto*, but by *Aidonæus* King of the *Molossians*, a country, whose chief wealth consisted in very rich mines, which, says the writer, gave occasion to the poets to represent him as the god of hell: the more so, as being whimsical and proud of his immense treasures, he had assumed the name of *Pluto*, given that of *Cerberus* to an overgrown mastiff of which he was very fond, and called *Acheron*, a river that ran across his country.

CERES had fixed her residence in the delicious city of *Enna*, where the tender parent busied herself in perfecting the education of her only daughter *Persephone*, whose native charms and acquired accomplishments had rendered her an object of admiration to the neighbouring Princes, who all wished and endeavoured to make some impression on her youthful heart. *Alphæus* was then at her court, wooing the beautiful *Arethusa*, favourite maid of honour to the Princess. King *Aidonæus* had tried to make his hand acceptable to the Grecian Princesses,



